TV COMIC ANNUAL

TV COMIC ANNUAL 1967

CONTENTS

A feast of fun, thrills and puzzles!

Humour

Beetle Bailey	12, 13, 18, 19, 39, 73, 78, 83
Dr. Nolan's Televarsity	49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54
Mighty Moth	16, 38, 48, 66, 67, 80, 82, 88
Pick of the Jokes	14, 15, 30, 72
Popeye	9, 33, 81, 93
Telegoons	10, 11, 24, 25, 42, 43, 86, 87
TV Terrors	22, 32, 36, 37, 40, 76, 77, 79
Tivvy	20, 21, 34, 35, 41, 63, 84, 85

Adventure

The Avengers	26, 27, 28, 29, 68, 69, 70, 71
Dr. Who	5, 6, 7, 8, 89, 90, 91, 92,
Ladybird Adventure Club	46, 47
Midshipman Merry	55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62

Puzzles and games

Games	44, 45
Ollie and Fred's Fun Page	17, 23, 31, 64, 65, 74, 75

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9/6D

DOCTOR WHO

TWO GREAT NATIONS ON THE PLANET INT ARE AT WAR, AND MANY ARE THE DEADLY WEAPONS THAT THEY USE AGAINST EACH OTHER...

THERE SEEMS NO CHANCE OF EITHER NATION WINNING, UNTIL ONE DAY, THE SCIENTISTS OF ULK, ONE OF THE NATIONS, CREATE A NEW WEAPON...

...THAT BOAT CARRIES WITH IT ENOUGH OF OUR NEW EXPLOSIVE TO DESTROY A WHOLE CITY...

THEN LET IT DESTROY THE CAPITAL CITY OF OUR ENEMIES... THE PLACE CALLED GOR!

AND THE STRANGE SHIP, WITHOUT ANY CREW, SAILED ON ITS VOYAGE OF DESTRUCTION...

ITS COURSE IS SET IN A DIRECT LINE FOR GOR!

BUT CANNOT OUR ENEMIES DETECT ITS COMING AND DESTROY IT?

THEY MAY WELL DETECT IT, MY LORD... BUT THEY CANNOT DESTROY IT!

THE DEADLY VESSEL IS WELL OVER THE HORIZON WHEN...

DOCTOR WHO'S SPACESHIP, THE **TARDIS**, DROPS OUT OF TIME AND SPACE IN ITS JOURNEYINGS AROUND THE GALAXY IN SEARCH FOR THE EARTH...

WHERE ARE WE, GRANDFATHER?

I'VE NO IDEA, MY BOY... SAFE TO SAY THAT WE ARE ON THE DECK OF SOME KIND OF SHIP, SAILING A GREAT OCEAN!

"BASED ON THE BBC TELEVISION SERIES DR. WHO".

THE CHILDREN ARE THE BRILLIANT DOCTOR'S TWO GRANDCHILDREN...

LET'S GO OUTSIDE... PERHAPS THE SAILORS WILL BE ABLE TO HELP US!

BUT...

THERE'S NO ONE ON THE DECK!

PERHAPS THEY ARE ALL BELOW!

H'MM! I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT SOMEONE WOULD COME TO SEE US!

THEY LOOK INSIDE THE CABIN...

WHAT A STRANGE PLACE! THIS MUST BE THE CONTROL CABIN!

IT WOULD BE IF THERE WERE ANY CONTROLS! THERE IS NOT A SWITCH OR A KNOB ANYWHERE IN SIGHT!

THEY DECIDE TO EXPLORE BELOW DECK...

NO CREW... AND NO CONTROLS! THIS SHIP SEEMS TO BE SAILING ITSELF!

WHAT IS THIS, GRANDFATHER?

I WOULD SAY IT IS SOME KIND OF ENERGY-PRODUCING DEVICE. THE PUZZLING THING IS THAT IT COULD PRODUCE MANY HUNDREDS OF TIMES MORE ENERGY THAN THIS TINY BOAT COULD EVER NEED...

...AND IT SEEMS AS THOUGH IT IS MADE TO PRODUCE ALL ITS ENERGY AT ONCE... THAT WOULD CAUSE A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION...

THEN PERHAPS IT'S A BOMB!

OF COURSE...THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THAT IS WHY THERE IS NO CREW ON THIS SHIP... IT IS SAILING TOWARDS ITS TARGET! WE MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE QUICKLY!

BUT INSIDE THE **TARDIS**...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GRANDFATHER?

I HAVE ALL THE CONTROLS SWITCHED ON, AND NOTHING HAS HAPPENED... WE SHOULD BE AWAY FROM THIS PLACE BY NOW!

THERE IS SOME ELECTRICAL INTERFERENCE THAT PREVENTS THE **TARDIS** FROM WORKING!

IT MAY BE DUE TO THOSE AERIALS AROUND THE SHIP... PERHAPS WE CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM BEFORE THE BOMB EXPLODES!

BUT AS SOON AS THEY STEP OUTSIDE.

LOOK! THOSE ROCKETS ARE COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!

IT SEEMS THAT WHOEVER THIS BOMB IS MEANT FOR, THEY ARE DETERMINED TO DESTROY IT BEFORE IT DESTROYS THEM!

LOOK! THE MISSILES ARE STOPPED BY AN INVISIBLE SHIELD! IT IS PROBABLY THAT SAME SHIELD WHICH IS PREVENTING US FROM ESCAPING!

BUT HOW **DO** WE ESCAPE, GRANDFATHER?

THE BRILLIANT DOCTOR THINKS HARD FOR A MOMENT, THEN HE SENDS JOHN BACK INTO THE TARDIS FOR A STRONG HACKSAW.

BUT IT WILL TAKE AGES TO CUT DOWN ALL THOSE MASTS...AND THE BOMB WILL HAVE BLOWN US UP LONG BEFORE!

I BELIEVE IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO CUT DOWN ONE MAST ONLY!

FROM MY BRIEF GLANCE AT THE ENGINE ROOM, I WOULD SAY THIS SHIP HAS BEEN AIMED AT ITS TARGET AND DOES NOT ACTUALLY STEER ITSELF...NOW IF WE COULD STEER IT **AWAY** FROM ITS TARGET...

...BY USING THIS MAST AS A CRUDE KIND OF STEERING OAR...AND DIRECT THIS BOAT BACK TOWARDS THE PEOPLE WHO SENT IT...

...THEY WILL HAVE TO LIFT THE INVISIBLE SHIELD THAT PREVENTS US LEAVING, SO THAT THEY CAN FIRE THEIR OWN MISSILES AT THIS BOAT BEFORE IT BLOWS ***THEM*** UP !

AND THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS! FOR WHEN THE GREEN MEN TURNED ON THEIR VIDEO SCREEN TO WATCH THE DESTRUCTION OF THEIR ENEMIES...

THE BOAT HAS TURNED AROUND... IT IS COMING BACK TOWARDS ***US!***

AAAH! SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG...THERE...THERE IS A STRANGE OBJECT UPON IT !

NEVER MIND WHAT HAS GONE WRONG, YOU FOOL! DESTROY THAT THING BEFORE IT DESTROYS US!

Y...YES, LEADER! B...BUT FIRST I MUST REMOVE THE PROTECTIVE SHIELD... OR OUR MISSILES CANNOT REACH IT!

AS THE SHIELD LIFTS, SO DOES THE ***TARDIS*** *FADE AWAY CARRYING ITS PASSENGERS INTO ANOTHER PART OF SPACE, AND INTO ANOTHER TIME...*

A FEW SECONDS LATER... A HAIL OF ROCKET MISSILES DESTROY THE ROBOT SHIP AND ITS DEADLY CARGO !

BUT DOCTOR WHO, JOHN AND GILLIAN KNOW NOTHING OF THIS... THEY KNOW ONLY THAT THEY ARE SAFE !

POPEYE

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SWEE'PEA?

I AM GOIN' FOR A WALK.

YOU WILL NEVER GET ANY WHERE CRAWLIN' ON YOUR NOSE.

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, UNCA POPEYE!

BUT, I WILL NOT OVERLOOK THE PENNY YOU DROPPED LAST NIGHT.

AH, A PEACH STONE! I LOVE PEACHES, SO I WILL PLANT IT AND GROW A TREE!

IN A COUPLE OF YEARS I WILL BE ABLE TO PICK MY OWN PEACHES!

NOW I'LL GO AND GET THE WATERING CAN!

I'VE BROUGHT THE TREE YOU ORDERED, POPEYE. WHERE SHALL I PLANT IT?

THANKS, AMOS, I'LL COME OUT AN' SHOW YOU.

HERE'S A GOOD SPOT!

HEY-DIDDLE DEE-DEE!

YIKE!

BLOW ME DOWN! I HAVE GREEN FINGERS!

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DR. SEAGOON'S CASEBOOK

GOONSHIRE'S A CRAZY COUNTY WITH A CRAZY HOSPITAL, AS YOU SEE BELOW.

HOSPITAL RULES.

ALL GRAPES, CHOCS AND SWEETIES MUST BE LEFT AT DR. SEAGOON'S

PATIENTS WHO FEEL PROPER POORLY SHOULD GET OUT IMMEDIATELY

WHEN THIS BELL RINGS VISITORS MUST LEAVE

WHEN **THIS** BELL RINGS IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

FIRE

MOUSE HOSPITAL

IF THIS MAGIC NOT WORK ME TRY PENICILLIN!

AND WHAT SEEMS TO BE YOUR TROUBLE?

NEEDLE A BIT SHARP MR. SMITH?

I THINK YOU MUST HAVE SWALLOWED A TRANSISTOR RADIO I CAN HEAR MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK!

I'M HERE UNDER THE NATIONAL ELF SERVICE

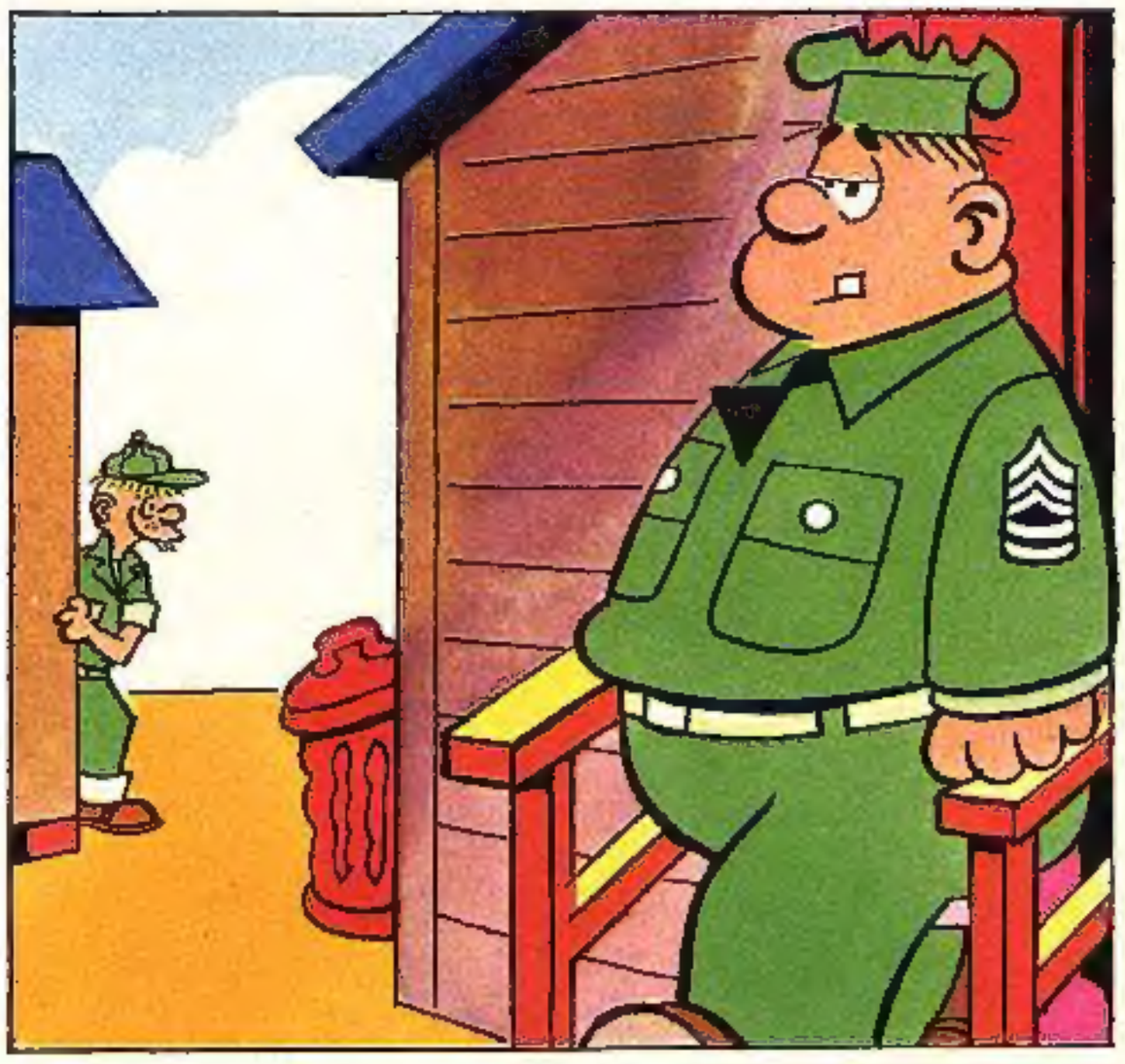
NO, SIR- THE BANK'S NEXT DOOR!

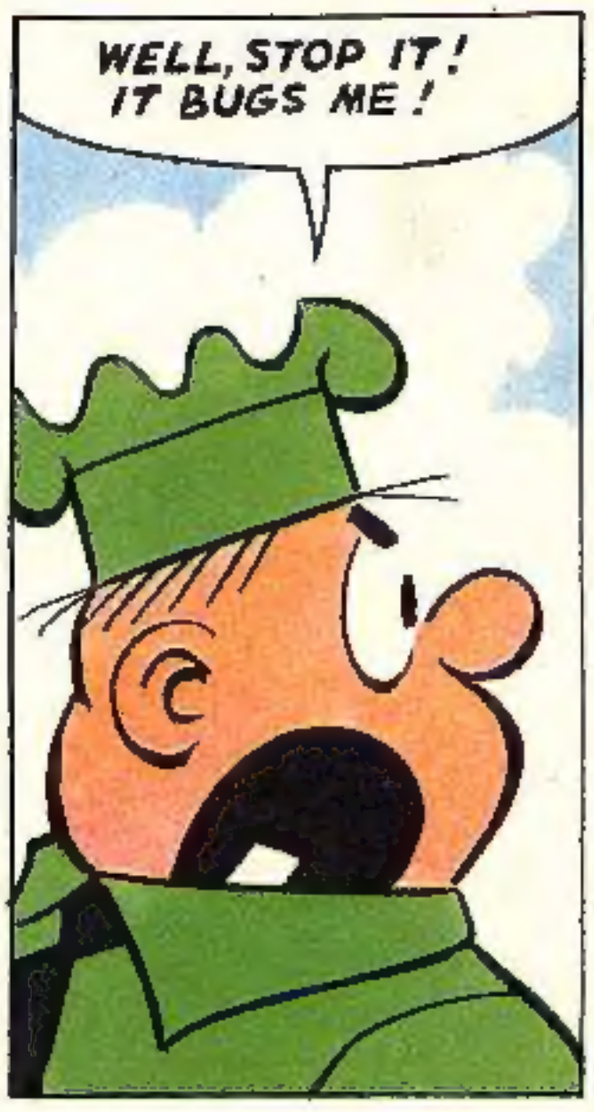
WE HAVE TROLLEYS AND PUSHCHAIRS TO CARRY PATIENTS ABOUT, NURSE.'

COMPLAINTS

THIS IS DR. ECCLES OUR PSYCHIATRIST— IF YOU THINK YOU ARE CRAZY, WAIT TILL YOU HEAR **HIM!**

BEETLE BAILEY





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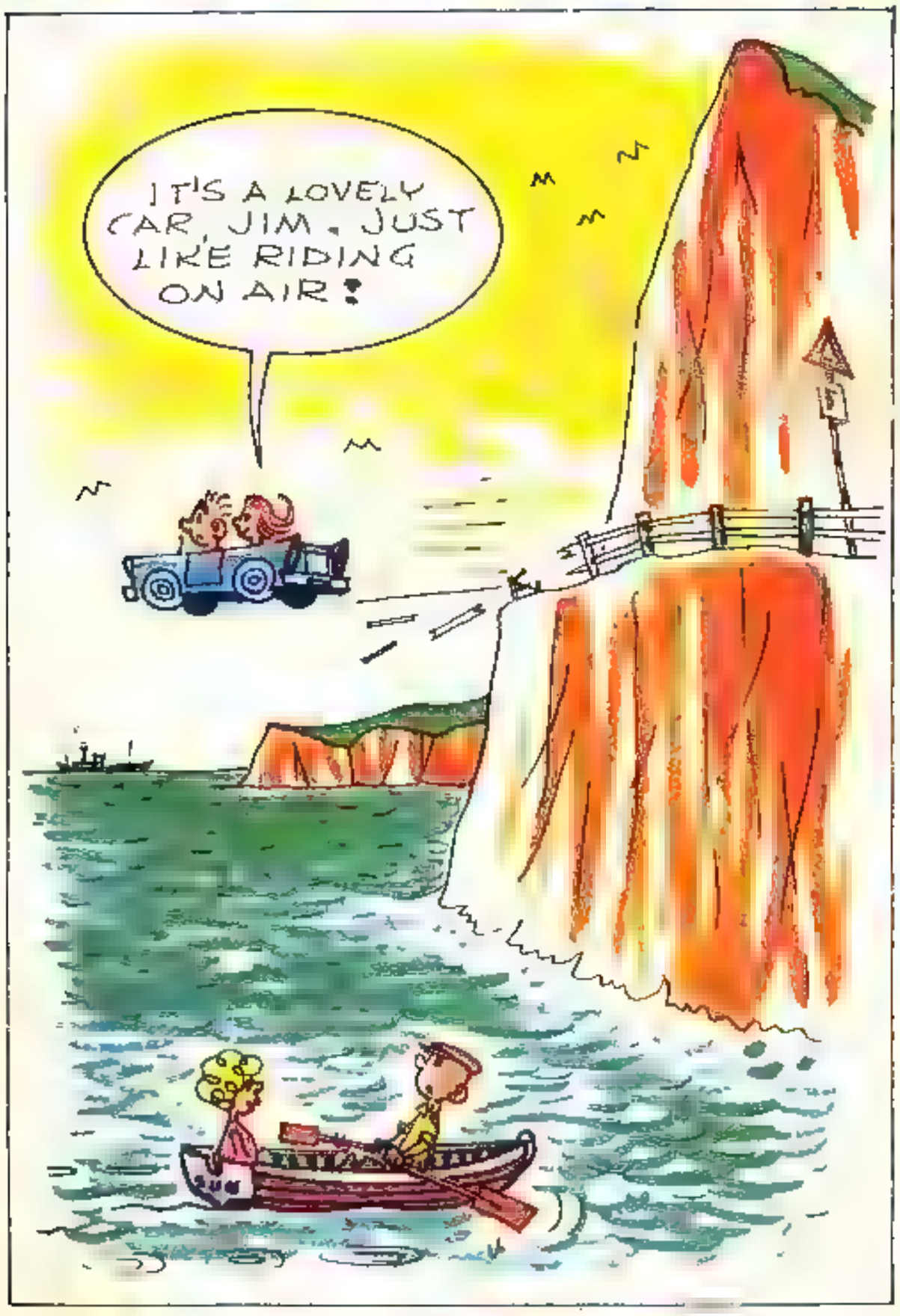
BEAT IT, ZERO! I'VE TOLD YOJ A HUNDRED TIMES I DON'T WANT YOU TAGGING ALONG EVERY-WHERE I GO!

GOSH!

?
3

HOW DID YOL WIND UP IN DUNDEE?

Pick of the Jokes



THE BEAUTY OF THIS MODEL, SIR IS THAT IT HAS NO WINDSCREEN WIPERS SO THAT THE TRAFFIC WARDENS HAVE NOWHERE TO PUT THEIR PARKING TICKETS!
RAU
MIT

NEVILLE MAIN

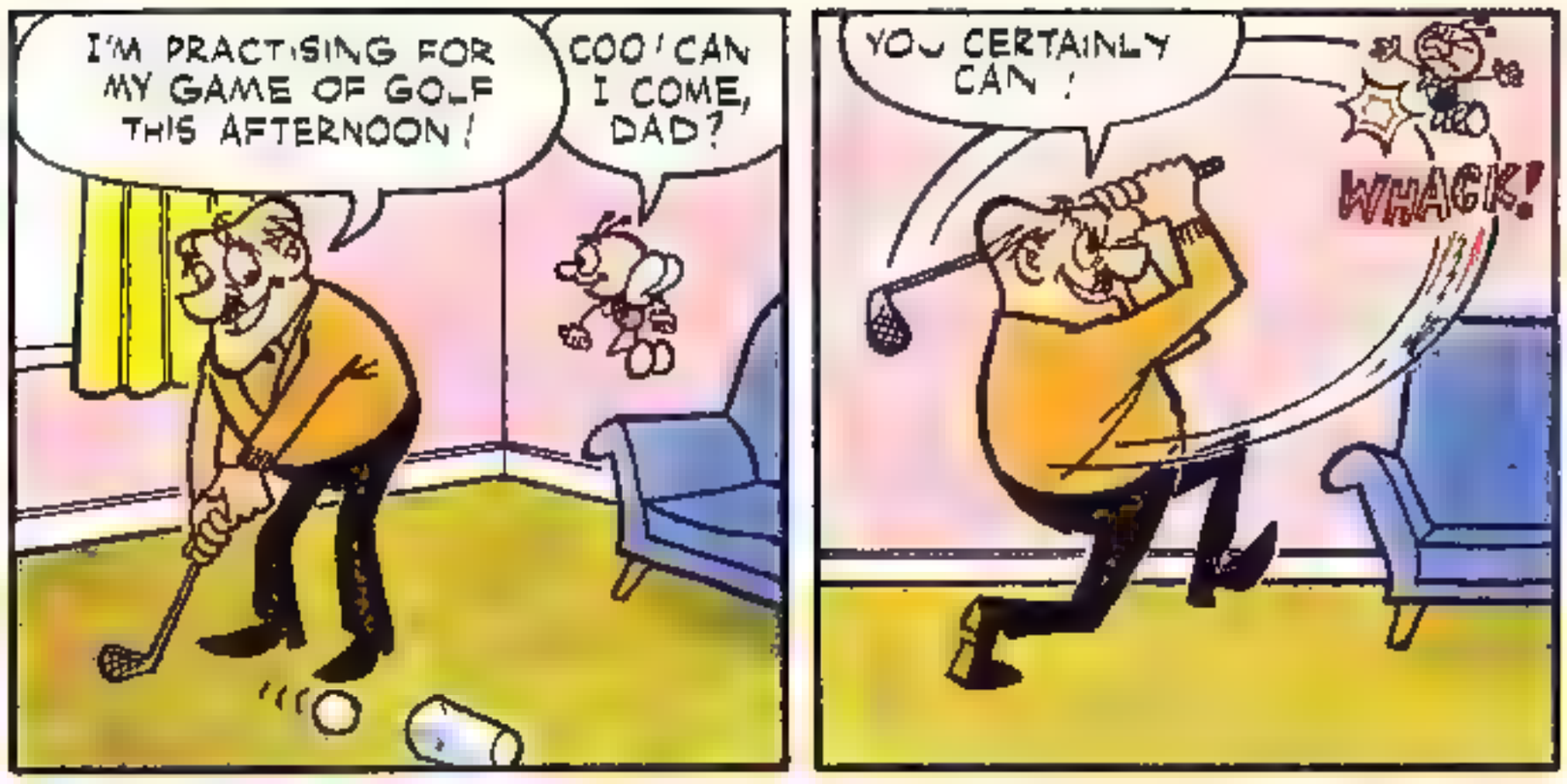
NAY, BARBER, 'TWILL NOT DO! 'TIS A STYLE THAT WILL NEVER CATCH ON!

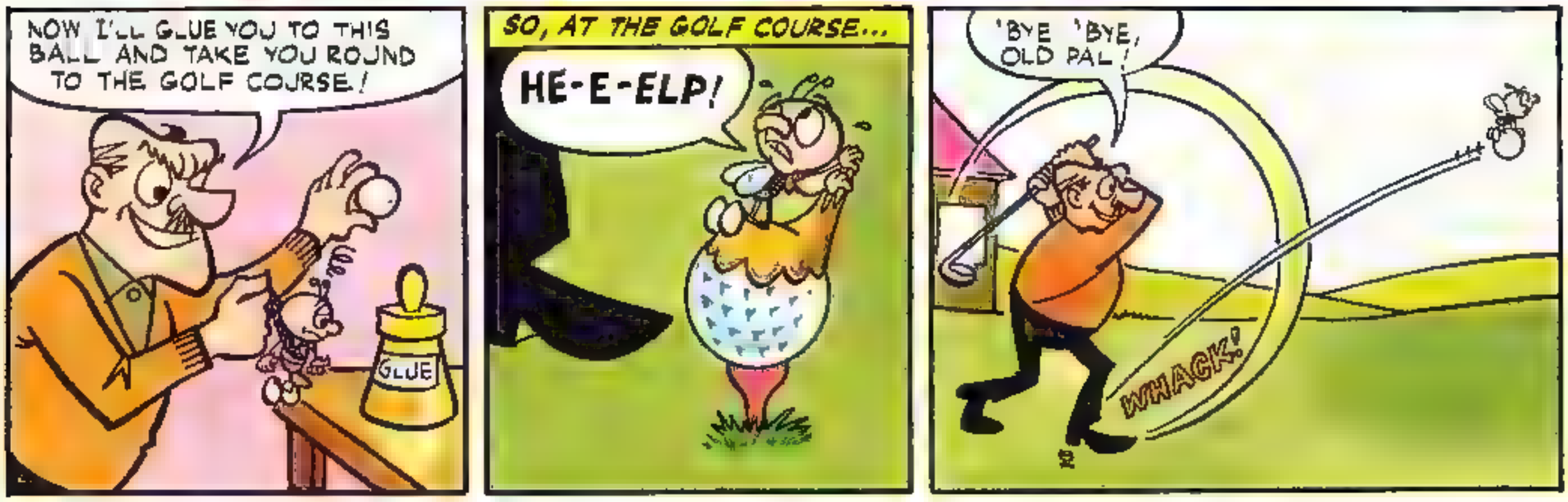
OH, DEAR! THERE GOES ANOTHER GOOD KNIGHT OUT!

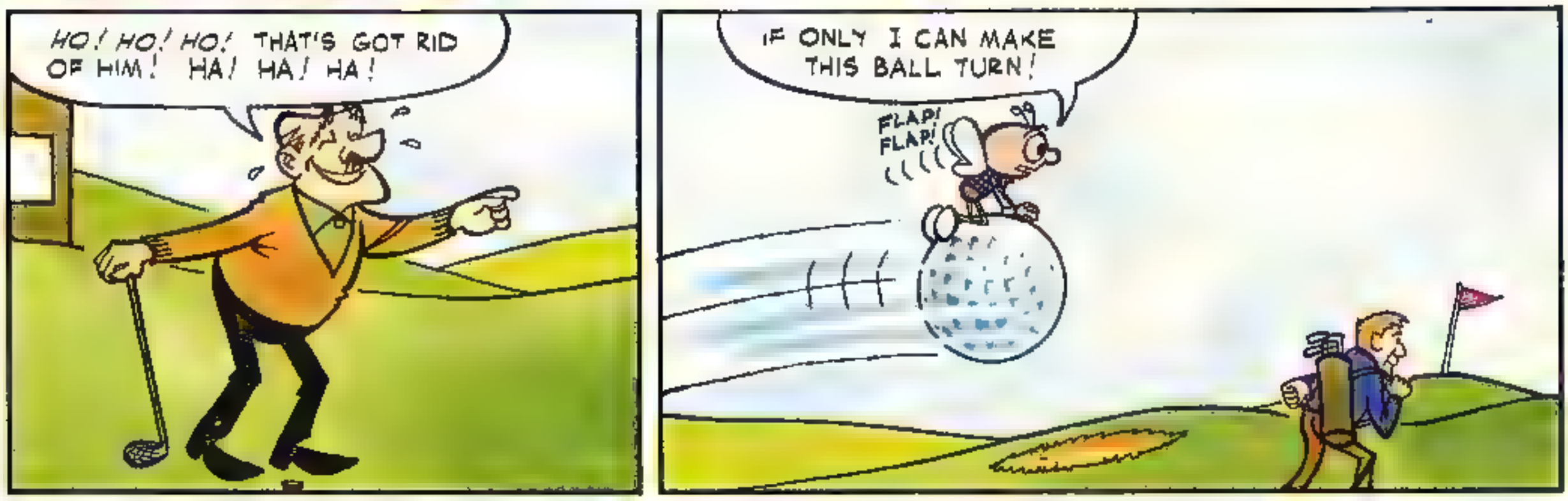
HERE COMES THE MAYOR STOCKTAKING!

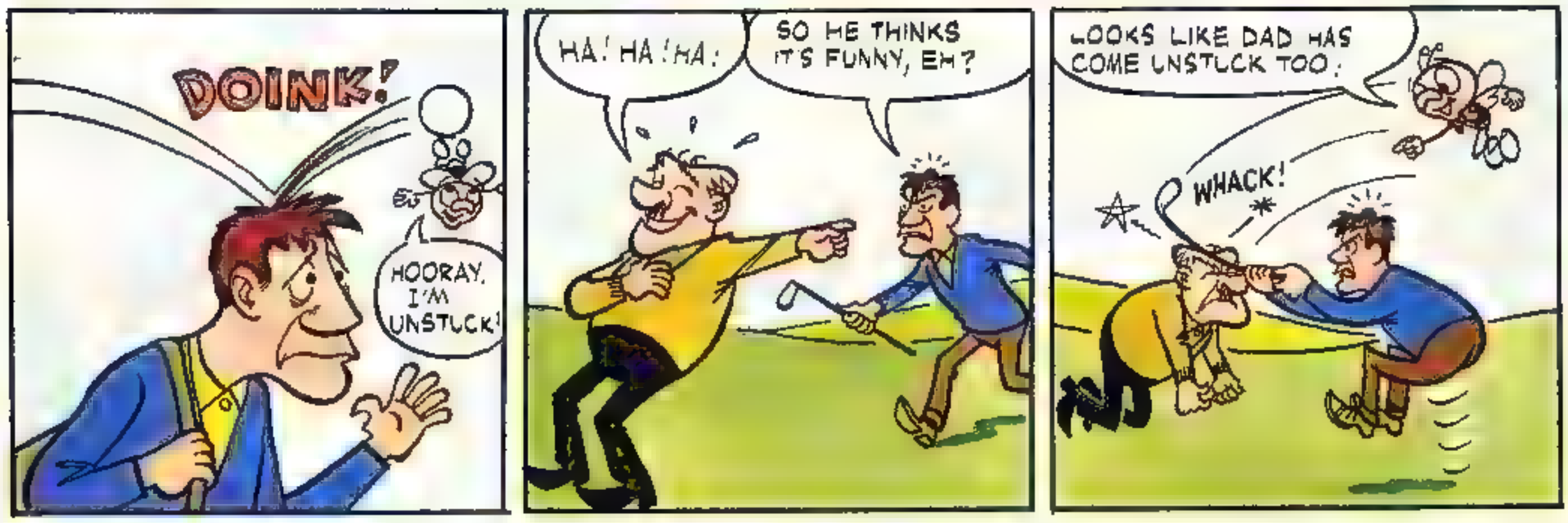
NEVILLE MAW

MIGHTY MOTH

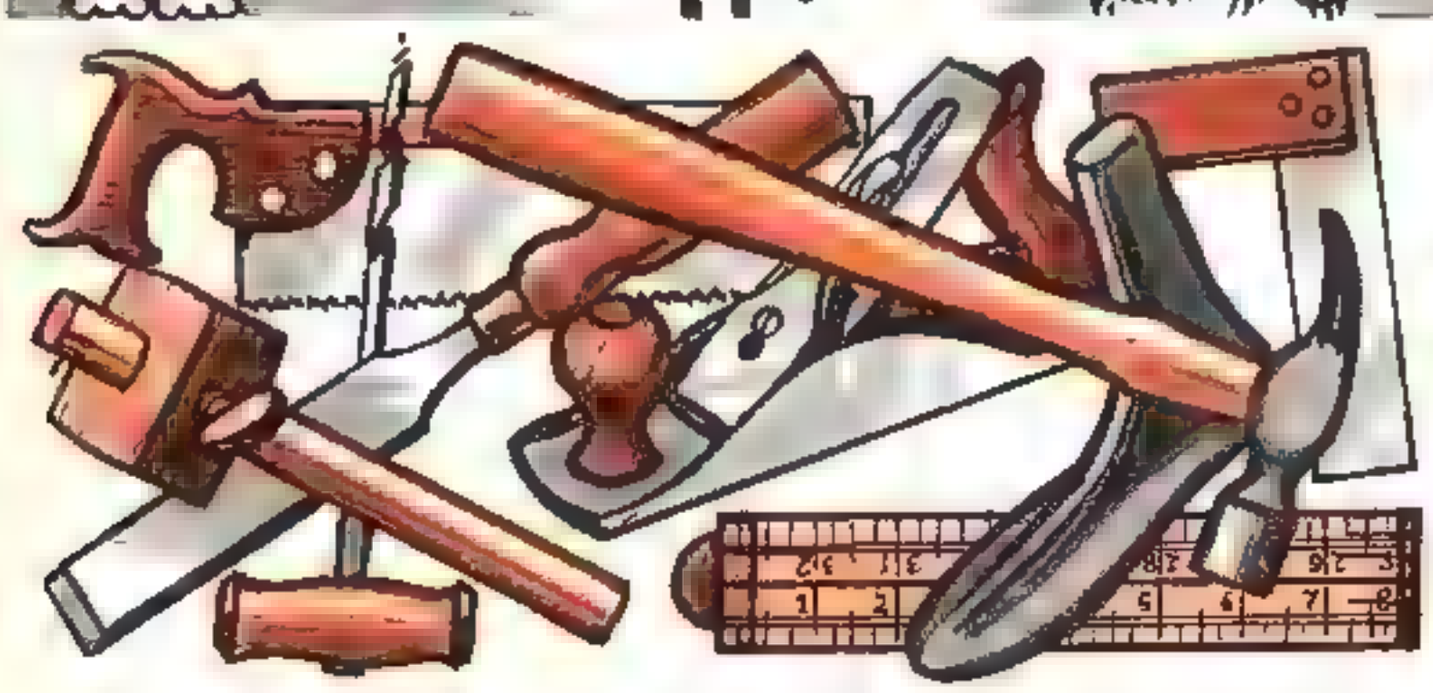

I'M PRACTISING FOR MY GAME OF GOLF THIS AFTERNOON!
COO! CAN I COME, DAD?
YOU CERTAINLY CAN!
WHACK!


NOW I'LL GLUE YOU TO THIS BALL AND TAKE YOU ROUND TO THE GOLF COURSE!
GLUE
SO, AT THE GOLF COURSE...
HE-E-ELP!
'BYE 'BYE, OLD PAL!
WHACK!


HO! HO! HO! THAT'S GOT RID OF HIM! HA! HA! HA!
IF ONLY I CAN MAKE THIS BALL TURN!
FLAP! FLAP!

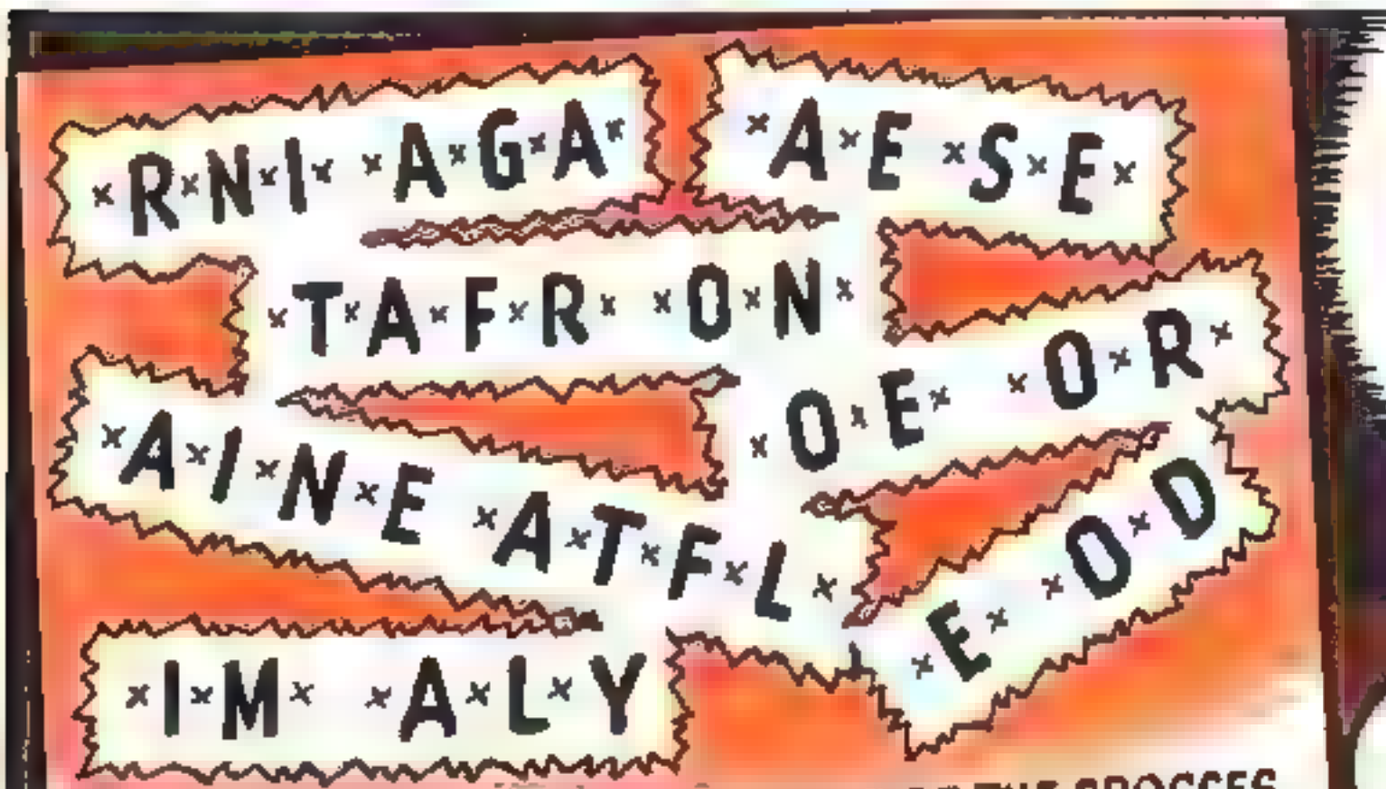

DOINK!
HOORAY, I'M UNSTUCK!
HA! HA! HA!
SO HE THINKS IT'S FUNNY, EH?
LOOKS LIKE DAD HAS COME UNSTUCK TOO!
WHACK!

Ollie and Fred's FUN SPOT 1



1. HERE IS A JUMBLE OF TOOLS. CAN YOU NAME THEM, AND THEN SAY WHICH ONE DOES NOT REALLY BELONG TO THIS GROUP ?

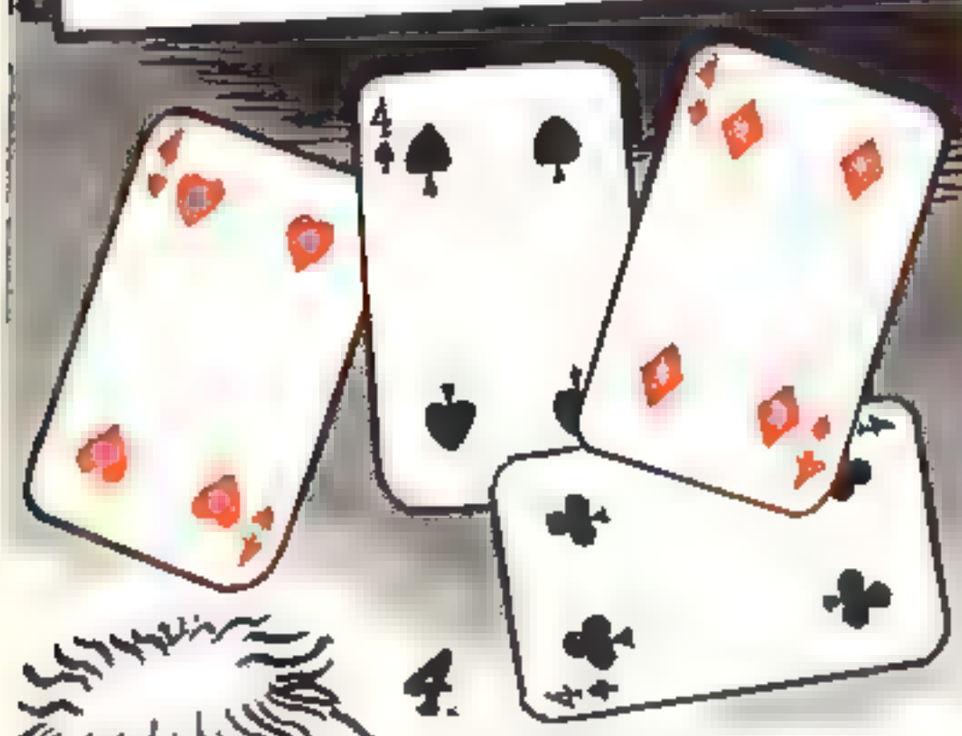
2. BY CHANGING ONE LETTER ON EACH LINE, YET MAKING A REAL WORD, CHANGE *'PLUSH'* INTO *'DRESS'* IN SIX MOVES.



3 IF YOU PUT LETTERS IN PLACE OF THE CROSSES YOU WILL GET THE NAMES OF SEVEN TV STARS -*OF COURSE THEY MUST BE THE RIGHT LETTERS !*

WHICH THREE LETTERS CAN CHANGE GIRL INTO WOMAN?

A. G. E.



4. CAN YOU THINK OF A WAY TO ARRANGE THE 4 FOURS FROM A PACK OF CARDS SO THAT ONLY 3 PIPS AND 1 INDEX FIGURE SHOWS ON EACH ?

5 FIRST FIND THE NAMES OF THE OBJECTS IN THIS SKETCH. THEN BY TAKING A GROUP OF THREE LETTERS FROM EACH OF THE FIRST AND LAST PANELS, AND A PAIR OF LETTERS FROM EACH OF THE OTHER THREE YOU WILL GET THE NAME OF SOMEONE WE KNOW VERY WELL.

ANSWERS

1. SAW, HAMMER, CHISEL, PLANE, RULE, GUAGE, SQUARE, GIMLET, AND A COBBLER'S LAST, WHICH IS NOT A CARPENTER'S TOOL.

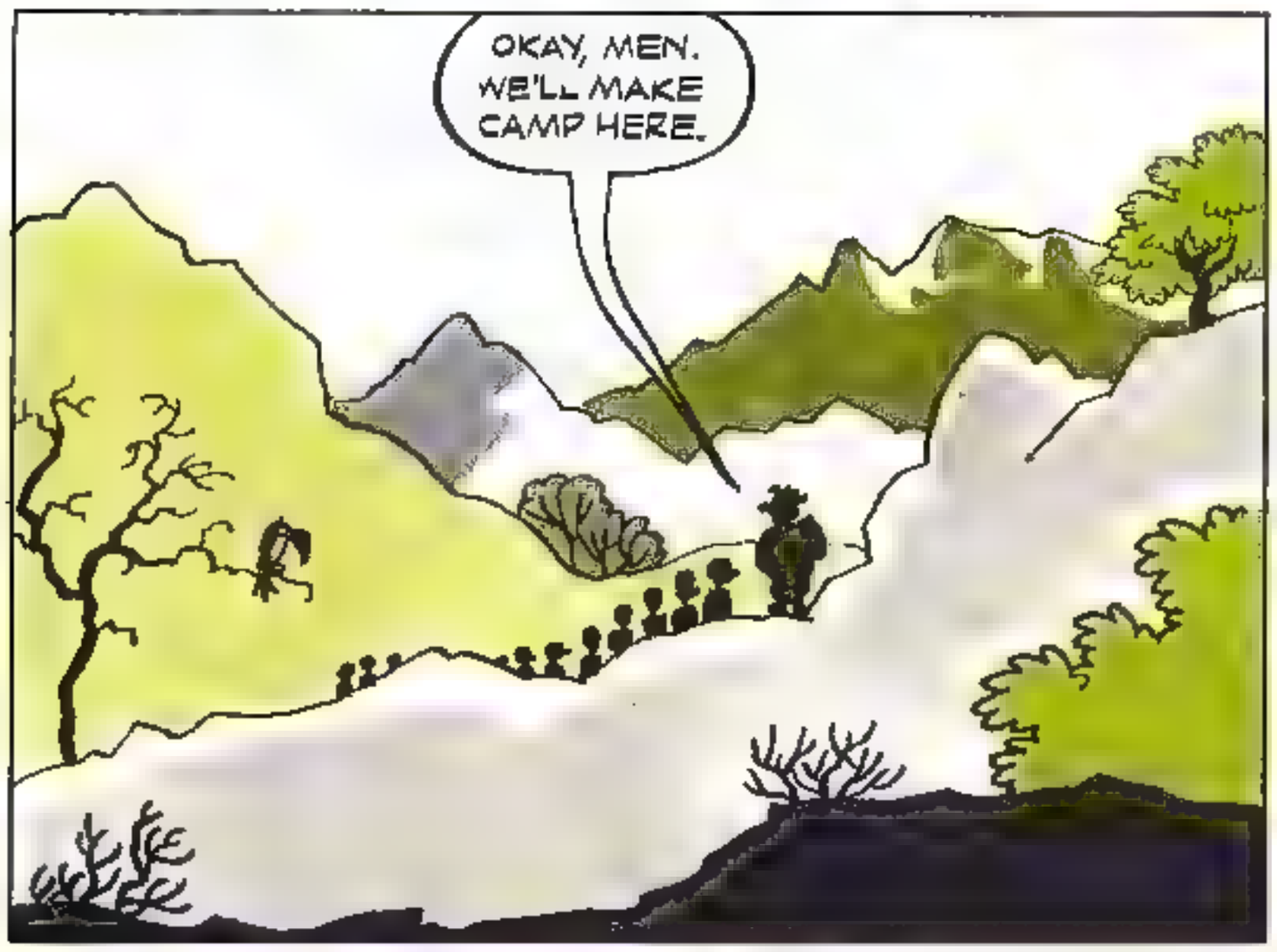
2. PLUSH, PLASH, CLASH, CRASH, CRASS, CRESS, DRESS

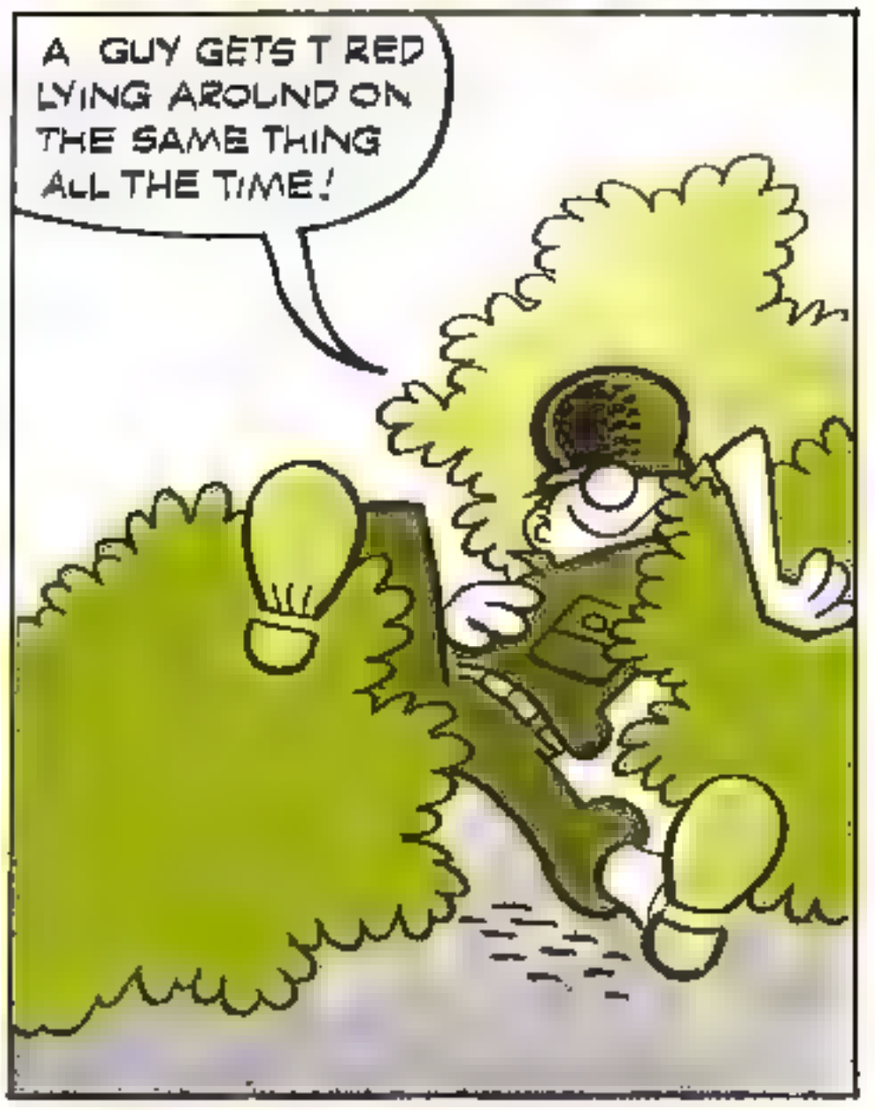
3. FRANKIE VAUGHAN, STRATFORD JOHNS, JANE ASHER, ROGER MOORE, KEN DODD, MARIANNE FAITHFULL, JIMMY HANLEY.

4.

5. CRAB, IGLOO, DOG, PLOUGH, GLASS MAKING CRAIG DOUGLAS.

BEETLE BAILEY





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I GET KINKS SOMETIMES FROM BEING IN MY OLD BED DAY AFTER DAY.

MUSCLES NEED VARIETY AND CHALLENGE, OR THEY GET FLABBY AND WITHER.

ANYBODY CAN LIE AROUND IN **BED!**

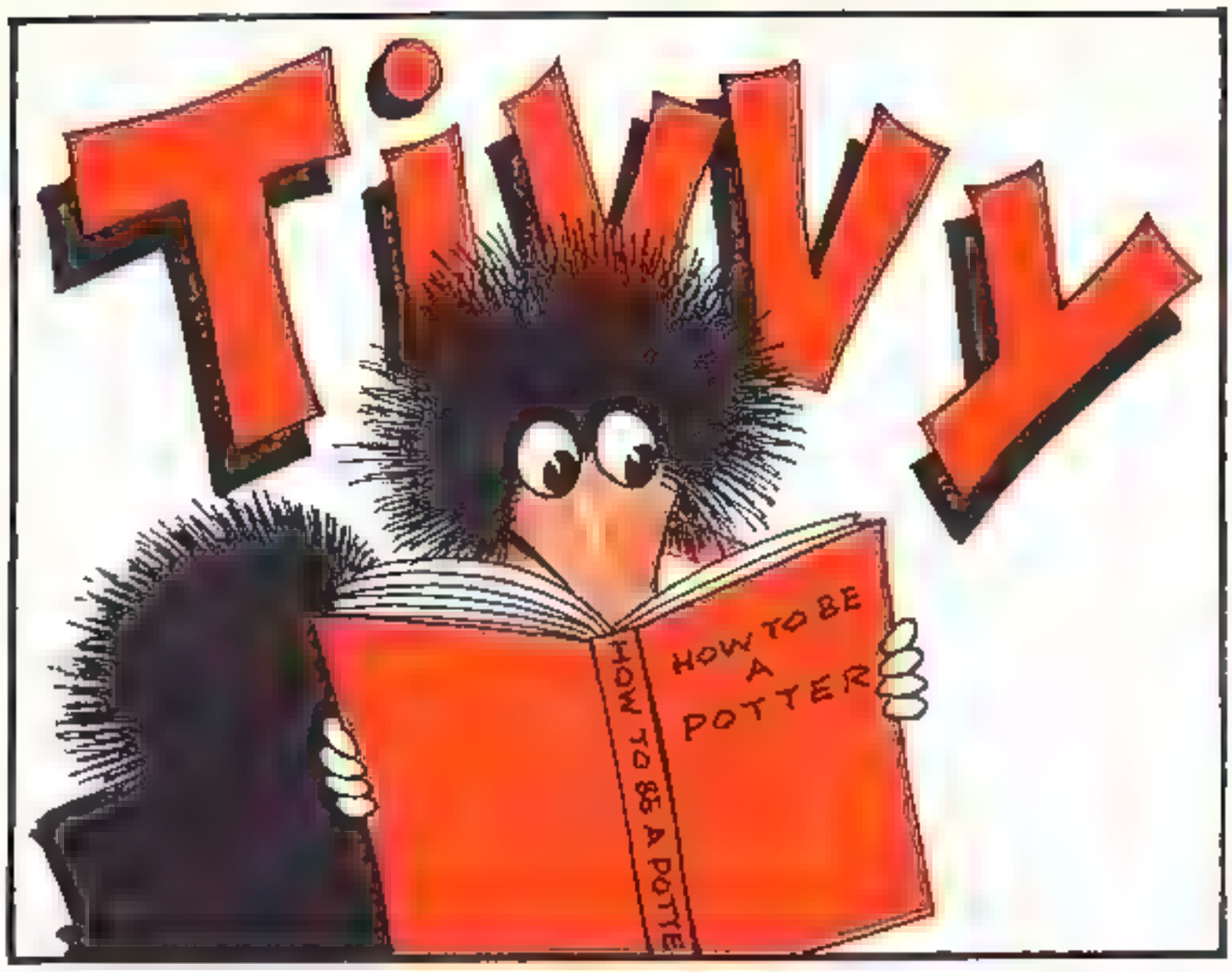
I BELIEVE IN CREATIVE LOUNGING.

IF PEOPLE PUT AS MUCH THOUGHT INTO THEIR LOAFING AS THEY DO INTO FIGHTING, THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE.

YES!

DON'T WAKE HIM, SARGE. HE'S BEEN LOAFING SO HARD HE DESERVES A REST!

Tivvy



Tivvy created by Atelier Faunt, Finland

CLA

CLA

NEVILLE
MAIN

TV TERRORS

FRED AQUA, THE WATER-SKI CHAMPION, SHOULD BE ON THE LAKE ANY MINUTE.

I HOPE WE CAN GET H S AUTOGRAPH!

THOSE TERRORS ARE IN FOR A SURPR SE!

EEK! WE RE SUNK!

PHISSS!

HA! HA! THAT FIXED 'EM.

WHAT'S TH S?

OH, NO!.. LOOK OUT, BELOW!

I'VE BLUNDERED: HELLLLP!

SPERLOSH!!

AWK!

GLUG!

I LL TEACH HIM... HE RL NED MY ACT N FRONT OF MILLIONS OF V.EWERS!

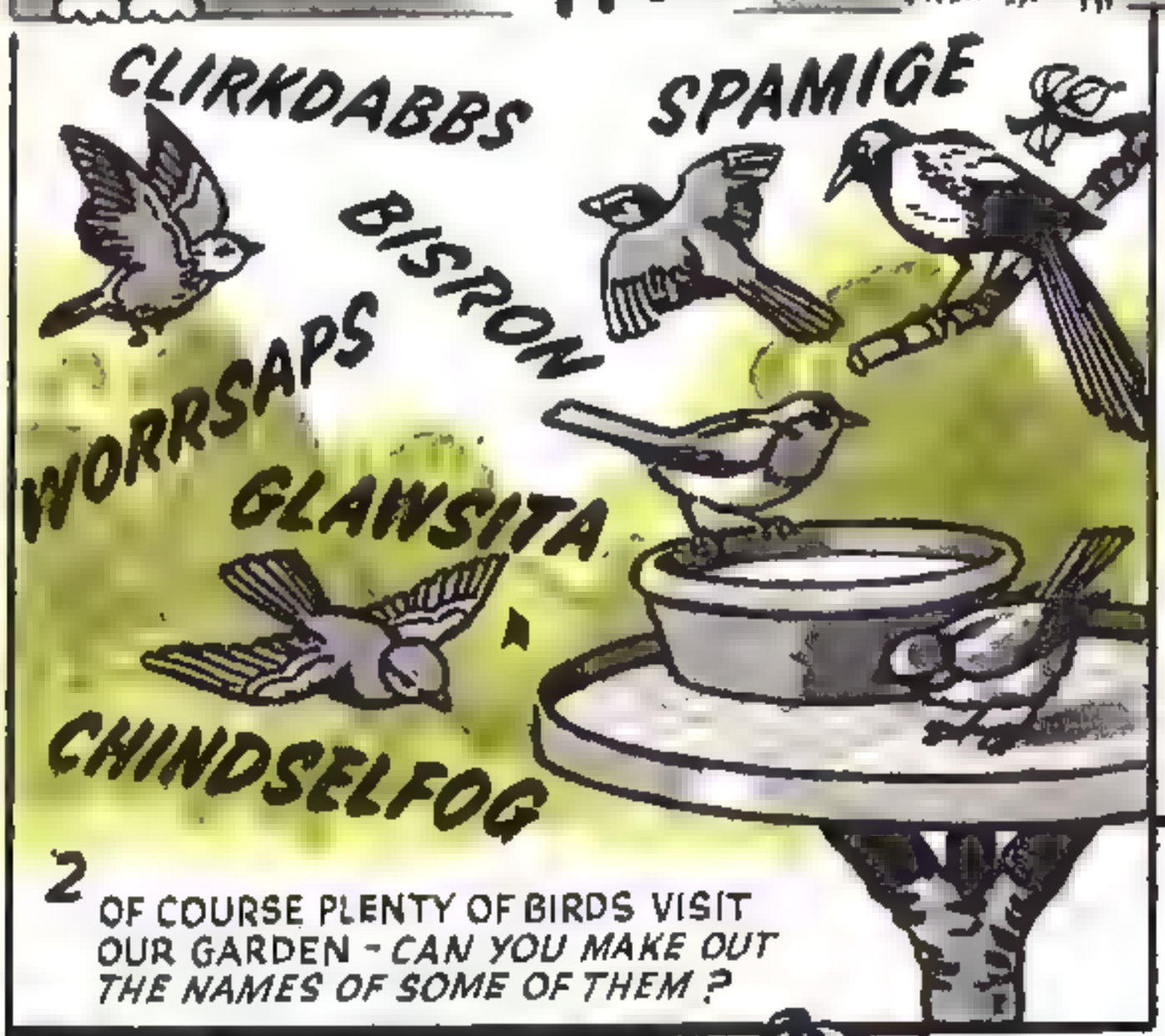
I'M OFF!

TH.S SHOULD GET SHOT OF HIM...ONCE AND FOR ALL!

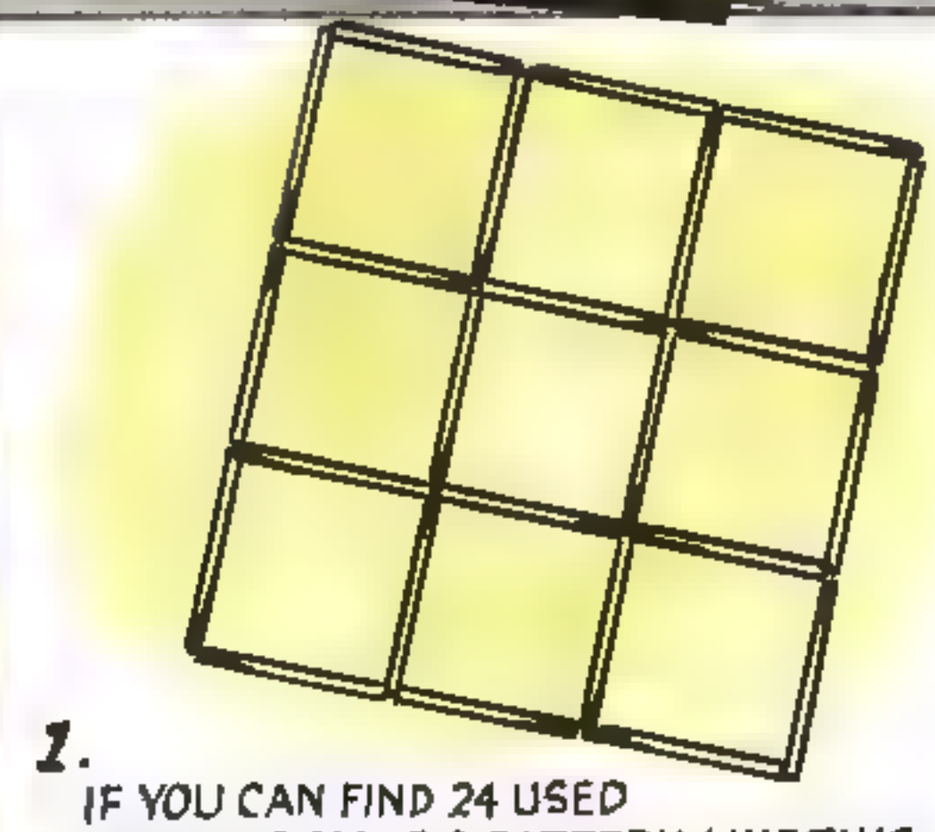
HA! HA! HA!

HELP- FASTER!

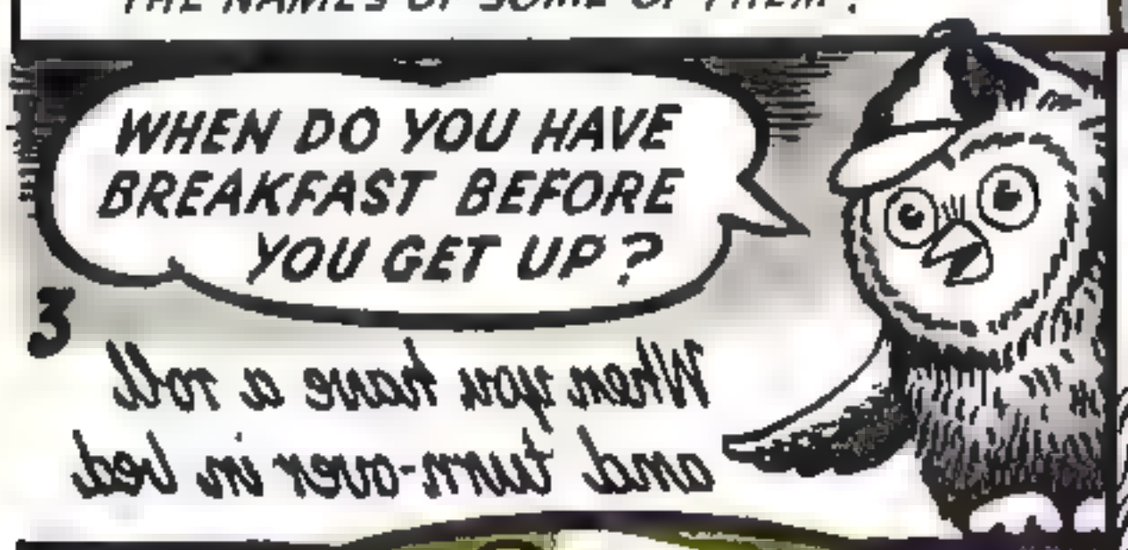
Ollie and Fred's FUN SPOT 2



2 OF COURSE PLENTY OF BIRDS VISIT OUR GARDEN - *CAN YOU MAKE OUT THE NAMES OF SOME OF THEM ?*



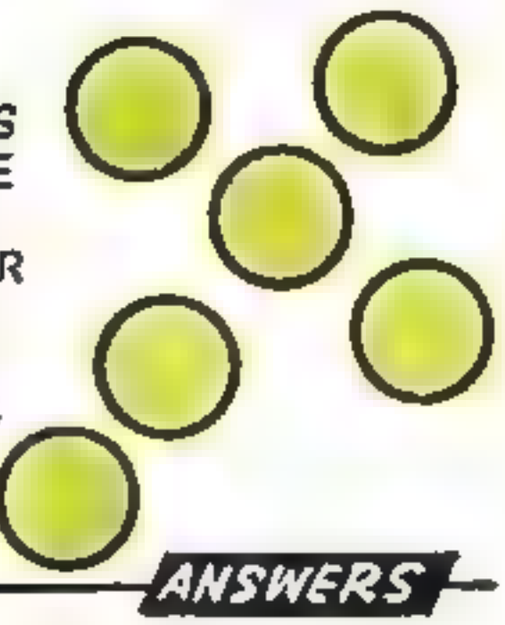
1. IF YOU CAN FIND 24 USED MATCHES MAKE A PATTERN LIKE THIS - THEN TAKE 8 OF THEM AWAY, AND LEAVE ONLY 2 SQUARES.



3 When you have a roll and turn-over in bed

4 FIRST FIND THE LETTERS MISSING FROM THE ABOVE ALPHABET. THEN MAKE A WORD WITH THEM TO FIND WHAT IS IN MY BOX.

5 HERE ARE SOME BOOKS YOU MAY NOT HAVE READ, BY AUTHORS WHO ARE NEW TO YOU. *CAN YOU PAIR THEM ?*



LAY OUT SIX COUNTERS LIKE THIS. THEN MOVE ONLY ONE TO MAKE TWO ROWS WITH FOUR COUNTERS IN EACH. *IT'S A GOOD CATCH TO TRY ON YOUR FRIENDS.*

6.

ANSWERS

1.
2. BLACKBIRDS, MAGPIES, ROBINS, SPARROWS, WAGTAILS, GOLDFINCHES.
3. HOLD THE ANSWER UP TO A MIRROR.
4. MARBLES.
5. 1-E, 2-C, 3-D, 4-A, 5-B.

WELCOME TO THE

GOONSHIRE GAZETTE

EDITOR NEDDIE SEAGOON — HE'S HIT MORE 'EADS THAN ANY MAN IN FLEET STREET.'

THE SAME OLD STORIES — MAYOR'S SPEECH — LADIES' KNITTING CIRCLE — *NOTHING EXCITING EVER HAPPENS!*

THERE'S A FIRE DOWN AT THE TOWN HALL!

NEE HEE.' I'VE FALLEN IN THE PRINTING PRESS AGAIN.'

MILLIGAN'S SPIKE

SCIENCE CORRESPONDENT

Titcombe.

IN

WAY OUT

GOONSHIRE GAZETTE

RUBBISH

BACK PAGE

MIDDLE PAGE

FRONT PAGE

IT'S MY DAY OFF TOMORROW SO I WANT TO WRITE TOMORROW'S HEADLINES TODAY!

OH, NO! SOME FOOL'S DROPPED A TRAY OF TYPE UPSTAIRS!

HELP!

READERS LETTERS

DE BOSS SAID GO OUT AND GET A SCOOP AND HERE IT IS.'

SPORTS EDITOR

SPORTS PAGE

RUBBISH

THE AVENGERS

JOLLY DECENT OF SIR JOCELYN TO INVITE US TO HIS COUNTRY ESTATE FOR HOGMANAY! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SEEING THE NEW YEAR IN, THE TRADITIONAL SCOTS WAY, EH, MRS. PEEL?

I COULD DO WITH THE REST. AT LEAST IT WON'T BE AS HECTIC AS THE LAST TIME WHEN HE HAD THAT SPY RING AFTER HIS SECRET AIRCRAFT PLANS!

JOLLY NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SIR JOCELYN!

WHAT A WONDERFUL PLACE YOU HAVE HERE!

I'M SO GLAD YOU WERE ABLE TO COME. I'M GLAD YOU ARE BOTH HERE AS I'VE GOT SOME TOP SECRET ATOMIC DOCUMENTS IN MY SAFE AND YOU CAN HELP ME KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS!

LOOK WHO'S HERE! GRODOLSKY! I WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING HERE?

.HIS PRESENCE GENERALLY MEANS TROUBLE! HE'S TALKING TO THE BOFFIN, PROFESSOR SEARLE, TOO!

DINNER WON'T BE LONG. I EXPECT YOUR DRIVE HAS GIVEN YOU GOOD APPETITES!

RATHER! I FEEL I COULD DO JUSTICE TO A GOOD MEAL!

SO COULD I! I'D BETTER CHANGE IN TO SOMETHING MORE SUITABLE FOR THE OCCASION!

JUST AS DINNER WAS ENDING THE LIGHTS WENT OUT...

HALLO! LIGHTS OUT! IS THIS PART OF THE CASTLE TRADITION?

NO! JUST A FUSE BLOWN—JAMES, GO DOWN INTO THE CELLAR AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIX IT!

CERTAINLY, SIR!

Published by arrangement with ABC Television Limited.

WHATEVER IS THE MATTER WITH JAMES? IT CAN'T HAVE TAKEN HIM SO LONG TOREPAIR A FUSE!

EXCUSE US, SIR JOCELYN, WE'LL GO AND HAVE A LOOK!

A GOOD IDEA, STEED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

STEED, HE'S OUT COLD!

HE'S HAD A HEFTY CRACK OVER THE HEAD.

MRS. PEEL, STAY WITH HIM... NOW WE'VE GOT SOME LIGHT, I'M OFF TO SEE IF EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT UPSTAIRS!

STUDY

AHA! THERE GOES GRODOLSKY! HE SEEMS INTERESTED IN THE STUDY. I WONDER WHY?

IN THE STUDY...

MR. STEED, IS ANYTHING WRONG?

I'M NOT SURE, SIR JOCELYN. WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO LOOK IN YOUR SAFE AND SEE IF YOUR PAPERS ARE STILL THERE?

EVERYTHING IS HERE, MR. STEED. IT ALL SEEMS INTACT!

HALLO...WHAT'S THIS ON THE TABLE? SIR JOCELYN, DOES THIS MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU- 6K1/1P4PP/1P6/PR3P2?

NO—I'M AFRAID IT DOESN'T!

IT COULD BE CODE.

STEED, THE BUTLER CAN'T REMEMBER A THING APART FROM BEING HIT ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD. WHY DON'T WE SEE WHAT GRODOLSKY IS UP TO?

LOOK! HE'S ON THE 'PHONE!

...PR3P2. YES, RIGHT! I WILL PHONE YOU TOMORROW AND LET YOU HAVE THE LATEST INFORMATION. GOODBYE!

HE MIGHT BE PLANNING SOMETHING FOR TONIGHT!

A LITTLE LATER...

SHH! GRODOLSKY'S NEXT DOOR! GOODNIGHT, STEED.

FINE! I'VE GOT THE PROFESSOR IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR TO ME, I'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM! GOOD-NIGHT!—AND *DON'T* GO TO SLEEP!

BEFORE VERY LONG...

C.R.E.A.K!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! GRODOLSKY IS ON THE MOVE!

MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS...

STUDY

SO THAT'S IT! THE PROFESSOR TOO VISITS THE STUDY IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT. VERY INTERESTING!

CLONK!

HALLO! ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE PARTY..? RIGHT..!

STEED!

MRS. PEEL, *DO YOU MIND?*

MRS. PEEL...MR. STEED...WHATEVER IS GOING ON?

MRS. PEEL HAS A WEAKNESS FOR SUITS OF ARMOUR, THAT'S ALL! GRODOLSKY AND THE PROFESSOR HAVE A MIDNIGHT MEETING IN YOUR STUDY. I THINK IT'S TIME WE JOINED THEIR LITTLE PARTY...

WELL I'M BLOWED..!

MR. GRODOLSKY, PROFESSOR, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

FOR A LONG TIME THE PROFESSOR AND I HAVE BEEN RIVALS AT CHESS, SIR JOCELYN. WE DECIDED TO PLAY OUR CHALLENGE MATCH THROUGH THE NIGHT SO THAT WE SHOULD NOT BE DISTURBED. IT SEEMS EVERYTHING HAS GONE WRONG. I EVEN LOST MY PAPER WITH MY MOVES ON IT AND HAD TO 'PHONE A FRIEND FOR HIS ADVICE!

SO *THAT* WAS THE CODE! CHECK-*MATE!*

WELL, I NEVER!—JAMES, GO TO THE CELLAR AND BRING UP A SPECIAL BOTTLE. I MUST OFFER APOLOGIES FOR DISTURBING OUR GUESTS!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, JAMES?

I HAVE FOUND OUT WHAT HIT ME EARLIER, SIR. THERE'S A LOOSE BEAM IN THE CELLAR AND IT HAS NEARLY KNOCKED ME OUT A SECOND TIME!

WELL, THAT EXPLAINS THE LAST OF THE MYSTERIES! AT LAST I CAN GO TO BED AND GET SOME BEAUTY SLEEP BEFORE TOMORROW'S FANCY-DRESS BALL!

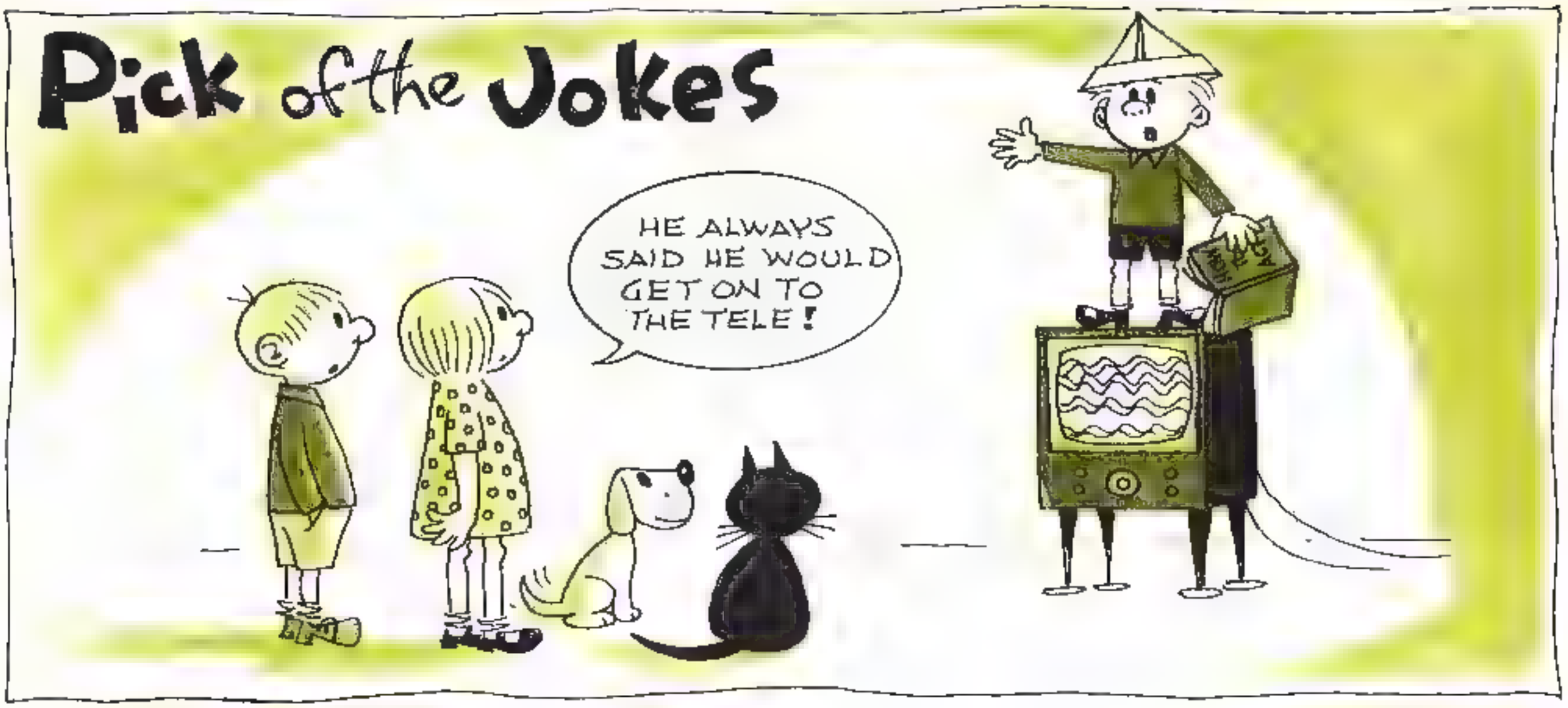
NEXT EVENING...

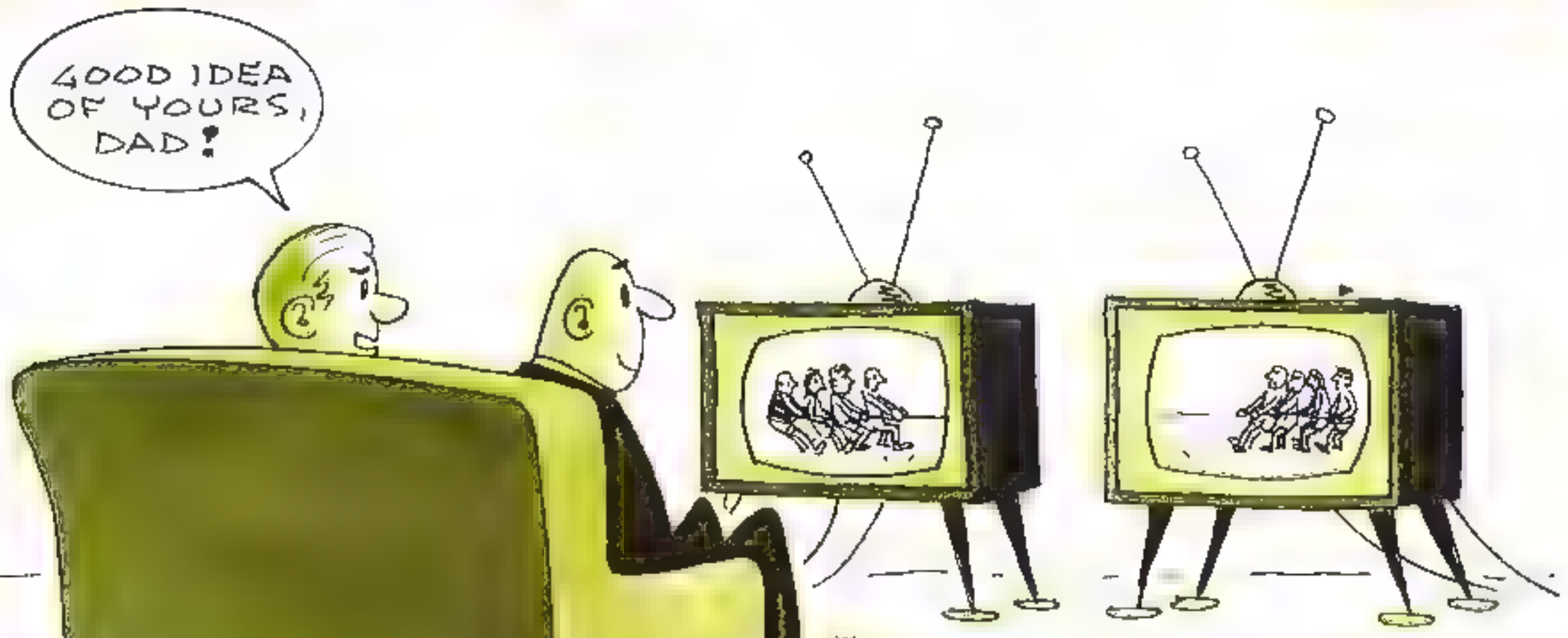
EXCUSE ME, HAVEN'T WE MET SOMEWHERE BEFORE?

HEY! LET ME OUT! GIVE ME AIR!

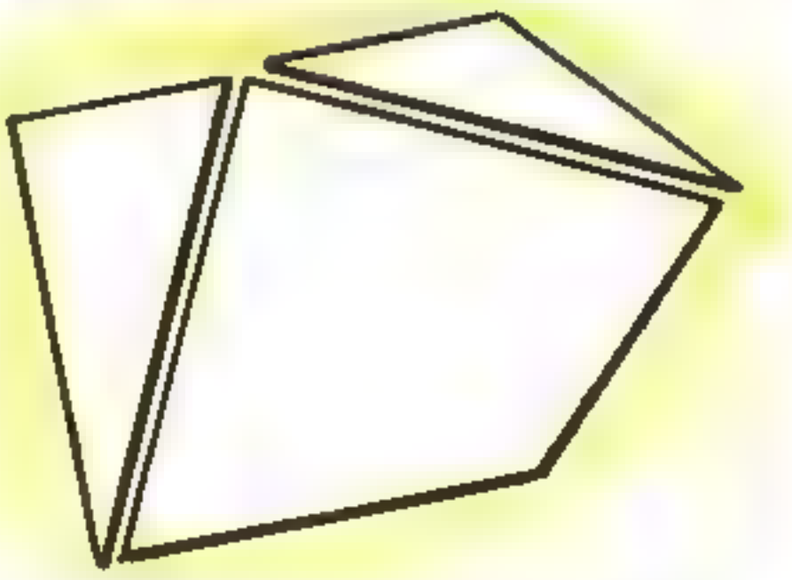
YOU KNOW, STEED, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL EVER MAKE A KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOUR—BUT KEEP ON TRYING! HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Pick of the Jokes





Ollie and Fred's FUN SPOT 3

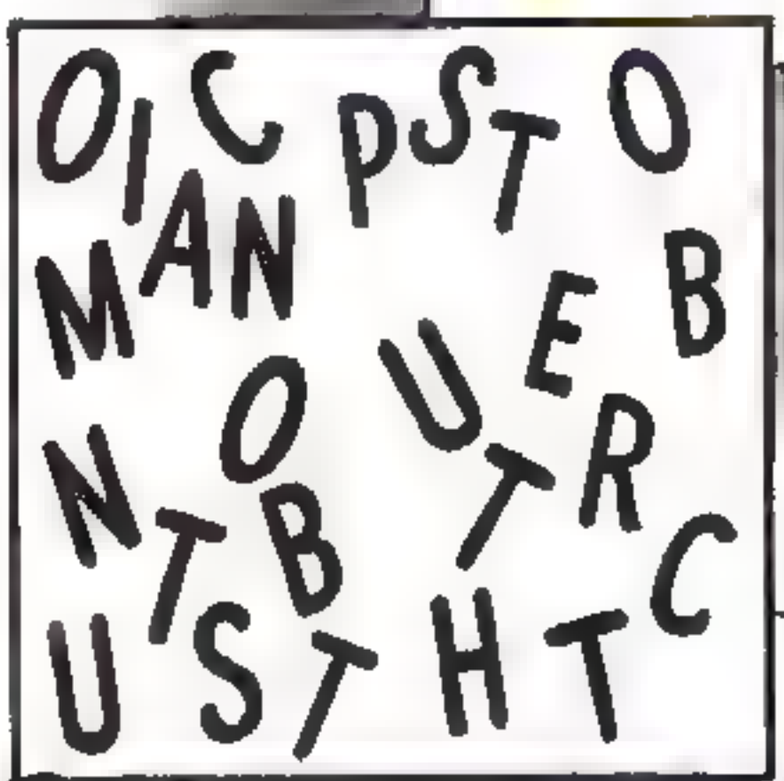


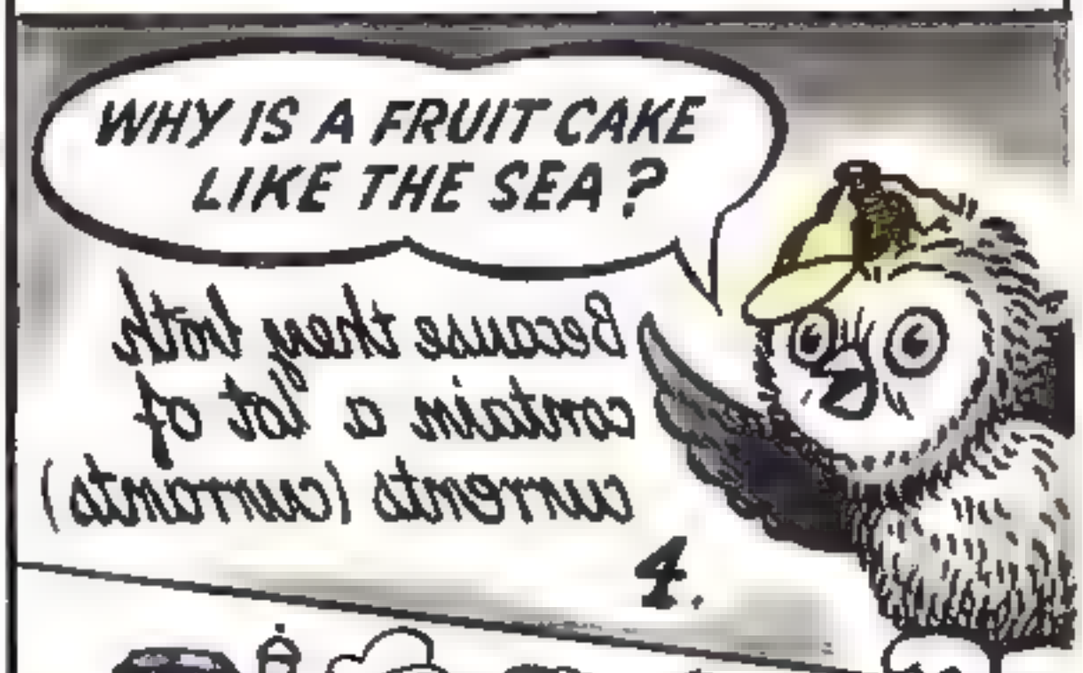
1. CUT THREE PIECES OF PAPER LIKE THIS. THEN SEE HOW QUICKLY YOU CAN PUT THEM TOGETHER TO FORM A PERFECT SQUARE.

2. CAN YOU PAIR THESE LEAVES AND BLOSSOMS, AND ALSO SAY WHY ONE OF THE PAIRS IS OUT OF PLACE?

3.

HERE ARE THE NAMES OF FOUR CHARACTERS YOU ALL KNOW. *NOW WITH TWO STRAIGHT LINES DIVIDE THE SQUARE INTO FOUR WITH A NAME IN EACH SECTION.*





5. HOW MANY THINGS CAN YOU FIND THAT ARE DIFFERENT IN THESE TWO PICTURES OF SOME OF OUR FRIENDS?

ANSWERS

1

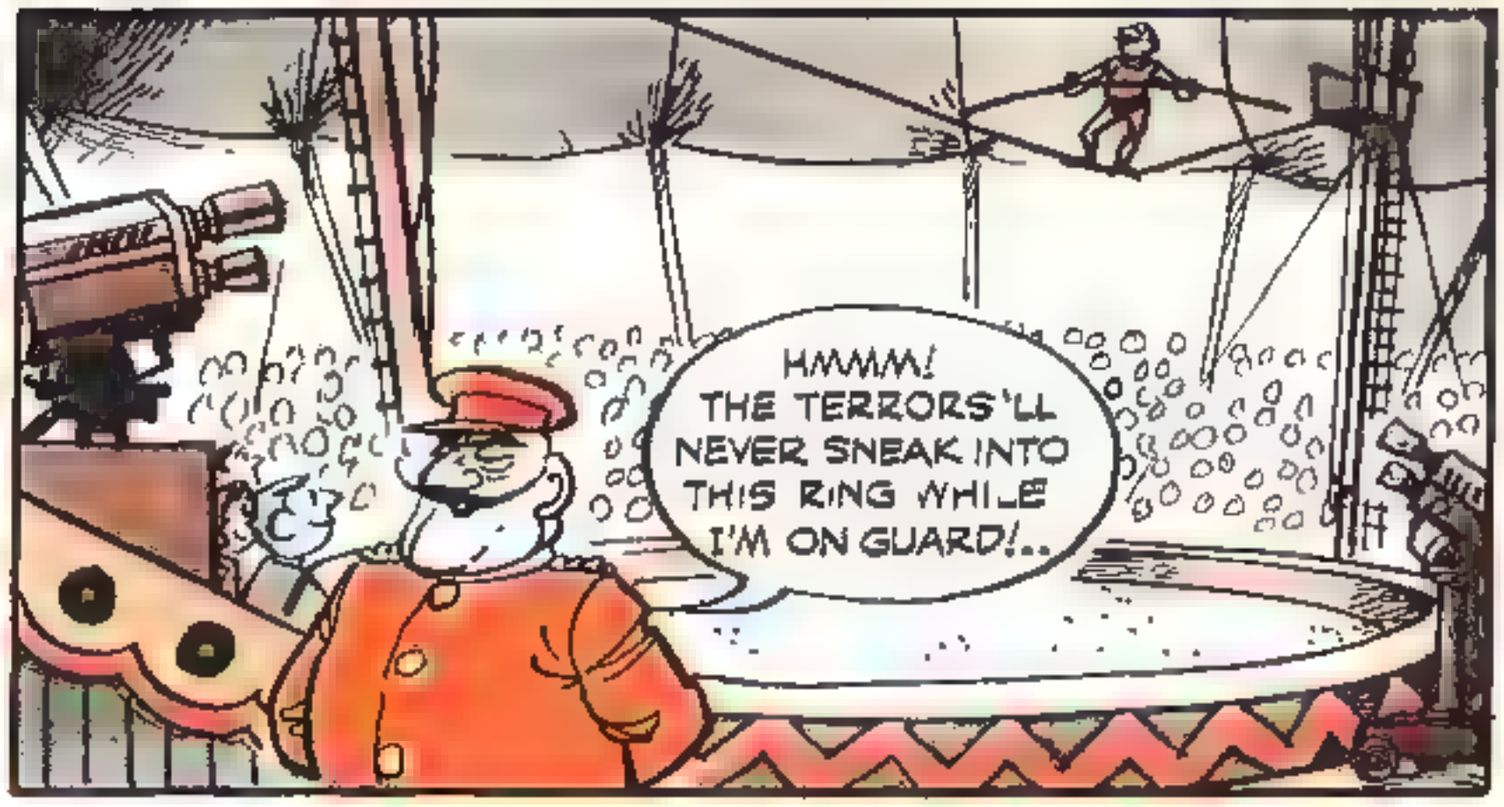
2 A - 5, B - 4, C - 1, D - 3, E - 2, THE TULIP IS THE ONLY SPRING FLOWER HERE.

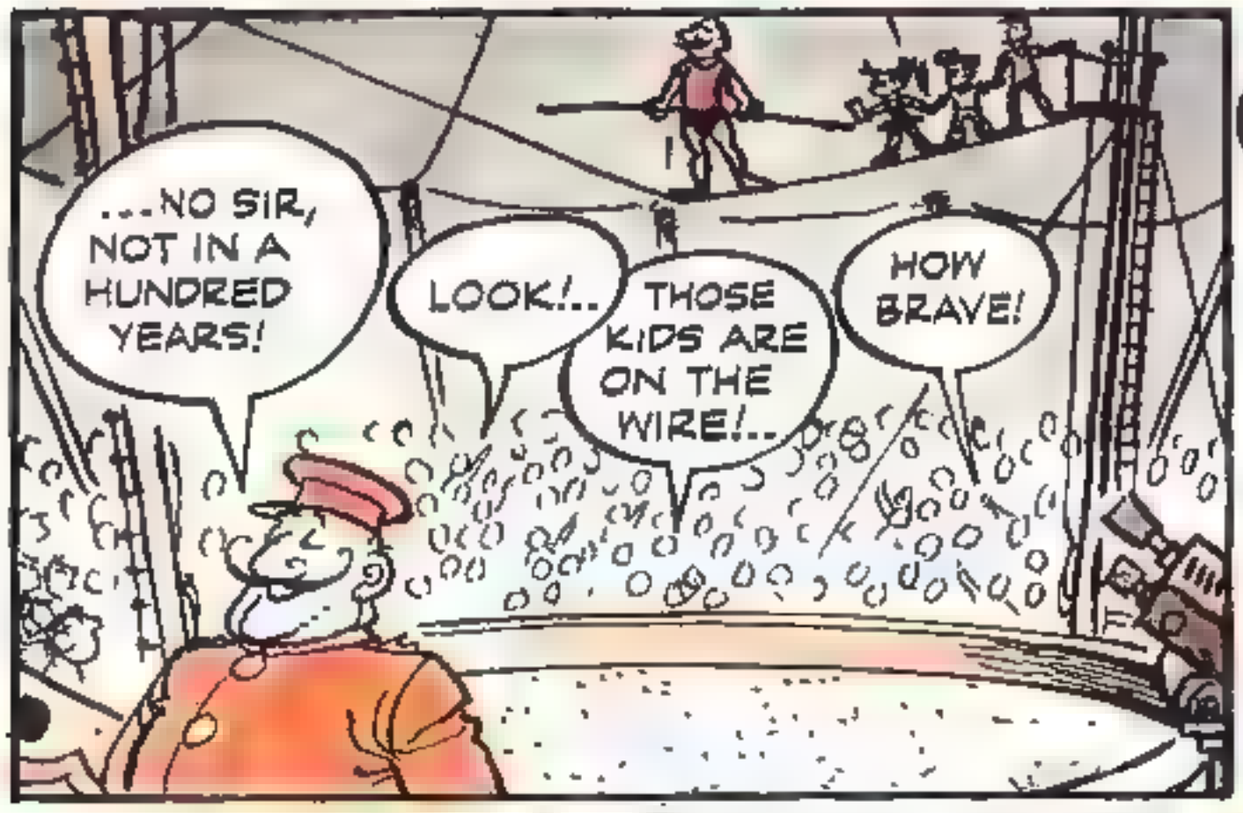
3 HOLD THE ANSWER UP TO A MIRROR.

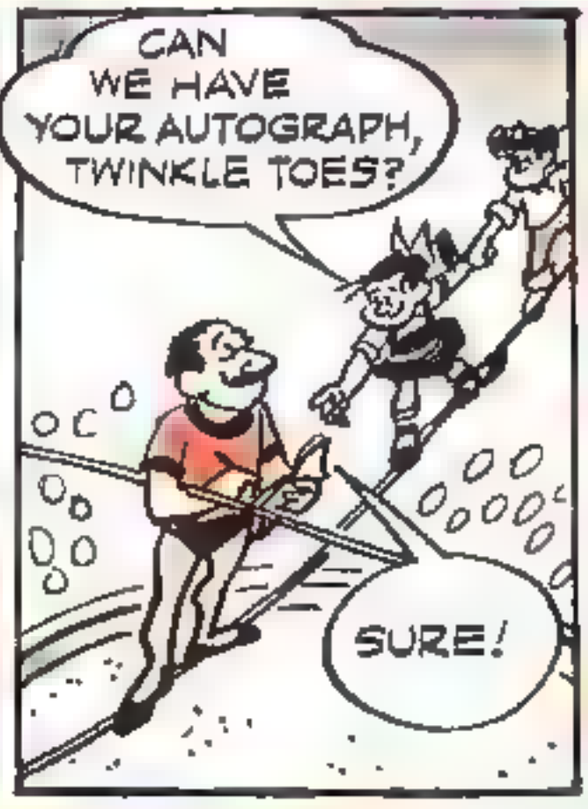
MONICA	BUTTONS
SPOT	CUTHBERT

5 THERE ARE AT LEAST 14 :- FUNNEL, PIER, WHISTLE, POPEYE'S HAT AND ARMS, SEAGULLS, BUTTONS, MONICA, SWEE'PEA, OLIVE, WIMPY, WHISTLE, PADDLE WHEEL AND BOX. *THERE ARE SOME MORE.*

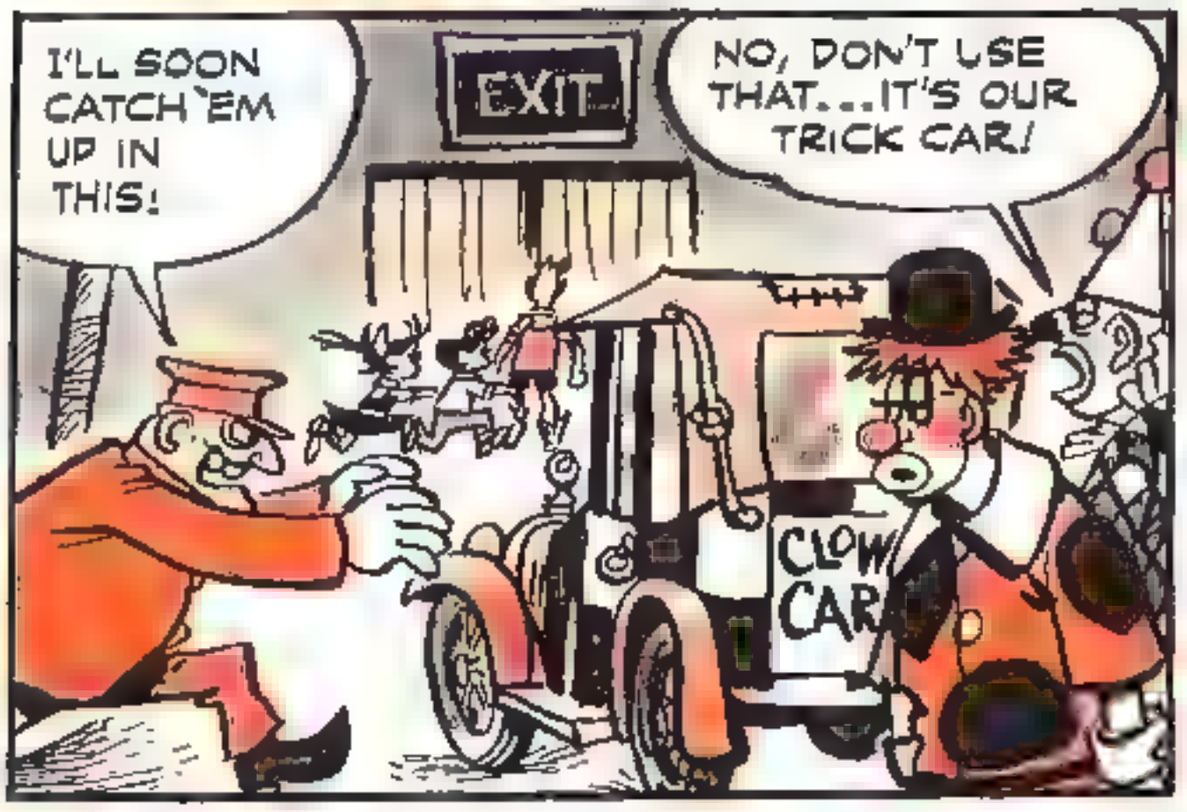
TV TERRORS

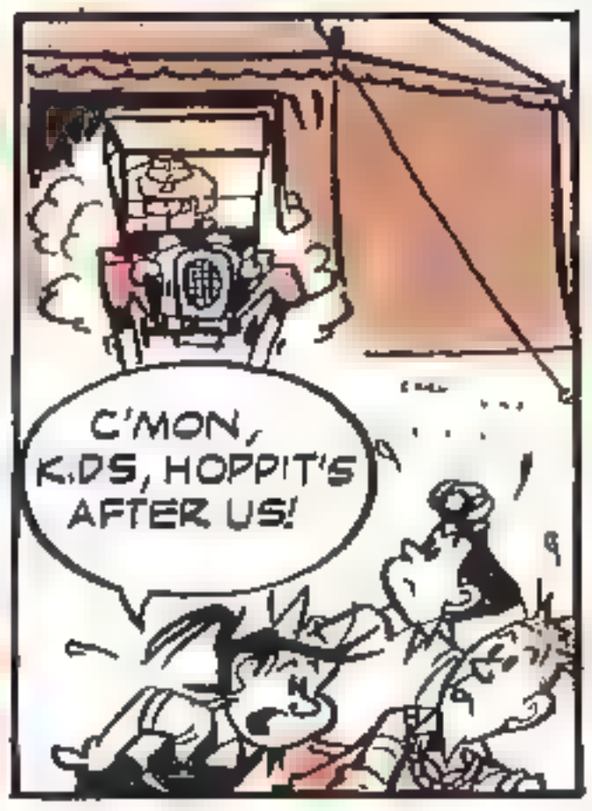

HMMM! THE TERRORS'LL NEVER SNEAK INTO THIS RING WHILE I'M ON GUARD!..

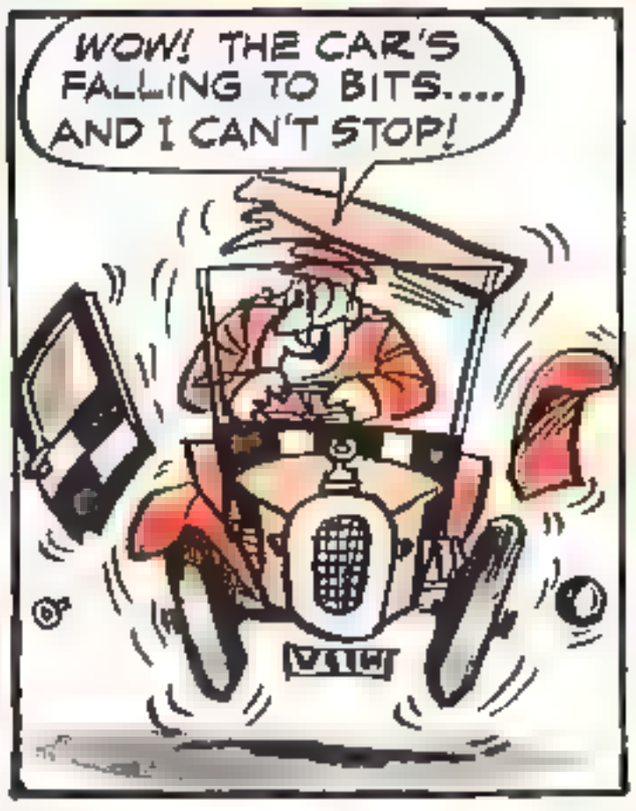

...NO SIR, NOT IN A HUNDRED YEARS!
LOOK!..
THOSE KIDS ARE ON THE WIRE!..
HOW BRAVE!


CAN WE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, TWINKLE TOES?
SURE!

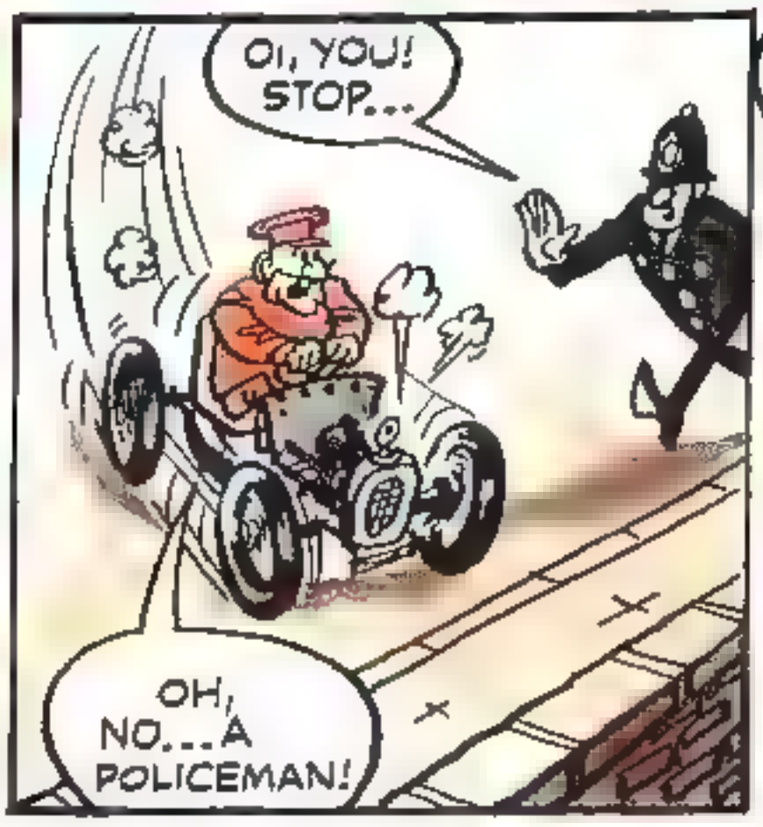
THANKS A LOT, TWINKLE TOES!
THE TERRORS!

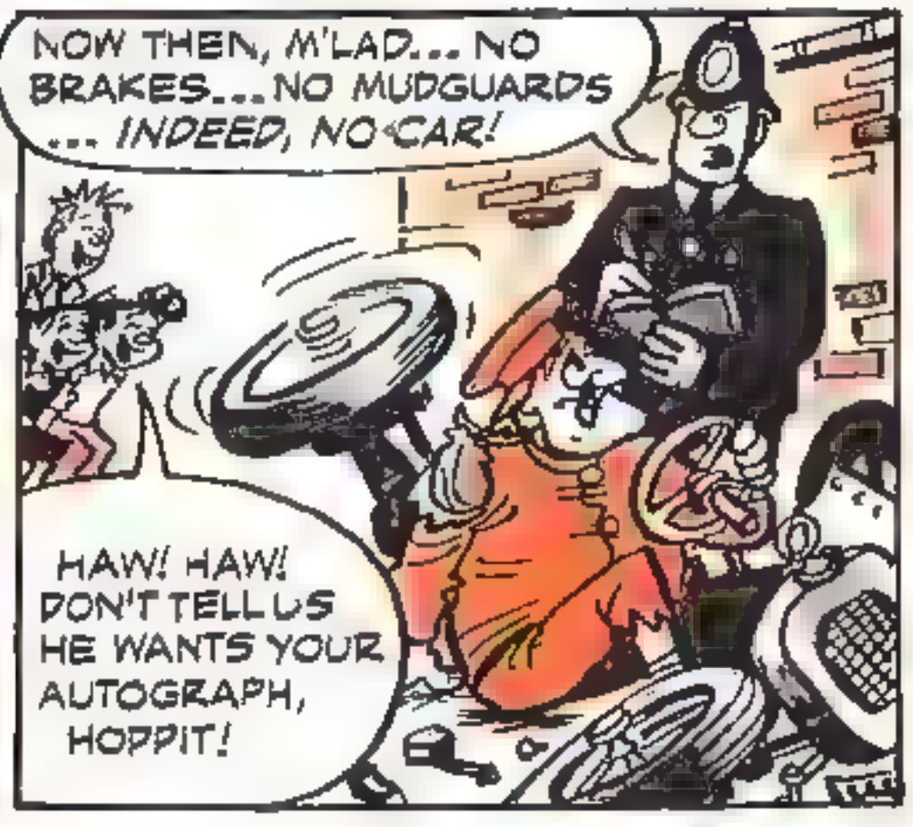

I'LL SOON CATCH 'EM UP IN THIS!
EXIT
NO, DON'T USE THAT...IT'S OUR TRICK CAR!
CLOWN CAR


C'MON, KIDS, HOPPIT'S AFTER US!


WOW! THE CAR'S FALLING TO BITS.... AND I CAN'T STOP!

THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT OF IT NOW... BUT I'LL CATCH THOSE TERRORS!
CLOWN CAR


OI, YOU! STOP...
OH, NO...A POLICEMAN!


NOW THEN, M'LAD... NO BRAKES...NO MUDGUARDS ... INDEED, NO CAR!
HAW! HAW! DON'T TELL US HE WANTS YOUR AUTOGRAPH, HOPPIT!

POPEYE
I WISH YOU WOULD TRY AND GET ON WITH MY GRANNY OLIVE!
I TRY TO BUT IT ISN'T EASY...
NONSENSE, GRANNY'S ALWAYS SMILIN' AN' LAUGHIN'!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I MEAN!
SHE'S ALWAYS LAUGHING AT ME!
BUT TO PLEASE YOU, POPEYE, I'LL TAKE YOUR GRANNY SHOPPING FOR SOME NEW CLOTHES...
THANKS, OLIVE! SHE SURE NEEDS SOME!
AND SO...
AHOY, OLIVE! BE SURE TO TAKE HER TO THE BEST PLACES AND CHARGE EVERYTHING TO ME!
NOTHIN' IS TOO GOOD FOR MY SWEET LI'L GRANNY!
LATER...
HOT DOG! THEY'S BACK!
SLAM!
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO DISGUSTED IN MY LIFE!
BLOW ME DOWN! WHAT'S WRONG, OLIVE?
....COULDN'T GRANNY FIND ANYTHING?
SHE FOUND SOMETHING! TAKE A LOOK!
A FOOTBALL SUIT?
IT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!
UGH!
B

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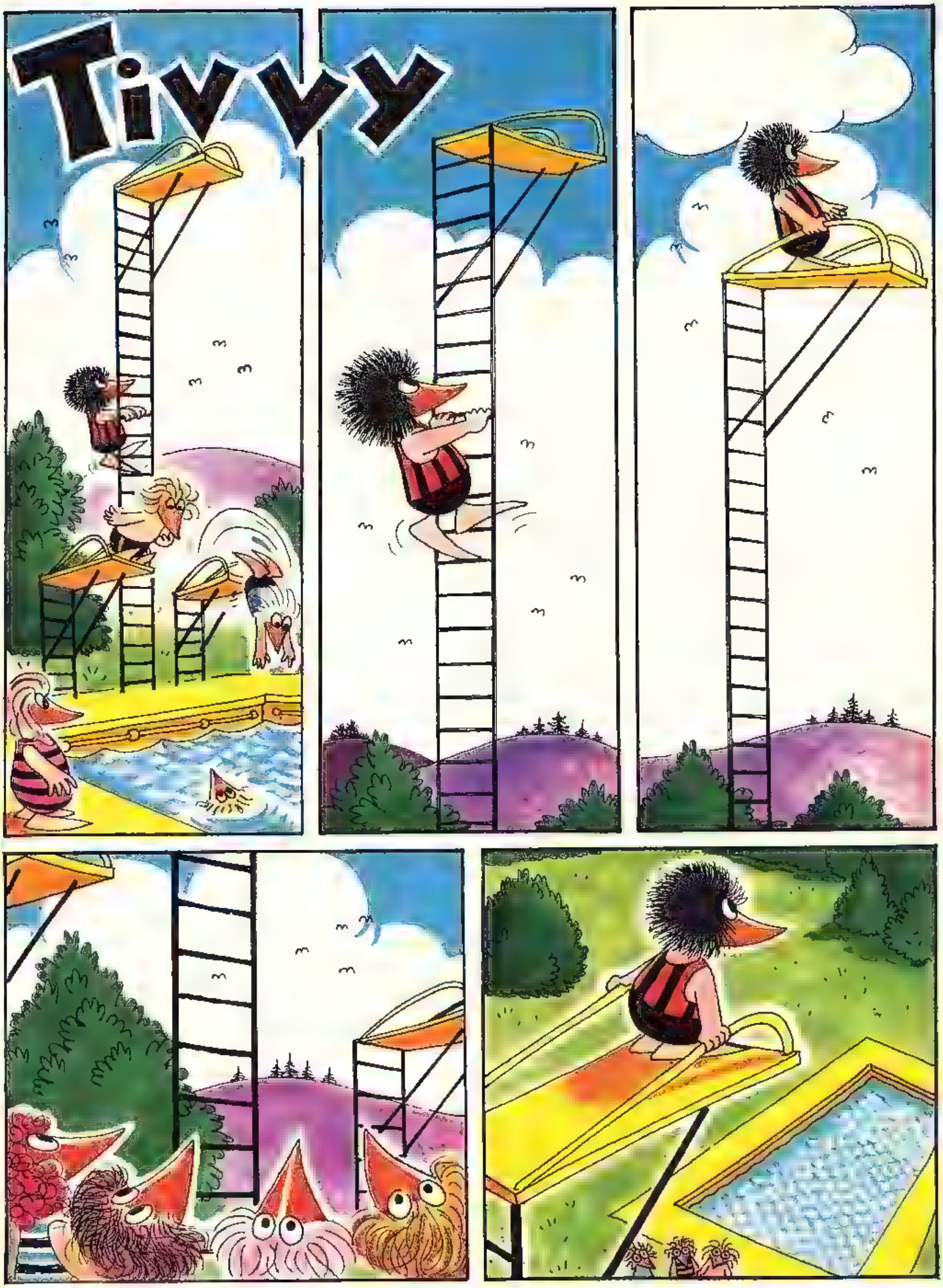
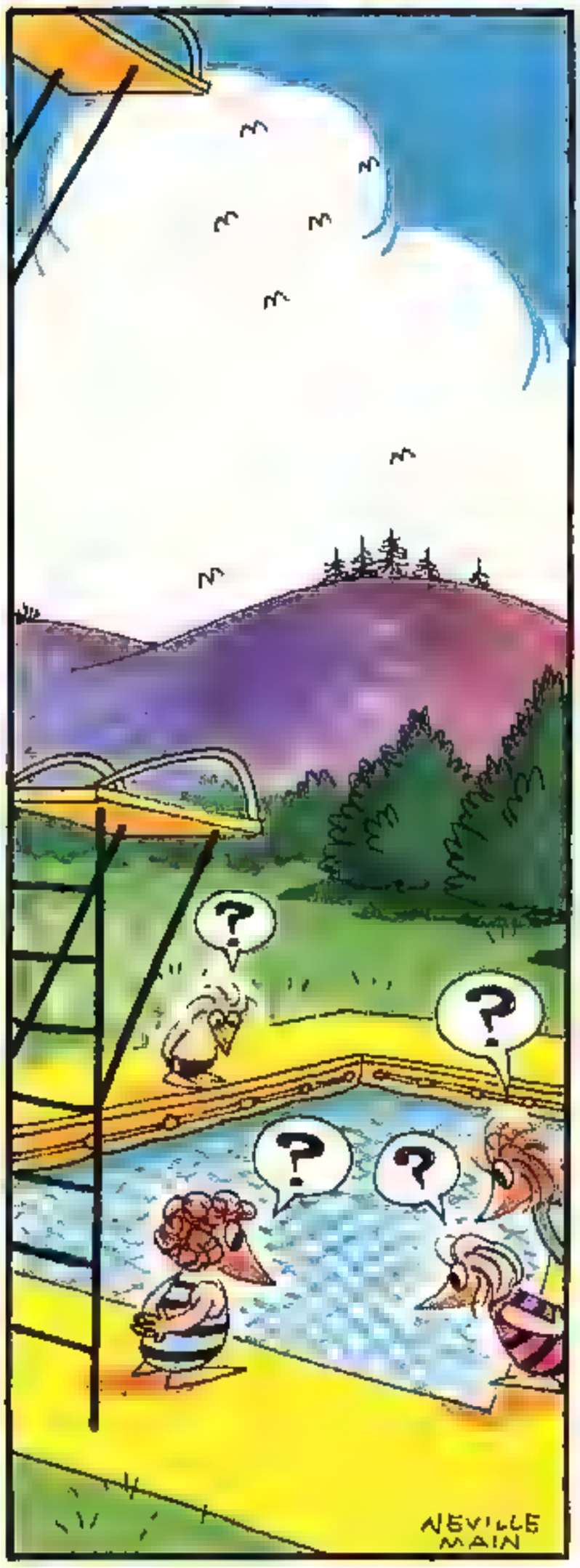
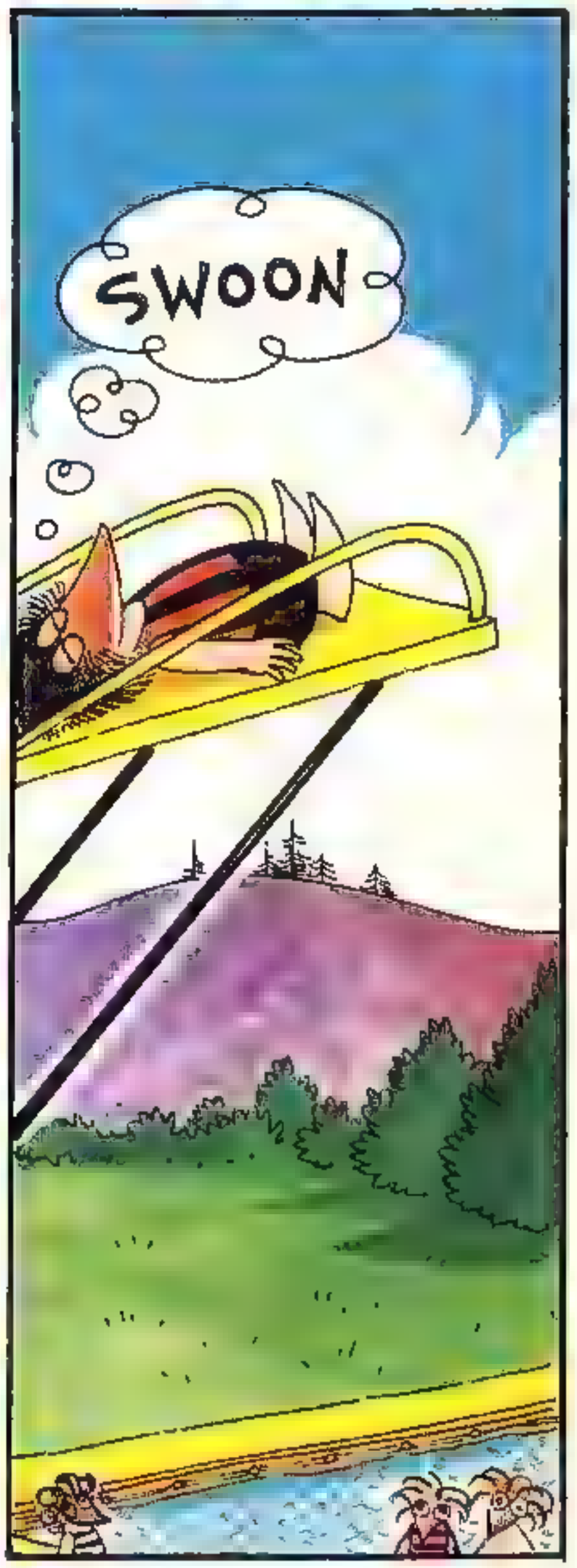


Tivvy created by Atelier Faunt, Finland.

!

OH, NO!


?
?
?
NEVILLE MAIN

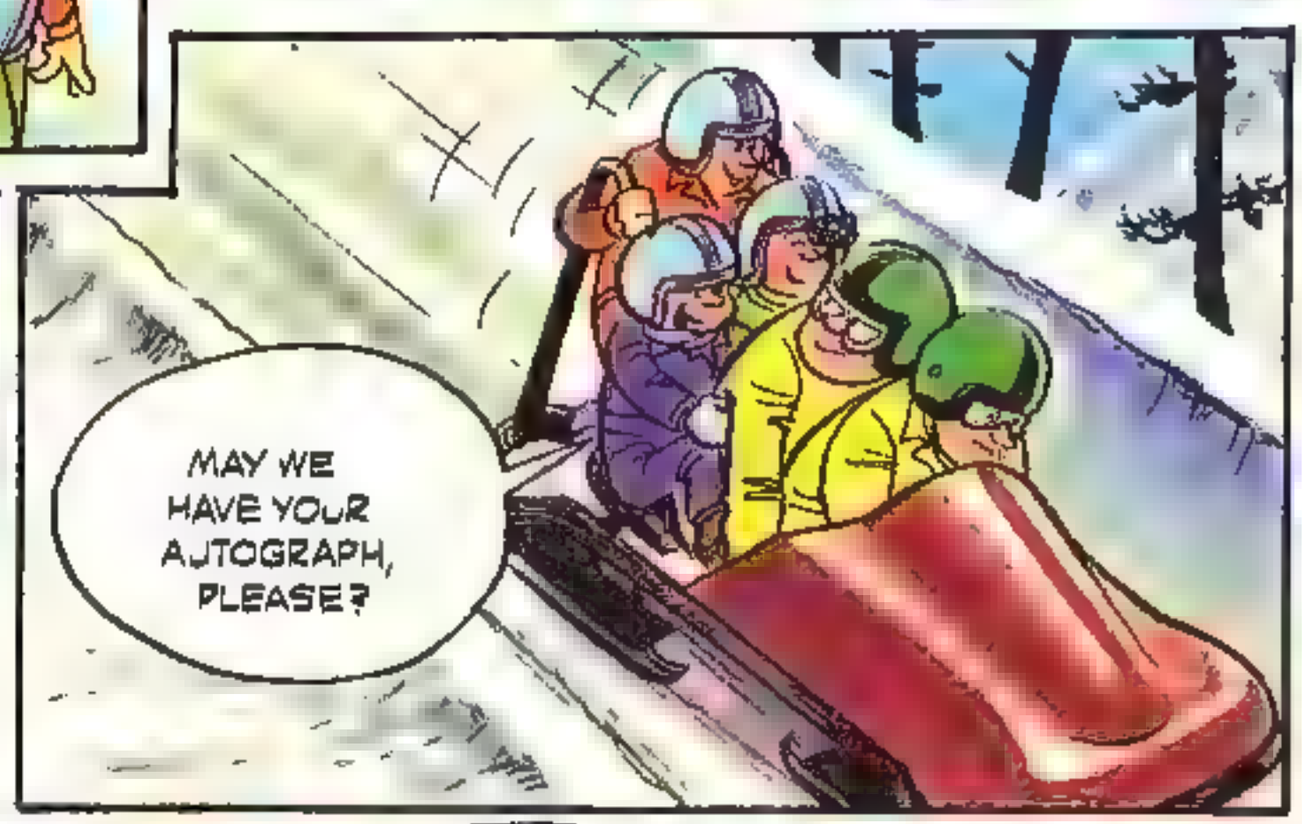

SWOON

TV TERRORS

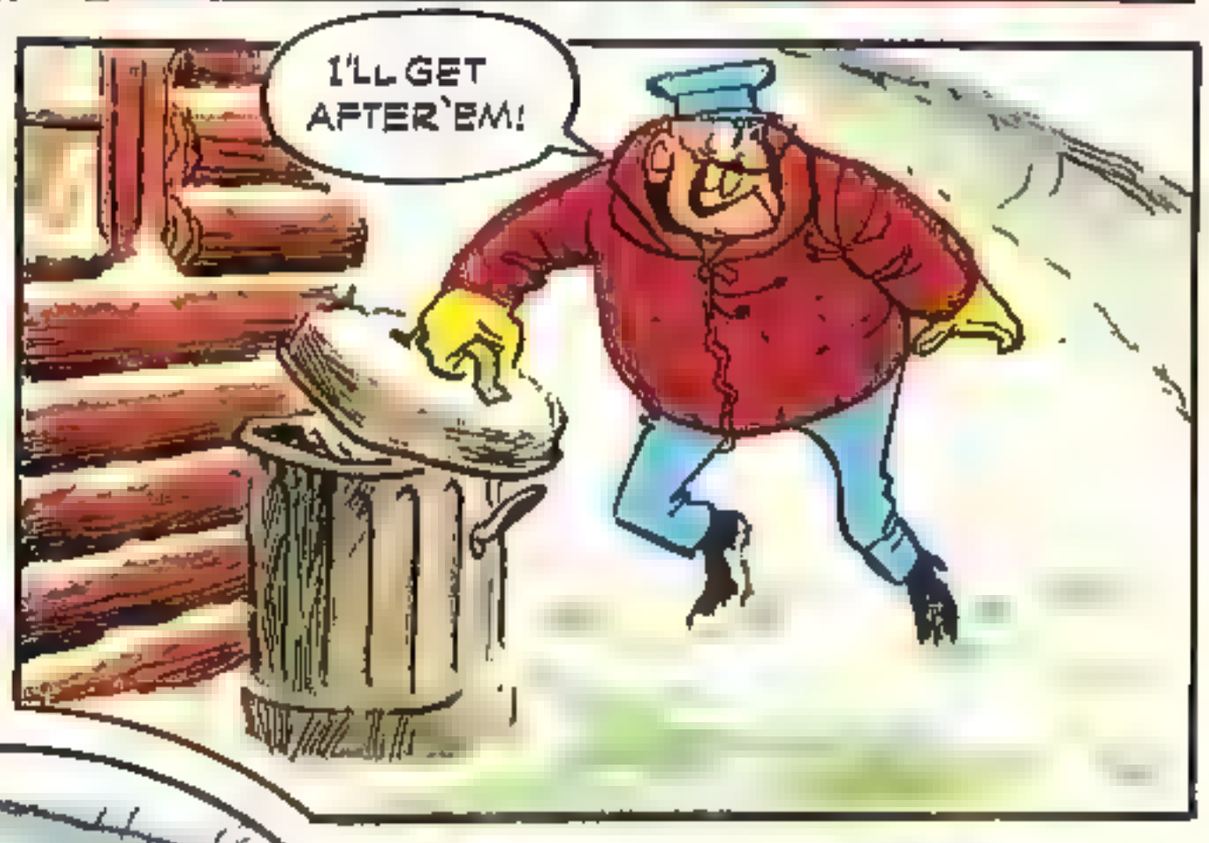
BOB-SLEIGH CHAMPIONSHIPS
WHEN THE NEXT SLEIGH COMES DOWN...WE'LL JUMP ON BOARD AND GET SOME AUTOGRAPHS!

COME ON KIDS, HERE'S OUR CHANCE!

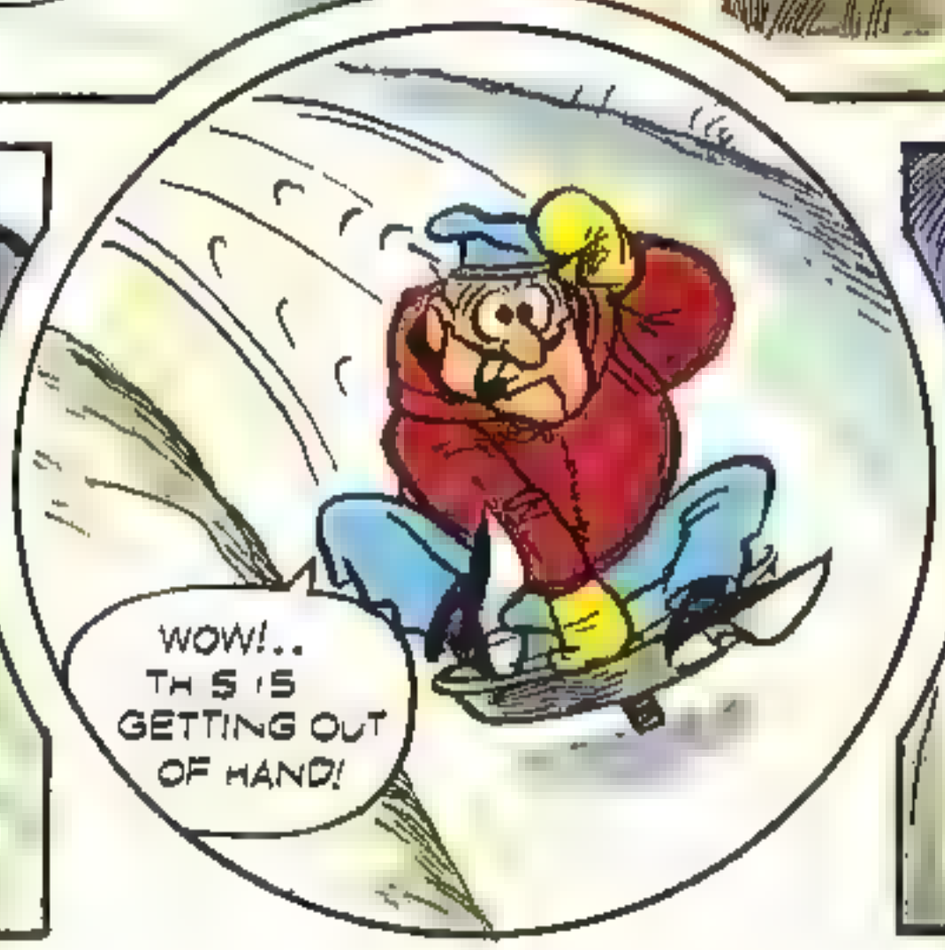
WE'VE MADE IT!

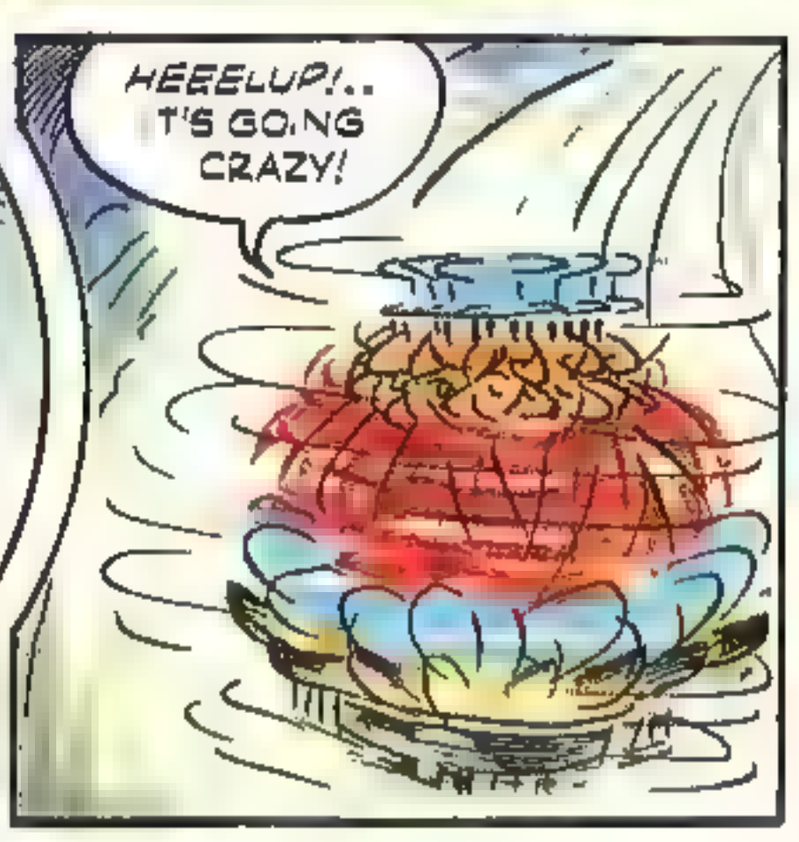

MAY WE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, PLEASE?

THE TERRORS!.. THEY'RE ON THE SLEIGH RUN!


I'LL GET AFTER 'EM!

HERE GOES!


WOW!.. THIS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND!


HEEELUP!.. IT'S GOING CRAZY!

NEEEARGH!

LOOK! HOPPIT'S AFTER US!

PHEW! THAT'S BETTER! AND I'M GAINING ON 'EM!

AAAGH!

OLD HOPPIT'S HADDIT! HA! HA! HA!

EEEEHK!

TWANG!

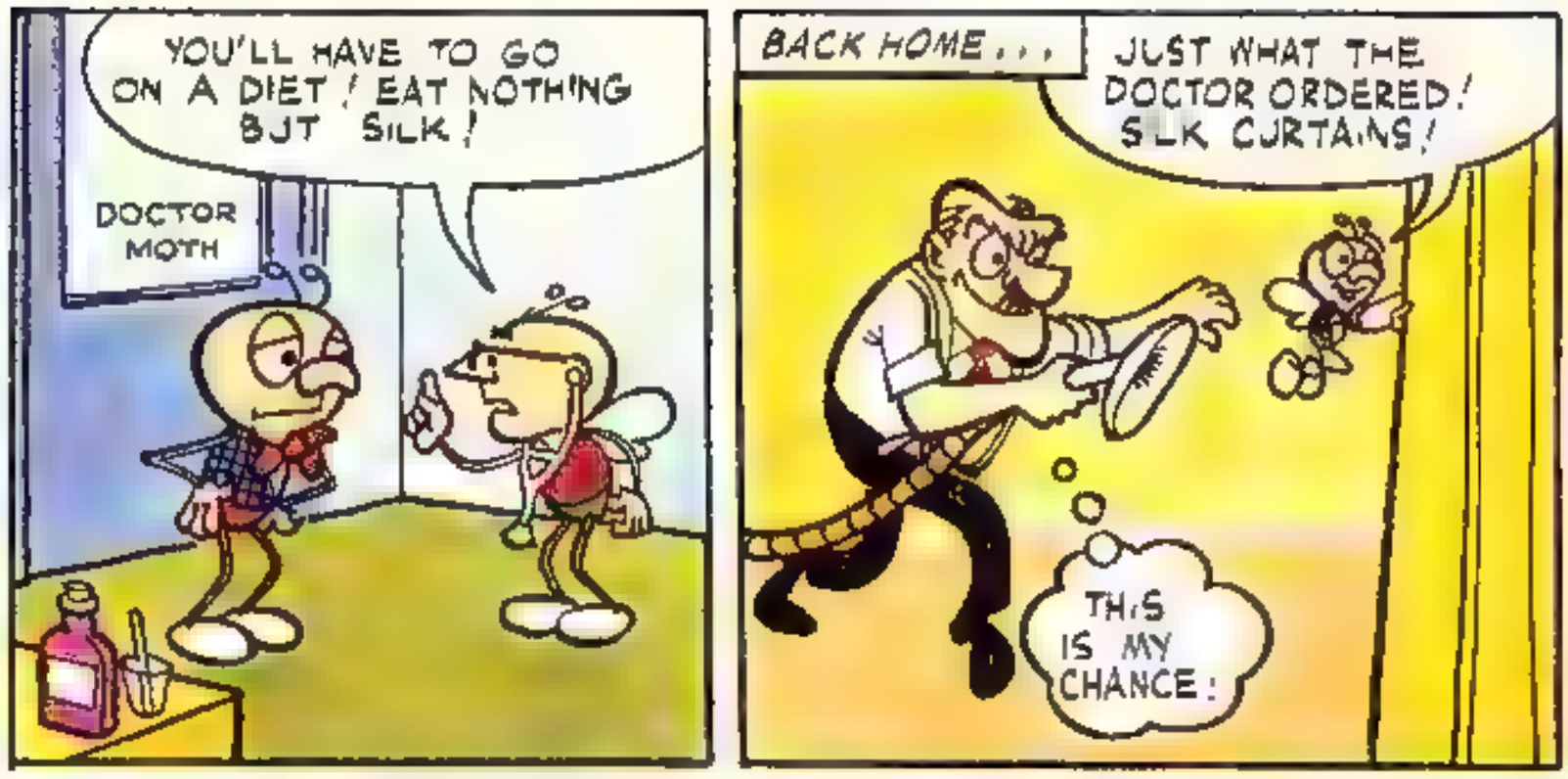
OOOOPH!

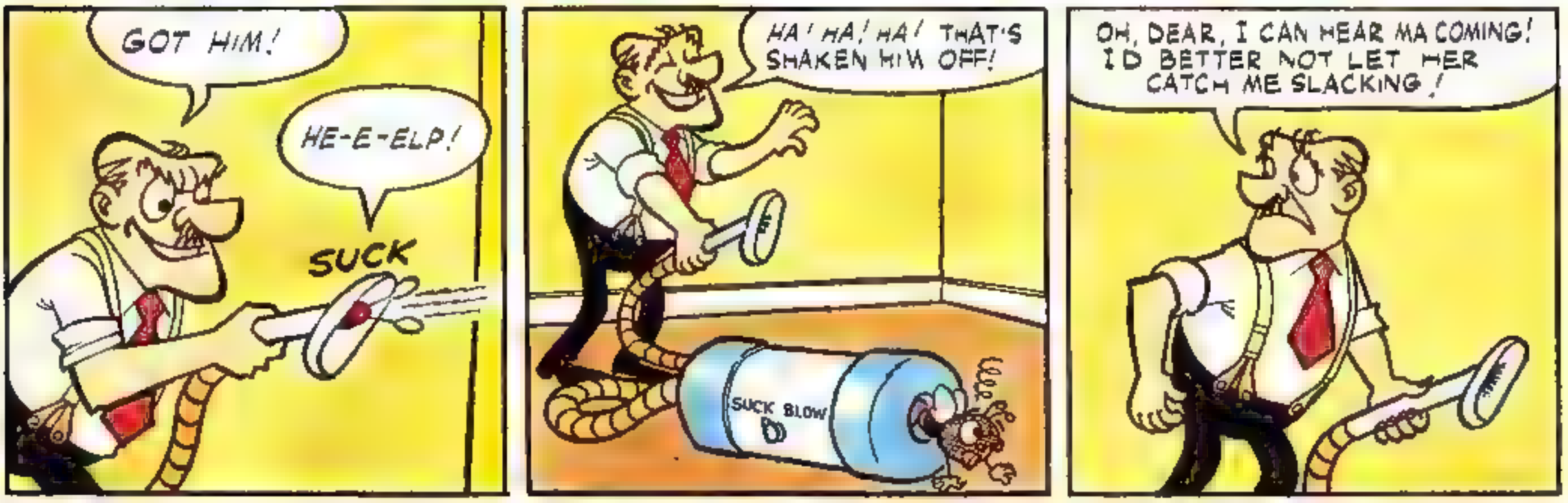
OH, NO!...A CABLE-CAR!

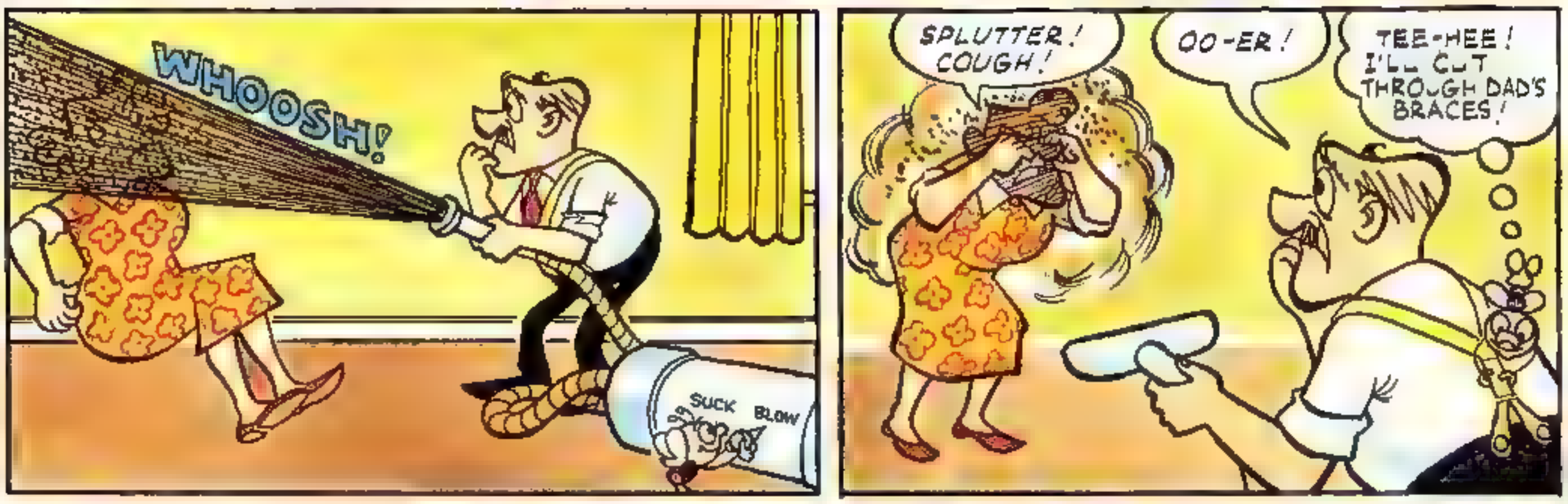
HEEELUP!

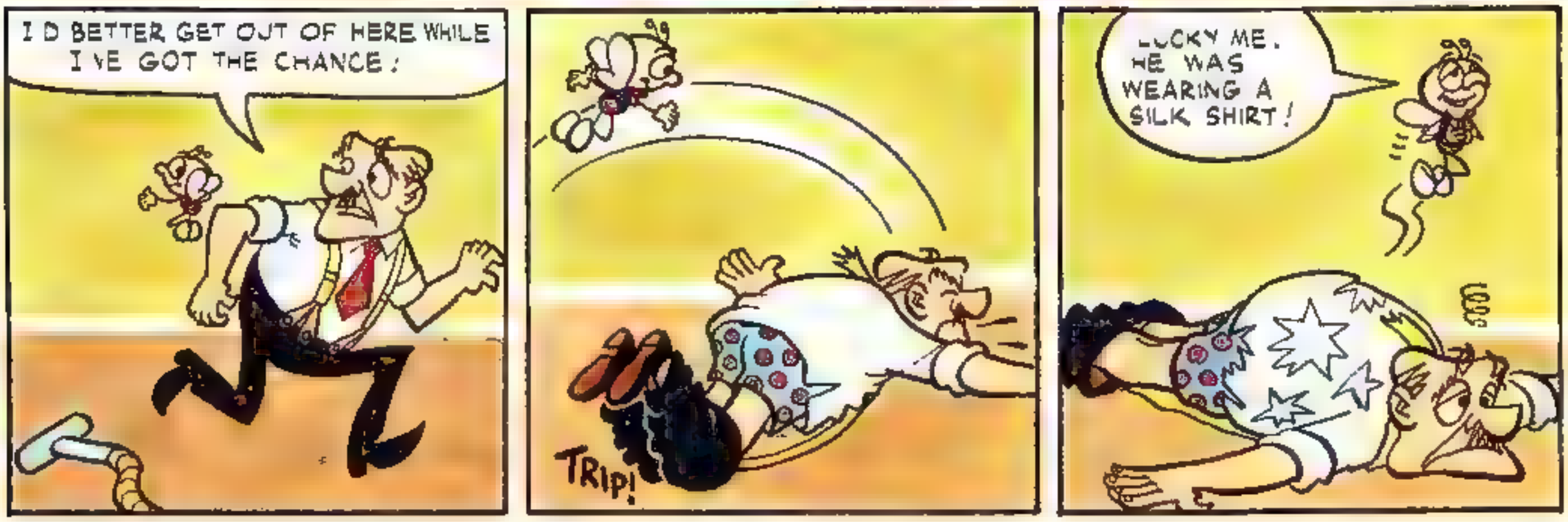
YOU 'SLEIGHED' 'EM ON THE SNOW SLOPES, HOPPIT!... AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO R SE TO THE HEIGHT OF YOJR CAREER! HA! HA!

MIGHTY MOTH

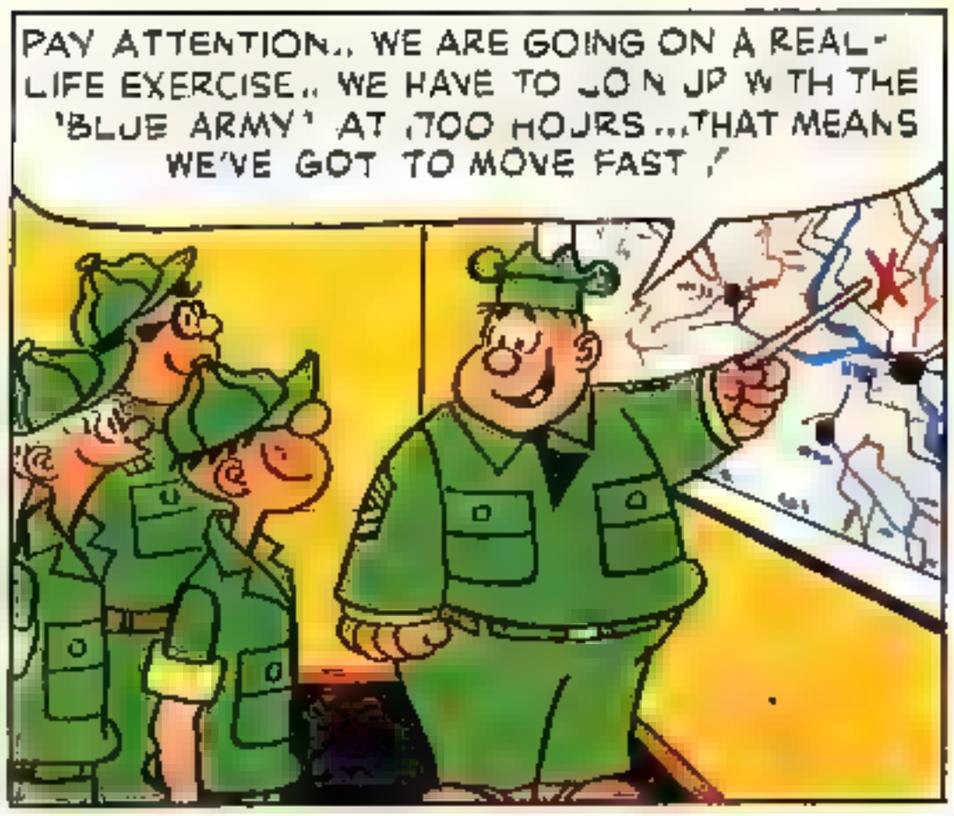

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON A DIET! EAT NOTHING BUT SILK!
DOCTOR MOTH
BACK HOME...
JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED! SILK CURTAINS!
THIS IS MY CHANCE!

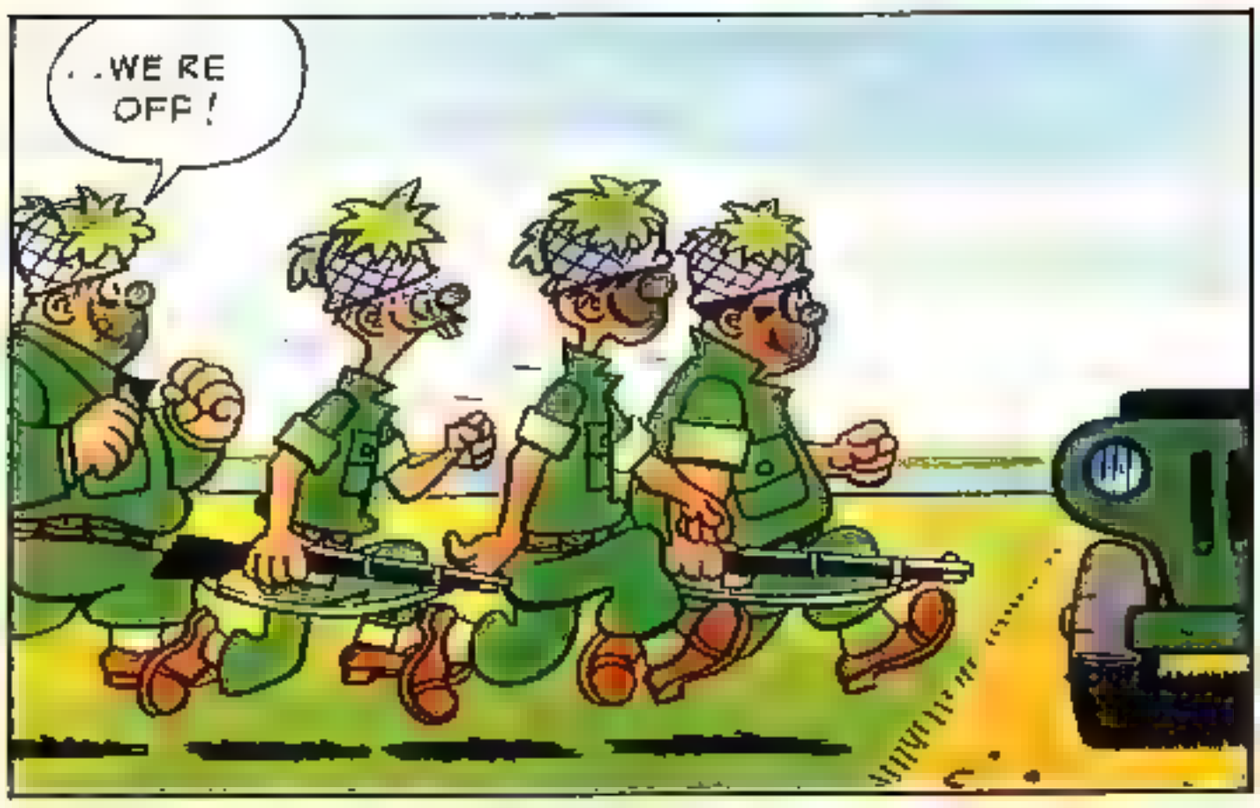

GOT HIM!
HE-E-ELP!
SUCK
HA! HA! HA! THAT'S SHAKEN HIM OFF!
SUCK BLOW
OH, DEAR, I CAN HEAR MA COMING! I'D BETTER NOT LET HER CATCH ME SLACKING!

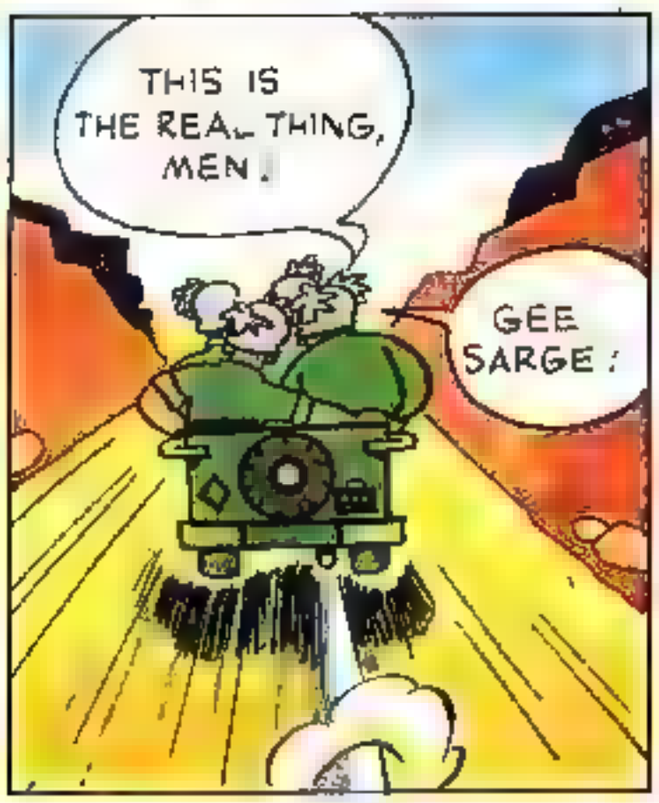

WHOOSH!
SUCK BLOW
SPLUTTER! COUGH!
OO-ER!
TEE-HEE! I'LL CUT THROUGH DAD'S BRACES!

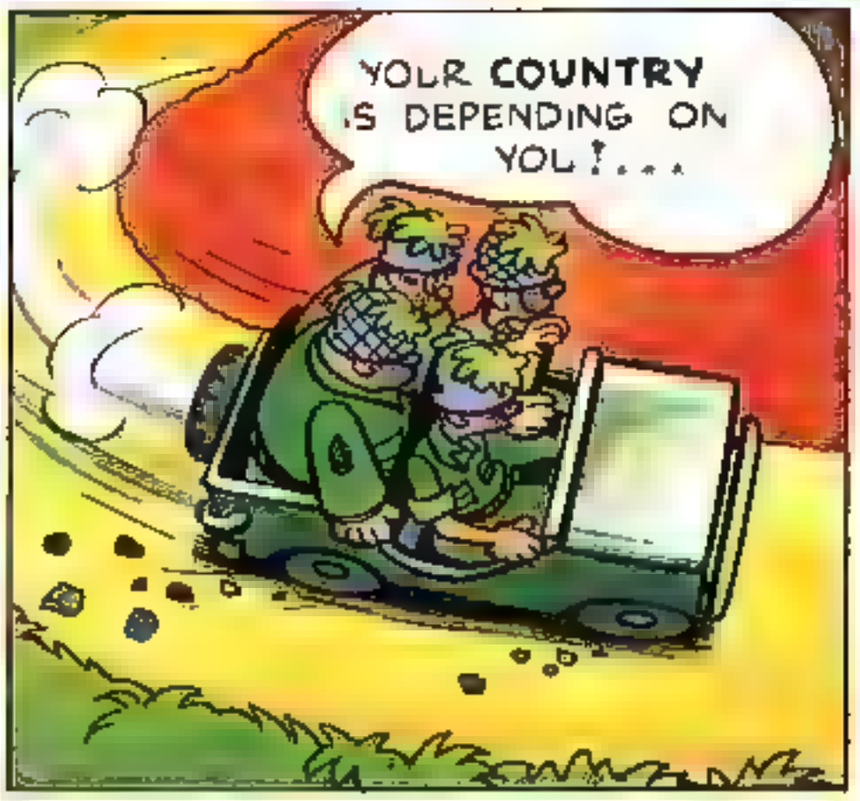

I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE WHILE I'VE GOT THE CHANCE!
TRIP!
LUCKY ME. HE WAS WEARING A SILK SHIRT!

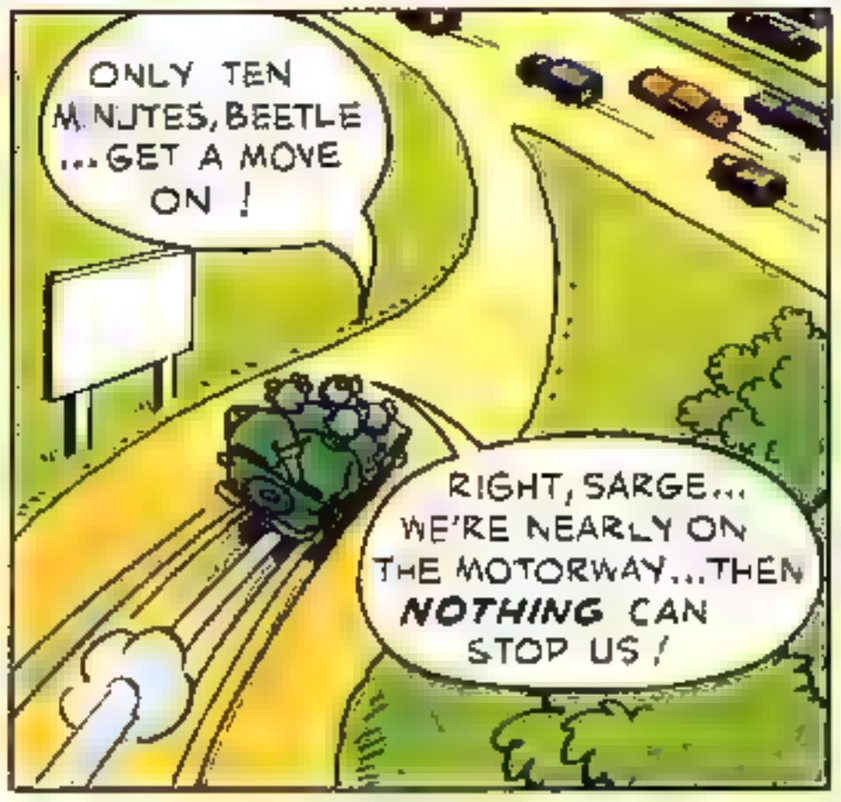
BEETLE BAILEY

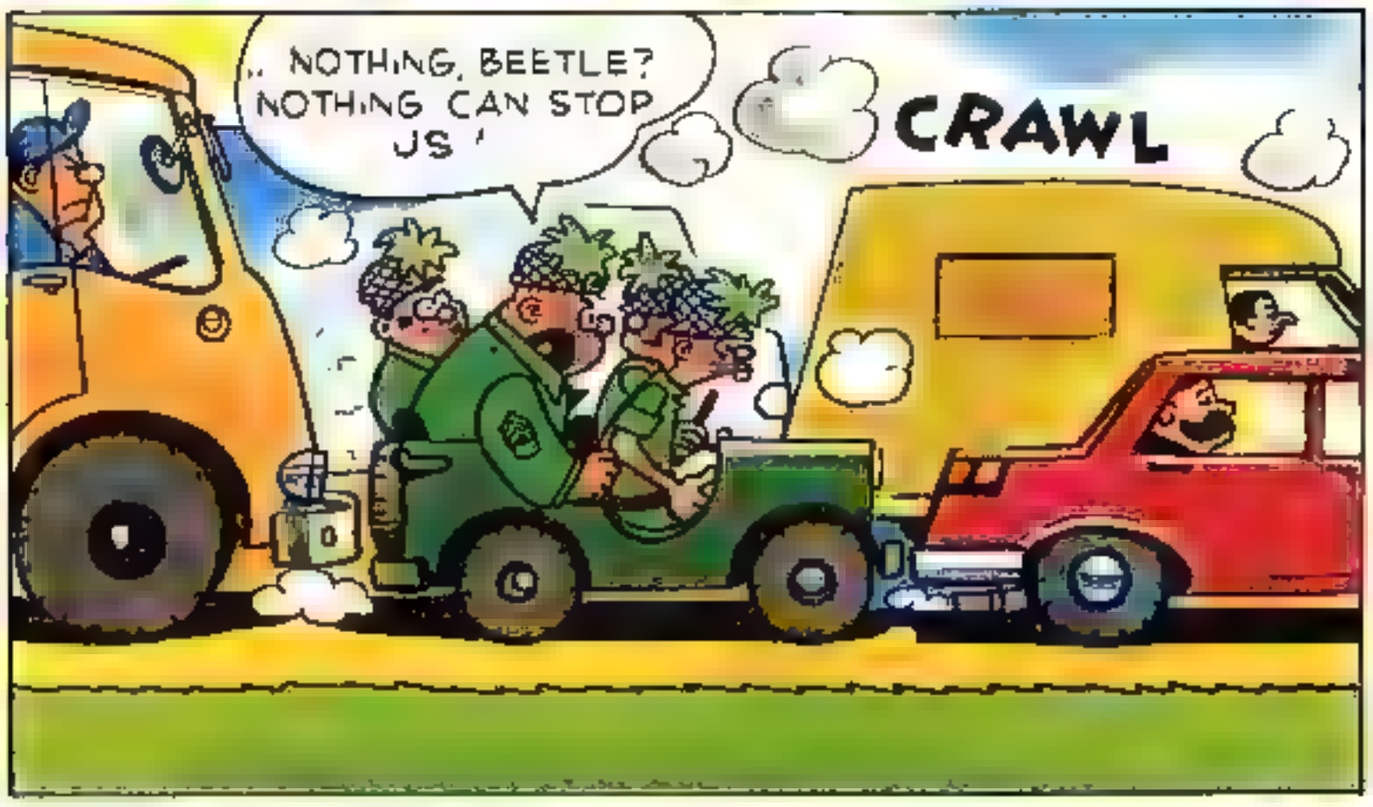

PAY ATTENTION.. WE ARE GOING ON A REAL-LIFE EXERCISE.. WE HAVE TO JOIN UP WITH THE 'BLUE ARMY' AT 1700 HOURS...THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST !











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TV TERRORS

THERE'S JUNGLE JIM! LET'S GET HIS AUTOGRAPH!

THOSE KIDS HAVE SNEAKED ON TO THE TV SET...I'LL SOON GET RID OF 'EM!

HOPPIT!

LET'S GO!

GRAB THIS CREEPER! WE'LL SWING THROUGH THE JUNGLE!

FASTER, KIDS! OLD HOPPIT'S GAINING ON US!

GRRR! I'LL SOON CATCH 'EM!

GRRROWCH!

AAAH! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

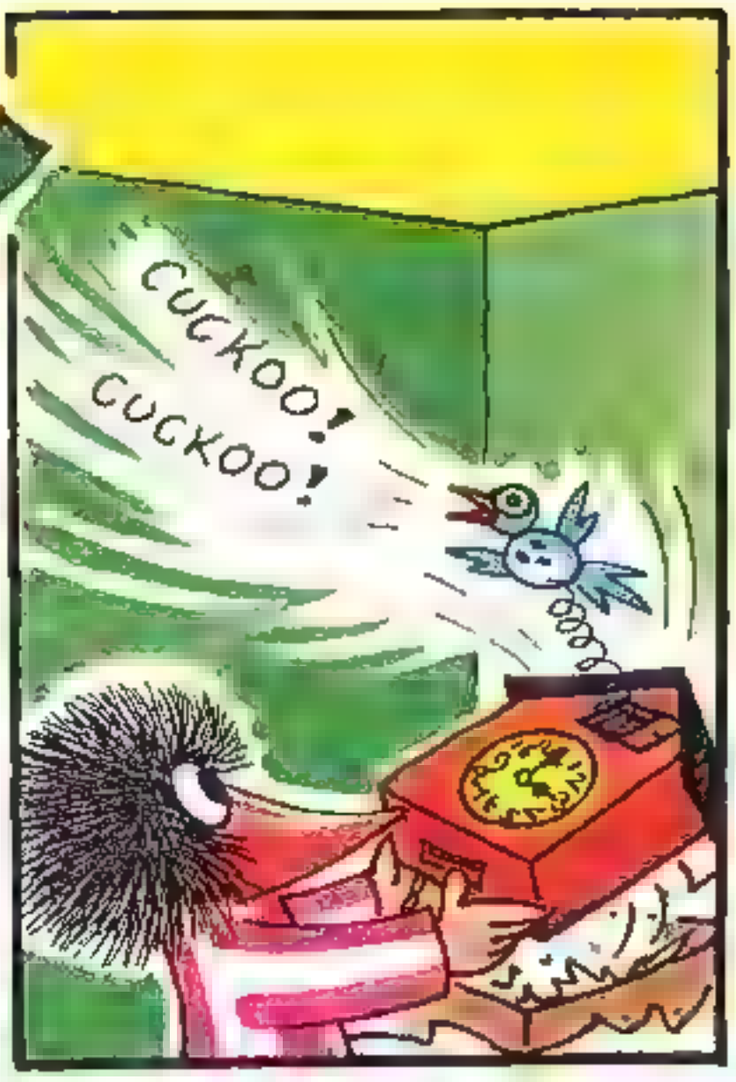
HA! HA! HA!

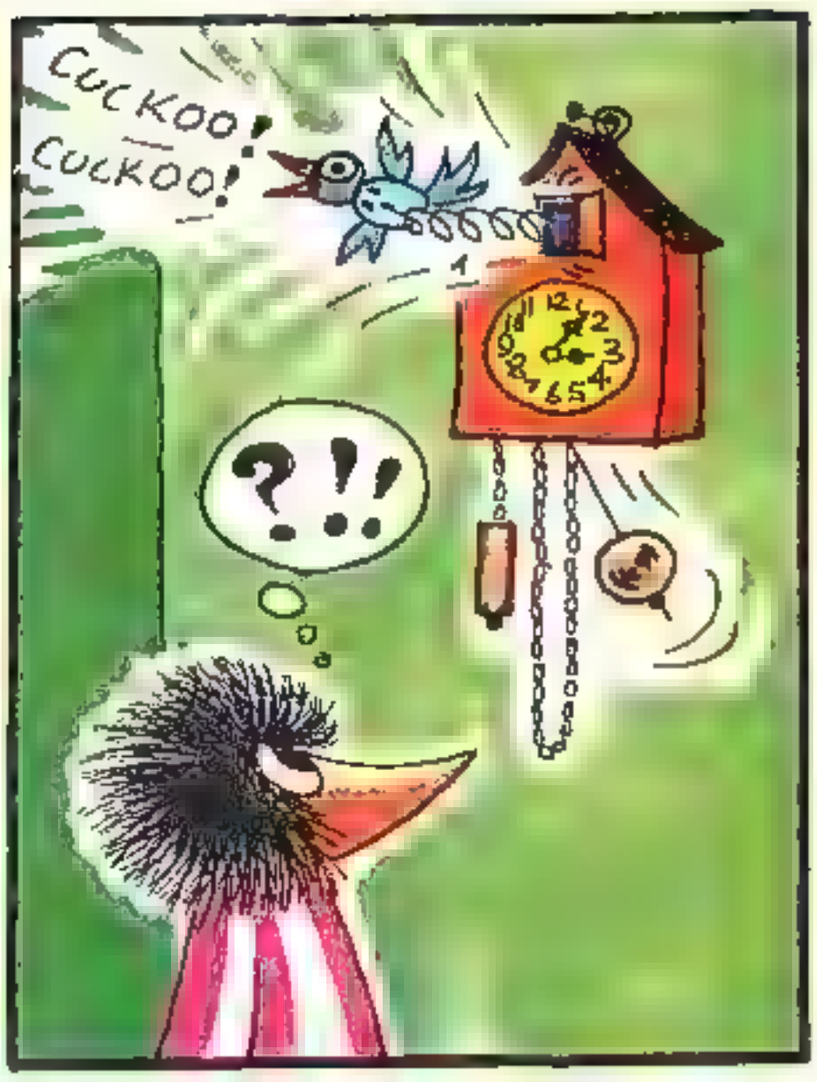
HIM MAKE GOOD TV ACTOR ... *IF LION NO CATCH HIM!*

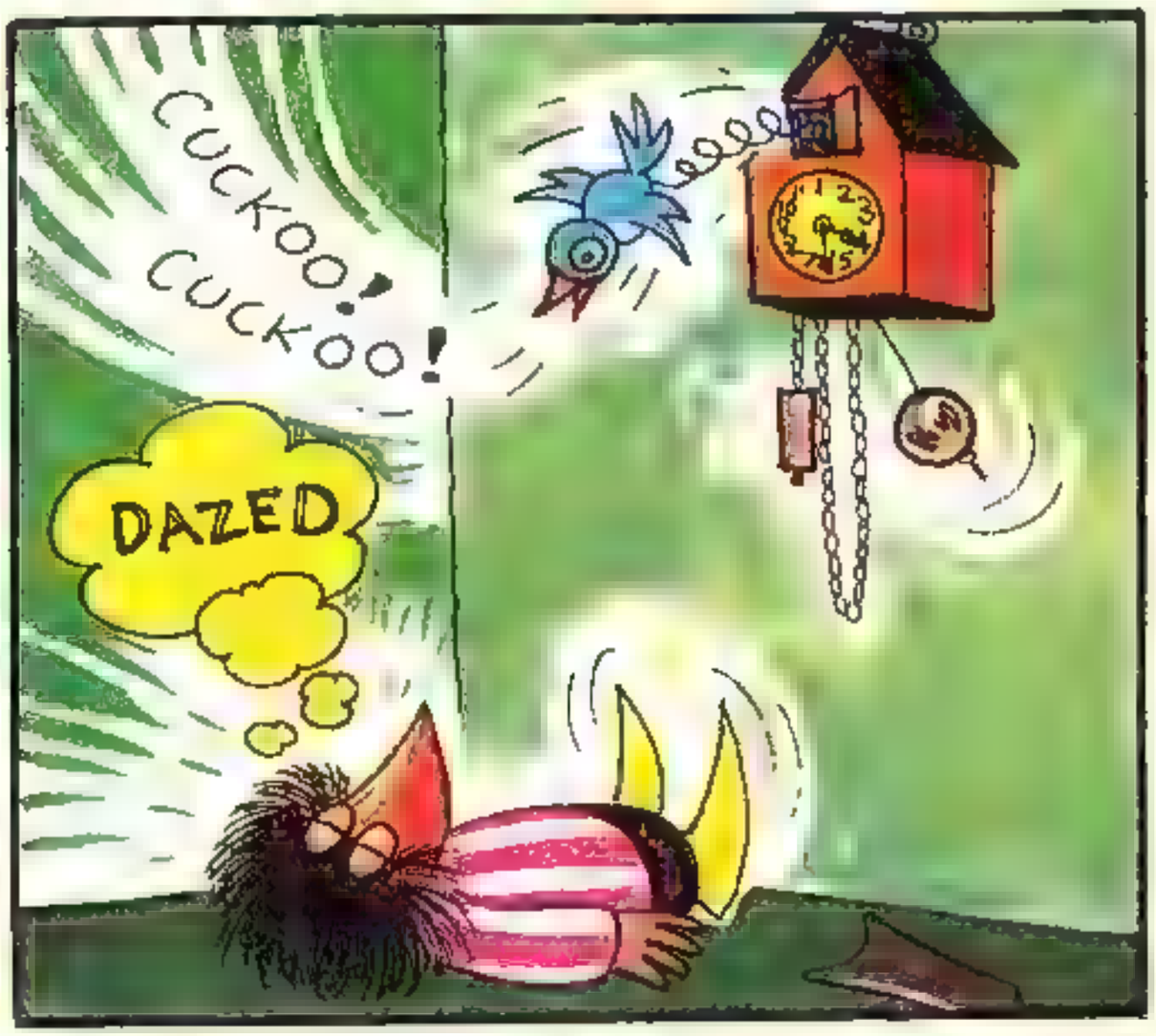
HELP!

POWER!

Tivvy







Tivvy created by Atelier Fauni, Finland.

SEAGOON'S CIRCUS

HAS JUST ARRIVED IN TOWN AND IT'S THE GOONIEST SHOW ON EARTH

HE CLAIMS HE'S MY BROTHER BUT IT'S NOT TRUE- MY BROTHER'S GOT **BLUE** EYES!

I DON'T CARE IF THEY ARE WHITER THAN WHITE, MIN, YOU GET 'EM OFF MY TIGHTROPE

YA-MISSED!

GAD, SIR, THAT'S THE THIRD ASSISTANT I'VE LOST THIS WEEK! I'LL HAVE TO GO EASIER ON THE GUNPOWDER!

RIP!

THIS JOB IS DANGEROUS! I'LL GET MY DEATH OF COLD WITH JUST THIS LEOPARD SKIN ON.'

NEE HEE! NOW I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THE NAME OF MY ACT FROM "THE HUMAN EAGLE" TO "THE HUMAN MOLE!

THE HUMAN CANNONBALL

ECCLES LION TAMER WITH A DIFFERENCE

MICKEY THE FLEA TAMER

Titcombe

GOING TO THE ZOO

HERE is a wonderful game for two or more players. All you need is a dice for scoring and small coloured counters. The first player to throw six can begin the journey through the zoo. The first player to finish is the winner.

MEET A FRIEND BY ACCIDENT. TAKE TWO EXTRA TURNS.

STOP FOR TEA IN THE TEA-GARDEN. MISS A TURN.

TAKE DIVERSION TO SEE THE BEARS.

FIND YOUR WATCH HAS STOPPED. GO STRAIGHT TO 65.

SUN COMES OUT. MOVE TWICE THE NUMBER YOU HAVE THROWN

TAKE WRONG TURNING. GO TO END, TURN ROUND AND COME BACK BEFORE CONTINUING.

YOU HAVE SEEN THE AVIARY BEFORE SO TAKE SHORT CUT.

JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE PENGUINS FED. TAKE AN EXTRA TURN.

SAVE TIME WITH PICNIC LUNCH. MOVE TO 62.

LOST GLOVE. GO BACK TO 5.

FIND AN ICE-CREAM STALL. TAKE AN EXTRA TURN.

A QUEUE FOR THE AVIARY. WAIT TILL YOU THROW A 6.

A QUICK RIDE ON AN ELEPHANT. TAKE AN EXTRA TURN.

THUNDERSTORM—WAIT IN SHELTER. MISS TWO TURNS.

MISS TWO TURNS WHILE WAITING FOR DEER TO COME OUT OF HOUSE.

LEFT YOUR HAT IN THE TEA-GARDEN. GO BACK TO SQUARE 61.

ZOO

ENTRANCE

EXIT

START

The SECRET SATELLITE

1. Professor Madcap has lost contact with his secret satellite. He is worried that it may come down in a foreign country and reveal his secret. "We must regain control," he says, "or shoot it down."

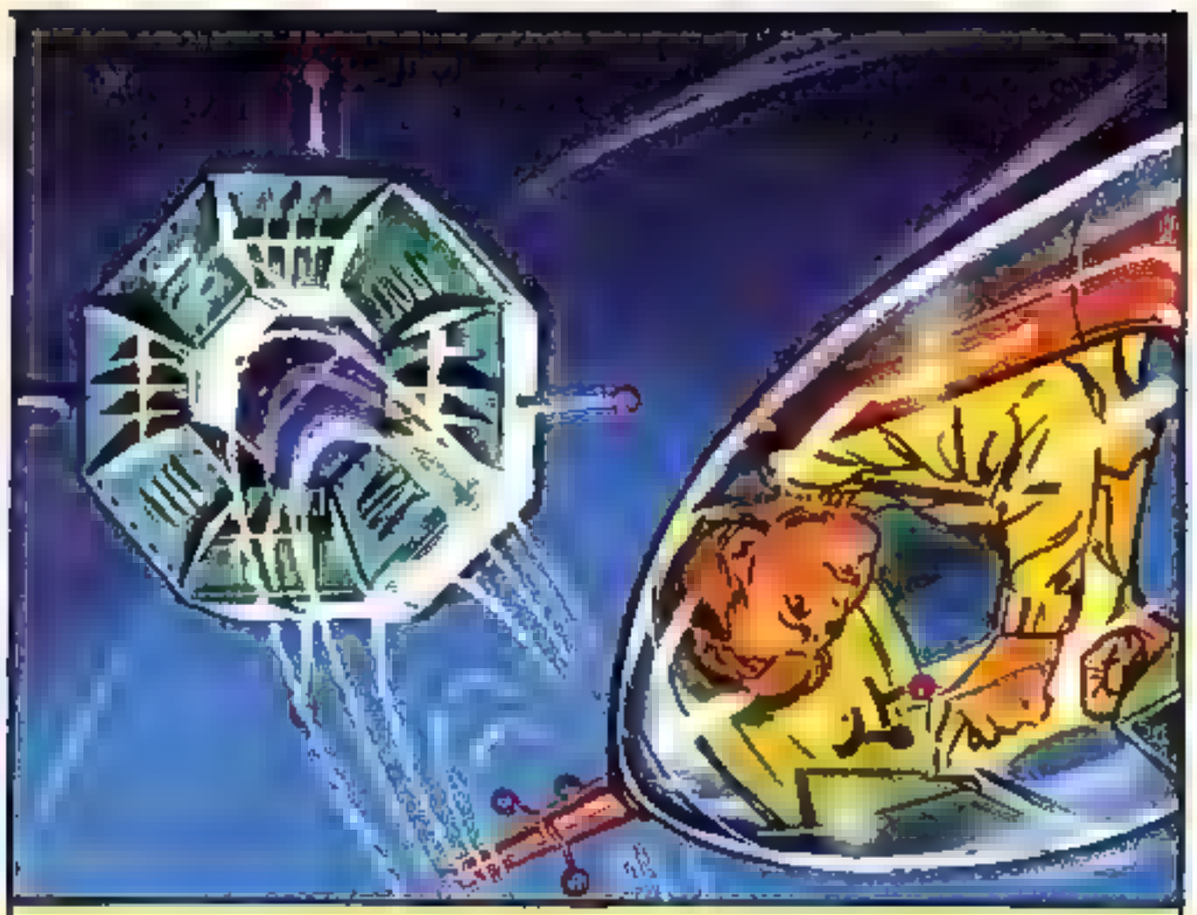
2. "But only a space rocket could reach it, and we have none. What can we do?"

3. "We have the laboratory model," says Bill. "Too small for a man, but I can squeeze into it."

4. He roars into the sky in his pressurised cabin, wearing only his Ladybird sweater and jeans.

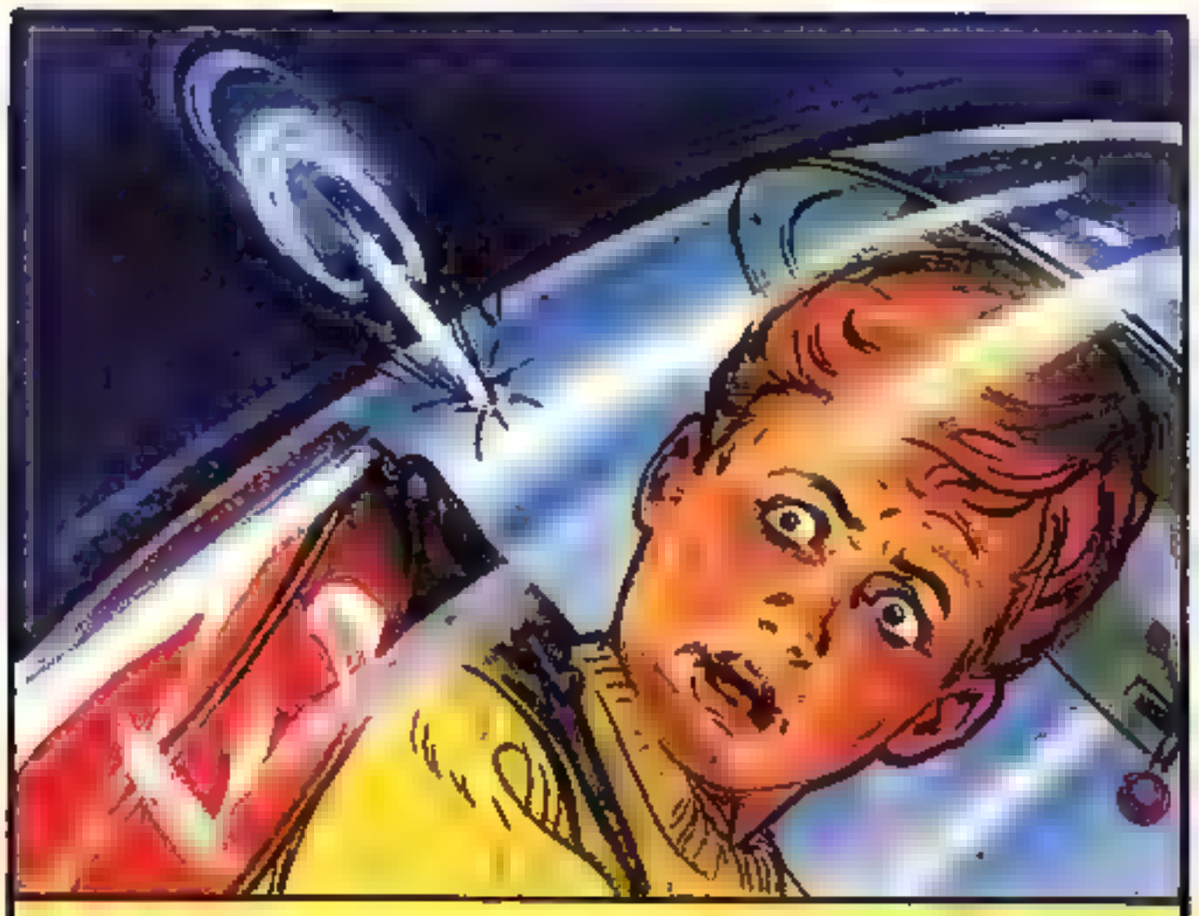
5. Leaving earth behind him, he is now all alone, scanning space with his radar.

6. Suddenly a speck appears on the screen—the lost satellite! Bill starts signalling to it.



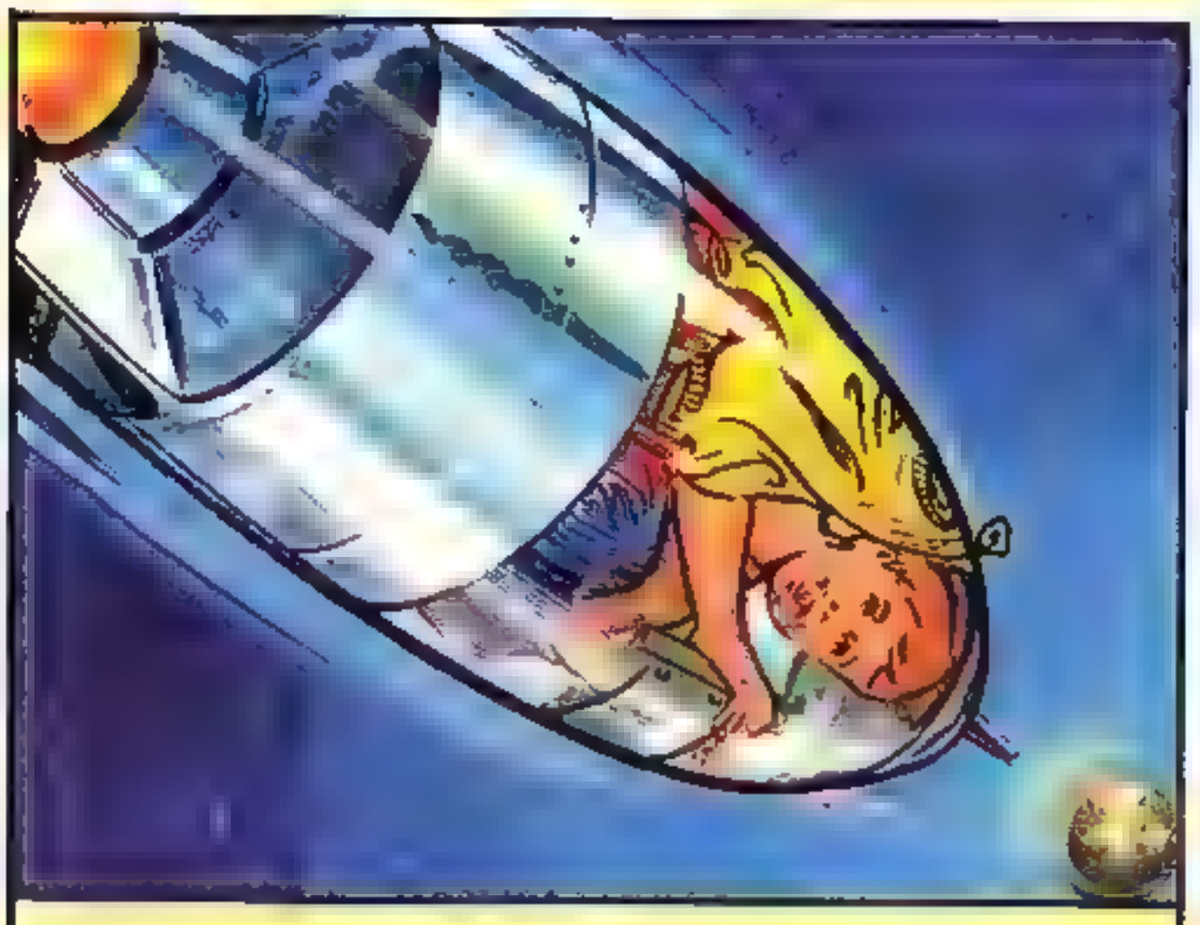
7. But it does not respond. At last he gives up trying and decides to blow it up.

8. A short burst and the satellite explodes. A piece of flying metal hits Bill's rocket.

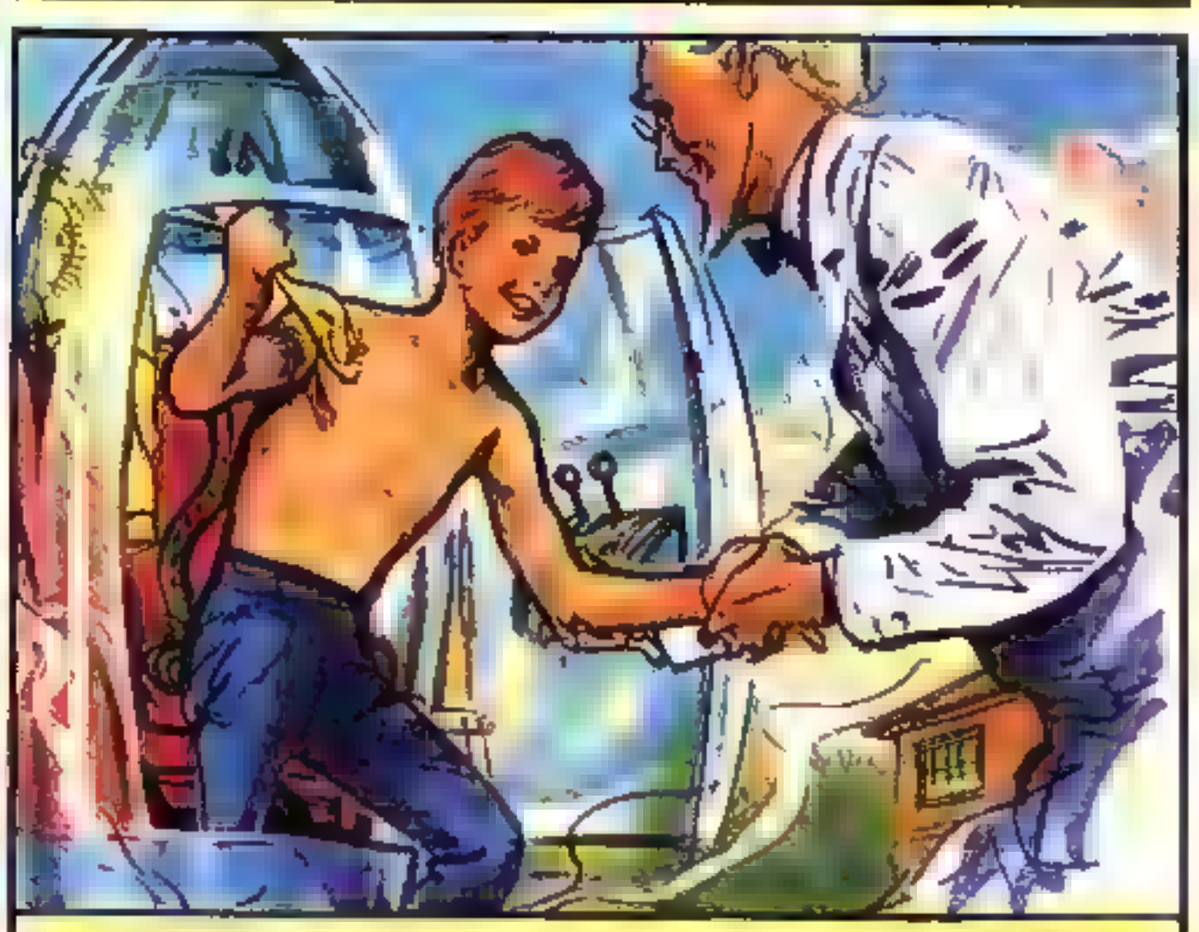


9. The air in the cabin escapes through the hole. He must plug it at once or he will suffocate.

10. In a flash he whips off his Ladybird sweater and stuffs it in the hole.

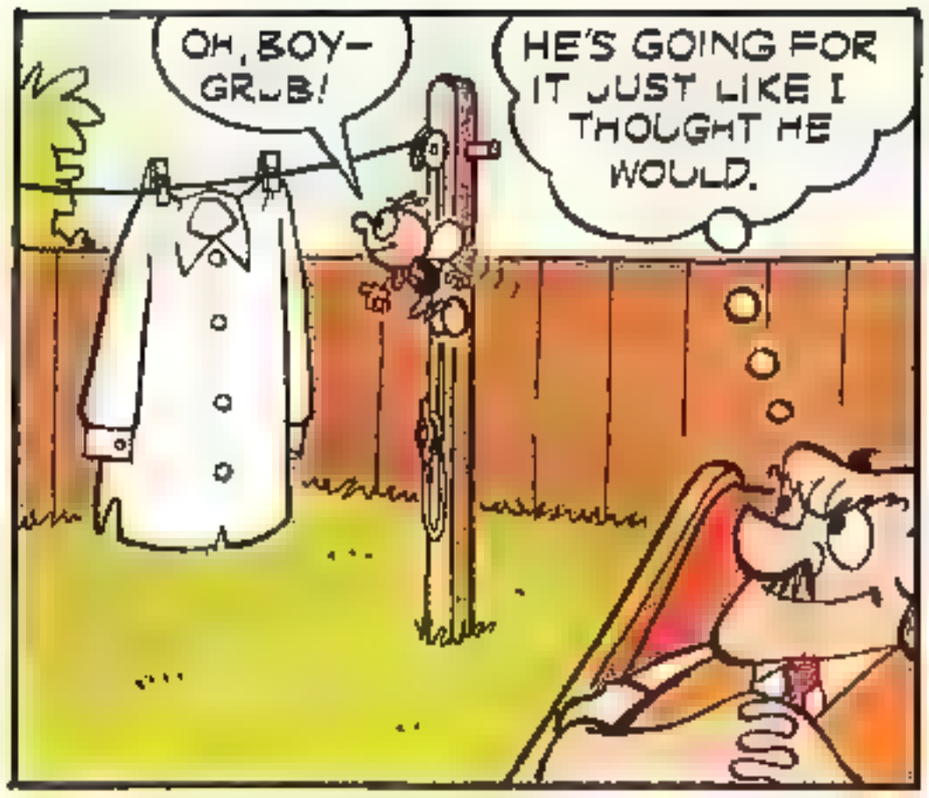


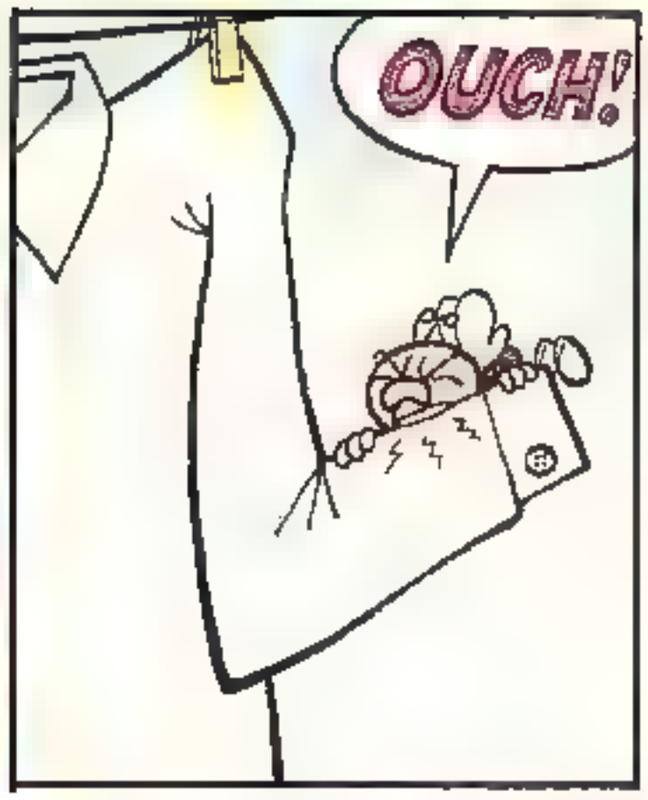
11. What a narrow escape! Now he can breathe again. He steers his rocket homewards.

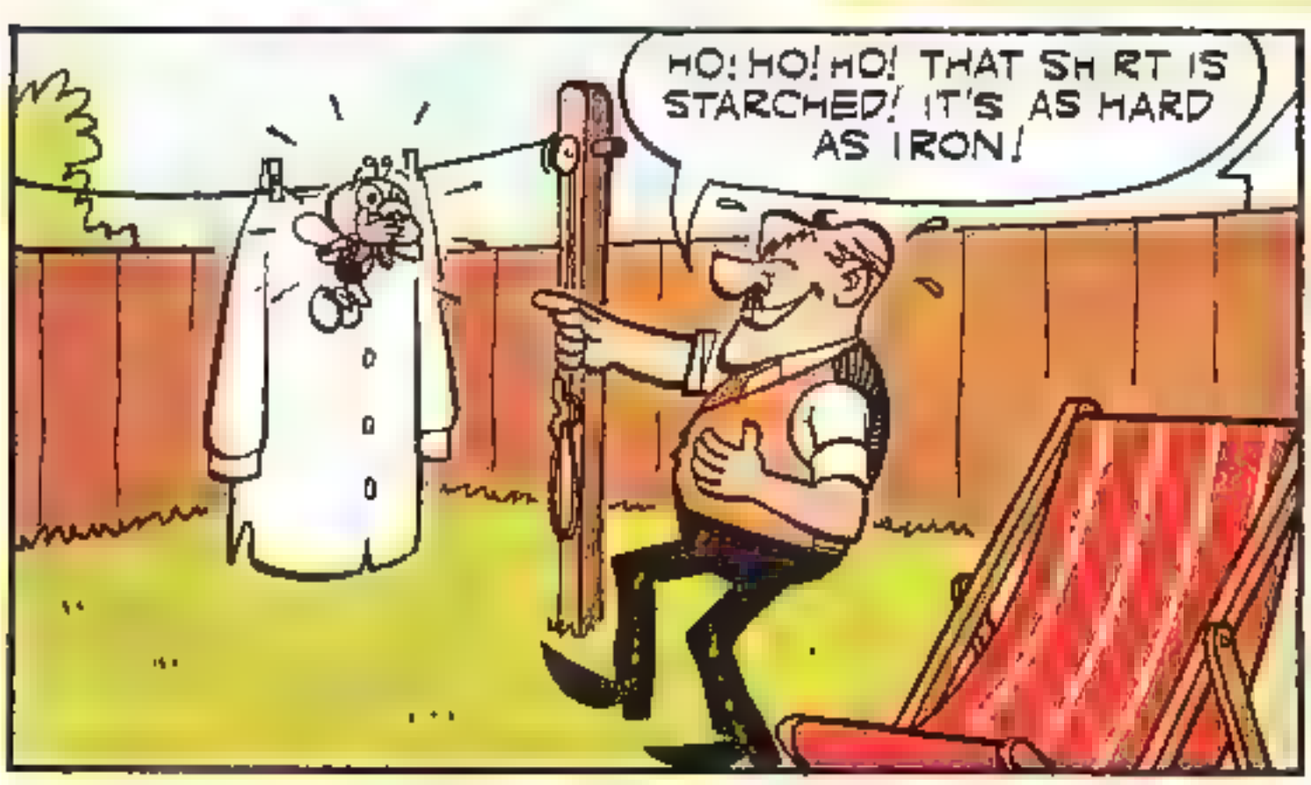


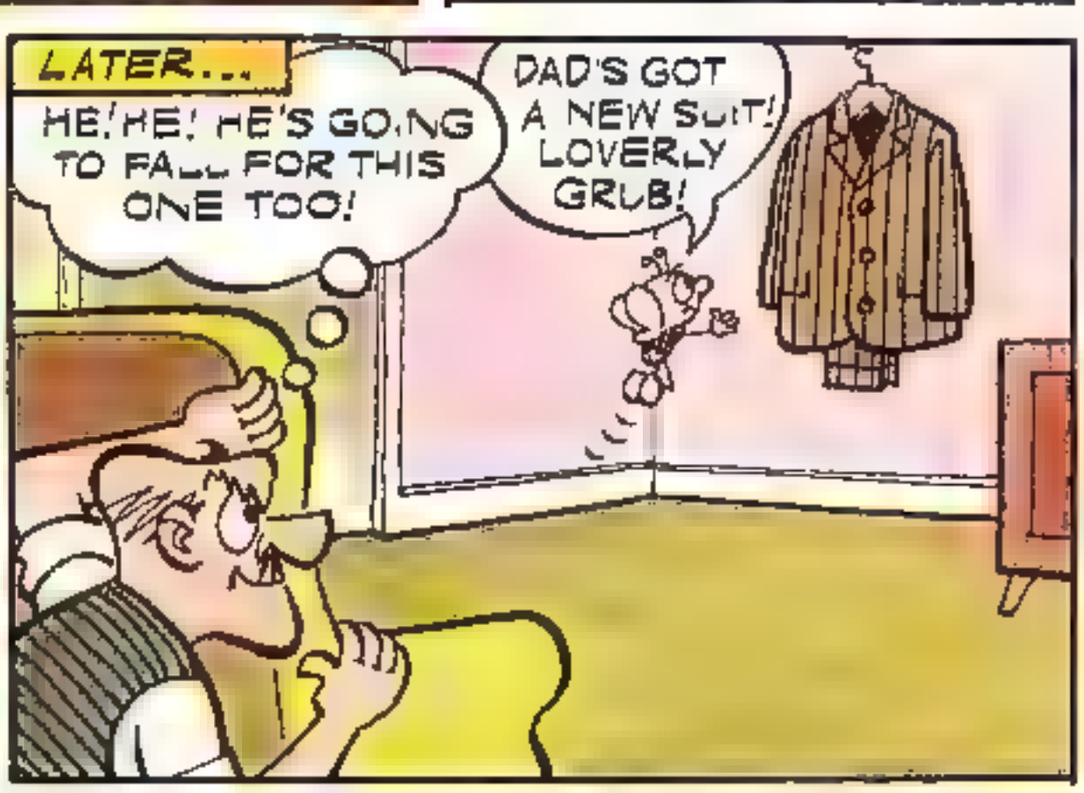
12. "Well done," cheers Professor Madcap, "you saved our secret from falling into enemy hands."

MIGHTY MOTH

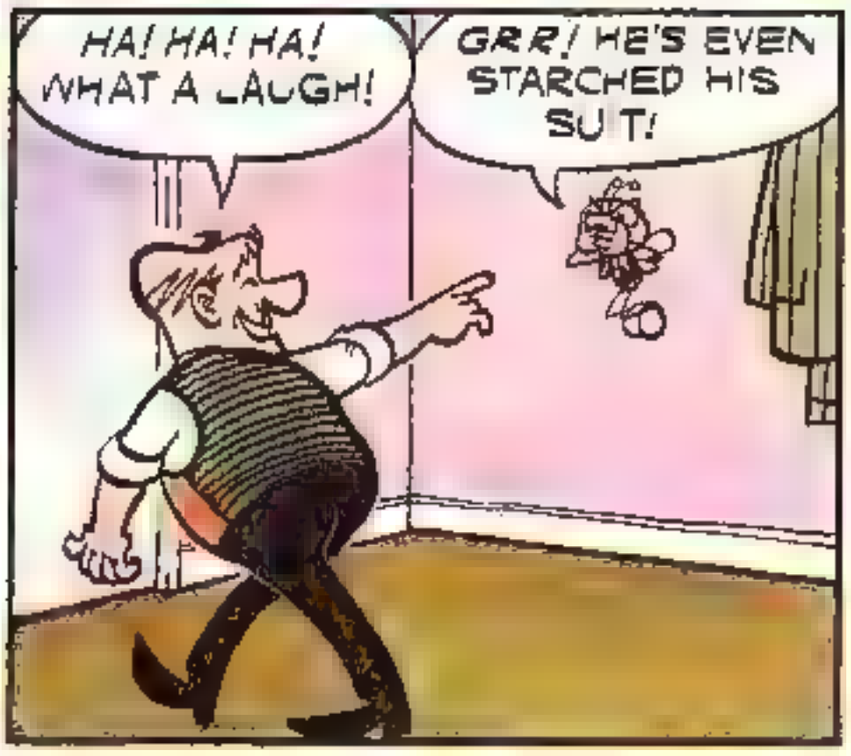

OH, BOY— GRUB!
HE'S GOING FOR IT JUST LIKE I THOUGHT HE WOULD.


OUCH!

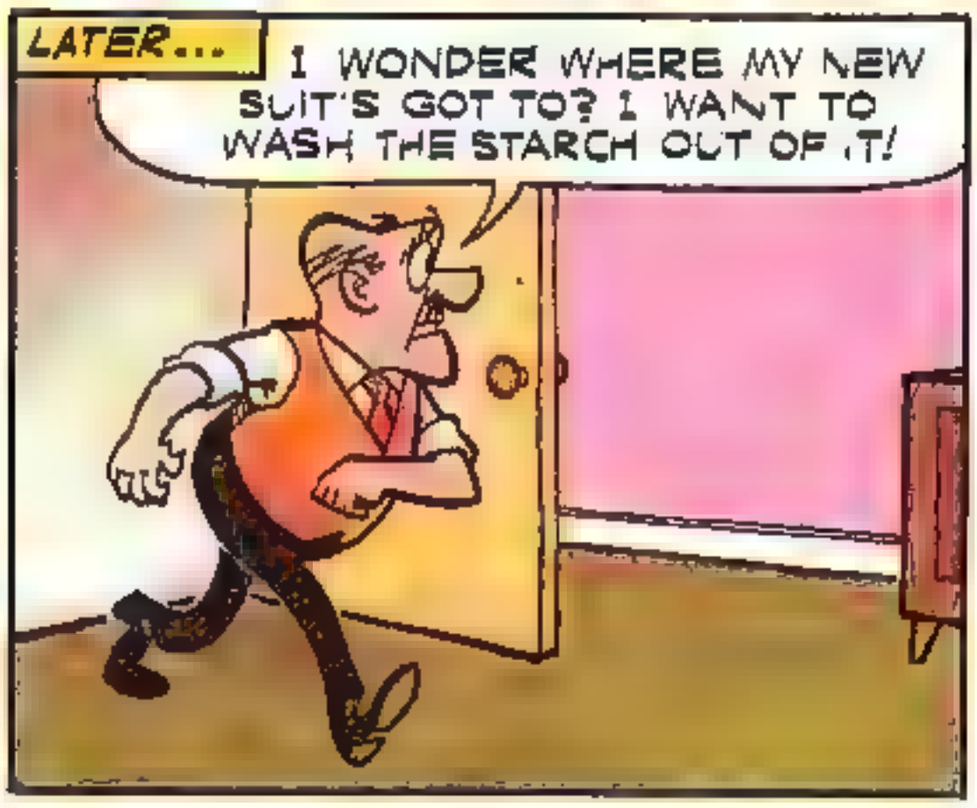

HO! HO! HO! THAT SHIRT IS STARCHED! IT'S AS HARD AS IRON!

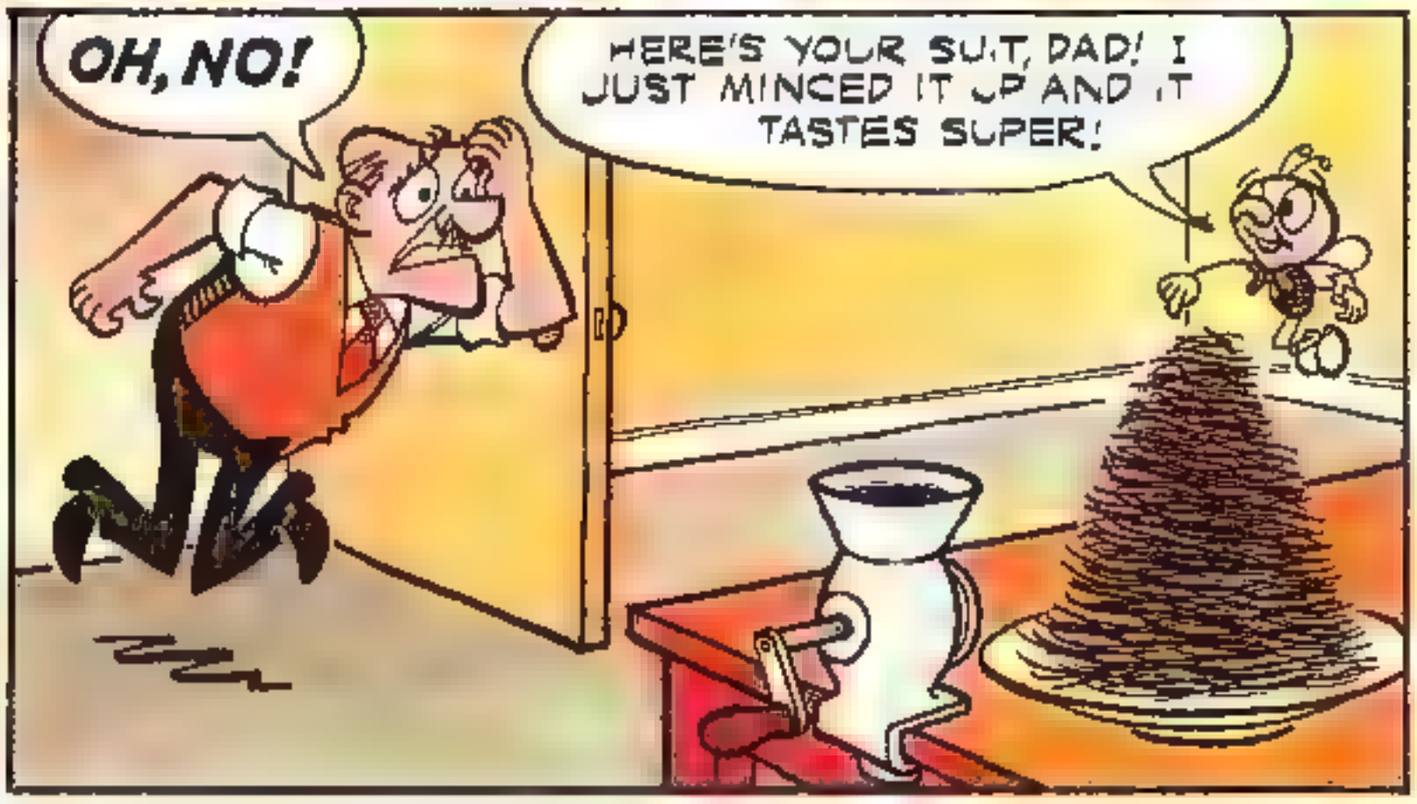

LATER...
HE! HE! HE'S GOING TO FALL FOR THIS ONE TOO!
DAD'S GOT A NEW SUIT! LOVERLY GRUB!

EE-OWK!


HA! HA! HA! WHAT A LAUGH!
GRR! HE'S EVEN STARCHED HIS SUIT!

BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME! I'M OFF TO THE KITCHEN!


LATER...
I WONDER WHERE MY NEW SUIT'S GOT TO? I WANT TO WASH THE STARCH OUT OF IT!


OH, NO!
HERE'S YOUR SUIT, DAD! I JUST MINCED IT UP AND IT TASTES SUPER!

Dr. Nolan's TELEVARSITY

Bodger and Boodle jumped wildly as a car hooter sounded behind them. They didn't want to be numbered in the list of road casualties for the month.

Actually, the two boys were returning to TeleVarsity after spending the day in the village, and they were not really on the road. They had entered the gates of the school and were really on the drive up to the school building.

Bodger was wild about it.

"That driver!" he snorted. "He ought to be put in gaol."

Then he blinked. A big black saloon was passing them—a Rolls-Bentley Bodger thought—and Bodger was blinking at the fact that it had no driver!

The whole car was empty. The car appeared to be driving itself!

"Look!" Bodger gulped. "Look at that car! It—it's driving itself!"

Sure enough, the big black saloon purred slowly round the drive without a driver. It stopped before the Entrance Hall of TeleVarsity, and Bodger and Boodle raced across the lawn to have another look at it.

As they did so, the doors of the car opened. Bodger and Boodle pulled up in alarm. They thought they had been mistaken, and that somebody was getting out.

But nobody appeared!

"Coo!" said Bodger. "It must be the Invisible Man!"

Boodle blinked rapidly. Around the corner of the school building trundled one of Dr. Nolan's Robots. He looked like an oil-drum on rollers. He was one of those known to the boys as Tin-Can Tommy, but Tommy had a number of brothers. These were the little Robots who did most of the work at Dr. Nolan's TeleVarsity.

Dr. Nolan's TeleVarsity, of course, is the most modern school in Britain. Everything is electronic, and all the work is done by Robots. Robots clean the windows, sweep the floors, prepare the meals and do everything to keep the

school going. In the present instance, they were also servicing the car.

Behind the first Tin-Can Tommy came a stream of others. They carried water-cans, oil-cans and spanners. And, as the two boys stared at them, they set to work to do a good job on the car.

One Robot filled the radiator with water. Another made sure that the oil level was all right. Still another trundled around to the rear and filled the petrol tank. Bodger and Boodle stared at all this in amazement.

"Y'know what I think, chum?" Bodger exclaimed.

"Of course I don't," Boodle snorted. "I'm not a thought reader!"

"All right—no need to lose your temper," said Bodger amiably. "I think this is another of Dr. Nolan's inventions."

Bodger was right. In his study in the Tower of TeleVarsity, Dr. Nolan was rubbing his hands. On a TV screen in front of him, he could see everything that was happening. He saw the Robots servicing the car, and he moved a switch so that he could give them further instructions.

This was unfortunate. For a brief moment the screen went blank, and in that moment certain things happened that the good Doctor had not been expecting.

Bodger and Boodle climbed into the car!

Bodger had wormed his way into the driver's seat, staring at a small black box attached to the steering column. It was this box that controlled the car, and Bodger found it fascinating.

"Coo!" he said, pressing one of the buttons on it. "I wonder how it works?"

He was soon to know. As Bodger pressed the button, the car doors closed and the engine started. Dr. Nolan, having pressed buttons himself in his study, was as surprised as Bodger.

The buttons Dr. Nolan had pressed should have directed the car into the garage. But the button Bodger had pressed had a very different effect. The car started off again with the boys in it.

"Yow!" said Boodle. "Stop it, you idiot!"

"I haven't done anything!" Bodger gulped. "I only turned this knob and—Yaroo-o-o-oooOOH!"

Just ahead were the school gates. They were closed as the car gathered speed, but they opened of their own accord just in time. The car swerved out into the road and started to gather speed.

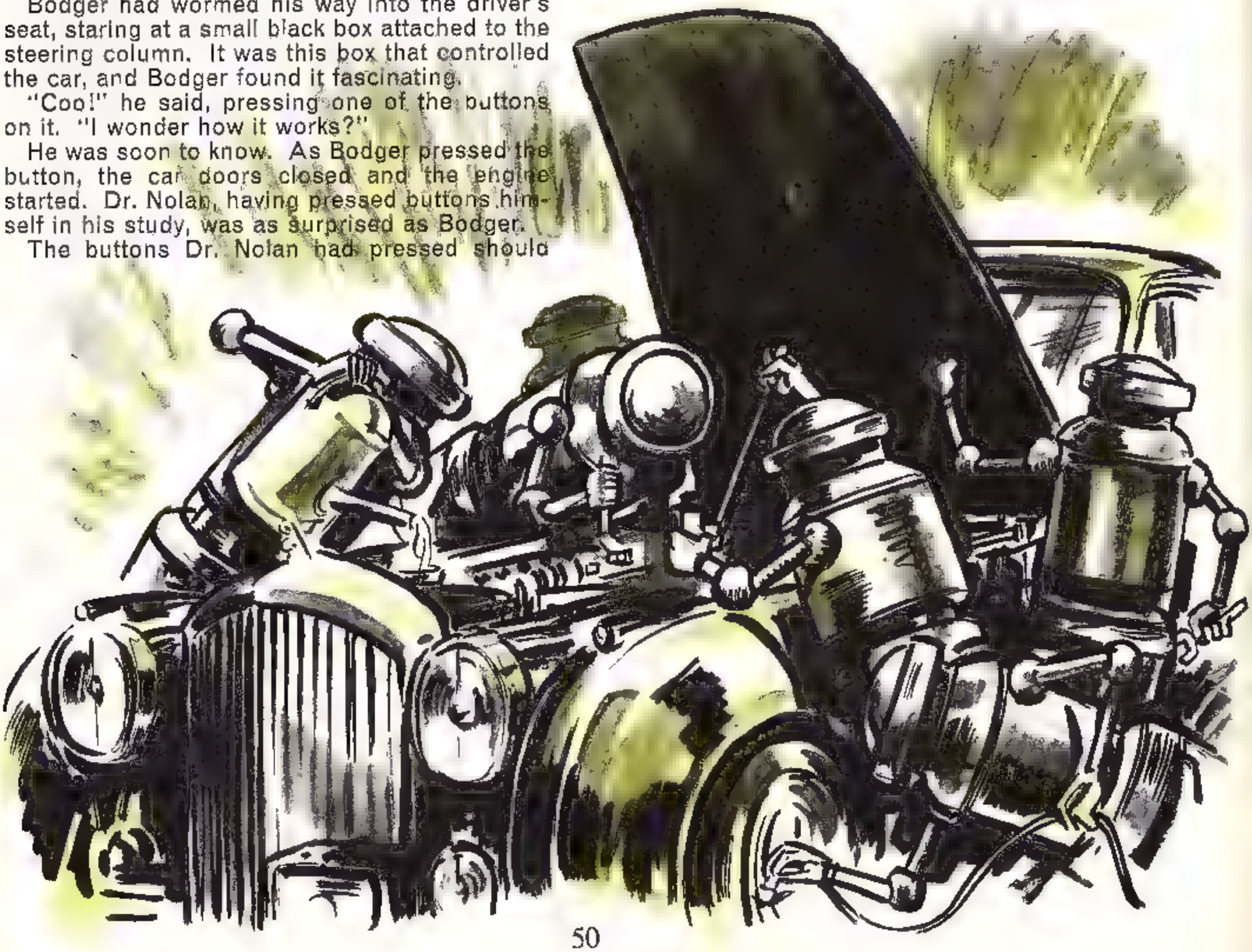
"I told you to stop it!" Boodle yelled.

"Gimme a chance!" Bodger yelled back. "These levers don't seem to work."

This was hardly surprising, for Dr. Nolan's invention consisted of a Robot driver. The black box on the steering column was the thing that controlled the vehicle. It was attached to a radar scanner on the radiator, and it was this radar device that gave the "driver" his instructions. Bodger's attempts to work the normal pedals and levers were useless.

So were Dr. Nolan's attempts to control the car by radio from his study. He could control his little car mechanics, which he had designed to service his automatic car, but the car was arranged to drive itself.

Dr. Nolan was alarmed. As the TV screen came to life again and he saw the car disappear-



ing down the drive, he became excited.

"Bodger!" he yelled, leaping to his feet. "You foolish boy! What have you done, you—you—I must do something to stop this!"

Dr. Nolan did his best. By radio he called up his Robot car mechanics, but the little Tin-Can Tommies were not equipped to chase a high-powered car. They ran round in circles, doing all sorts of things as they tried to service the car they were supposed to stop.

Dr. Nolan frantically pressed more buttons.

"That Bodger!" he groaned to himself. "Just —Just wait till I get hold of him!"

Dr. Nolan leaped from his chair in his study, which was also his radio room. He dashed out of TeleVarsity and round to the garage. Dr. Nolan had a car of his own. In this car he drove down the drive in pursuit.

Dr. Nolan had forgotton something, however: he had forgotten his Robot Car Mechanics. These little "Tin-Can Tommies" were milling round in the road outside the school building, and they swarmed in a group round Dr. Nolan's own car. Dr. Nolan jammed on his brakes.

"Out of my way!" he shouted.

The little Robots took no notice. What Dr. Nolan had forgotton was that his Car Mechanics were radio controlled, and he had left his Radio apparatus in his study. The little Robots absolutely swarmed over his car.

They climbed on his bonnet, hoisting themselves by their strong arms, and they waved their spanners, unscrewing things that ought to have been left screwed up.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Dr. Nolan.

Dr. Nolan put his foot down. He pressed the accelerater and the car shot forward, taking the Robots with it. Bodger and Boodle, meantime, were having a lot of excitement on their own.

Bodger was doing his best. Squinting owlishly ahead, he was twisting the wheel, but the wheel had no effect.

"I dunno what's happening!" he gasped.

It was really quite simple. The little black box was thoroughly in charge, and when a police officer put up his hand for the car to stop at some cross-roads, the car stopped most amiably. Bodger and Boodle heaved sighs of relief.

The police officer turned to stare at them. It had been his intention to wave them on but, as he saw how young the "driver" appeared to be, he changed his mind.

"You got a licence?" he demanded of Bodger.

"Nunno, sir!" Bodger gulped. "But---but---"

Bodger tried to explain. Because he was sitting in the driver's seat he found this a bit difficult. But he did his best.

The policeman was sarcastic.

"I suppose this car is driving itself?" he snapped.

"Yes, officer," said Bodger thankfully. "That's what it's doing."

The police officer went red in his face at what he thought was Bodger's cheek.

"You pull in there!" he snorted. "I'll have a word with you!"

As soon as the policeman moved aside, the vehicle shot forward, still controlled by the little black box on the steering column and the radar scanner on the bonnet.

The policeman jumped wildly. He blew his whistle, most insulted, but the radio car continued on its way. Close behind it came Dr. Nolan's own car, almost covered with the little Robot Car Mechanics, and the policeman nearly fainted as he saw them. Leaping at Dr. Nolan's car, he managed to open the door, and tumble inside.

"Follow that car in front!" he shouted.

"My dear officer!" gulped Dr. Nolan. "That is what I am trying to do!"

At the same time, of course, there were many other cars on the road, and one of these was the car that the police officer should really have been following. It was a car containing crooks who had stolen it and who were about to make a "smash-and-grab" raid on a jeweller's shop.

Unaware of the strange things that were going on behind them, the crooks pulled up suddenly and one of their number leaped out and hurled a brick through the jeweller's window. In a few seconds he had grabbed a tray of valuable jewels and was racing back to the car.

It was at this moment that the driverless car approached, and Bodger, although he did not know it, had pressed a button that would cause it to follow any car ahead. The result was surprising. As the crooks' car shot away from the smash-and-grab robbery, Bodger and Boodle found themselves speeding up in pursuit.

"Oh, lor'!" groaned Boodle. What are we doing now?"

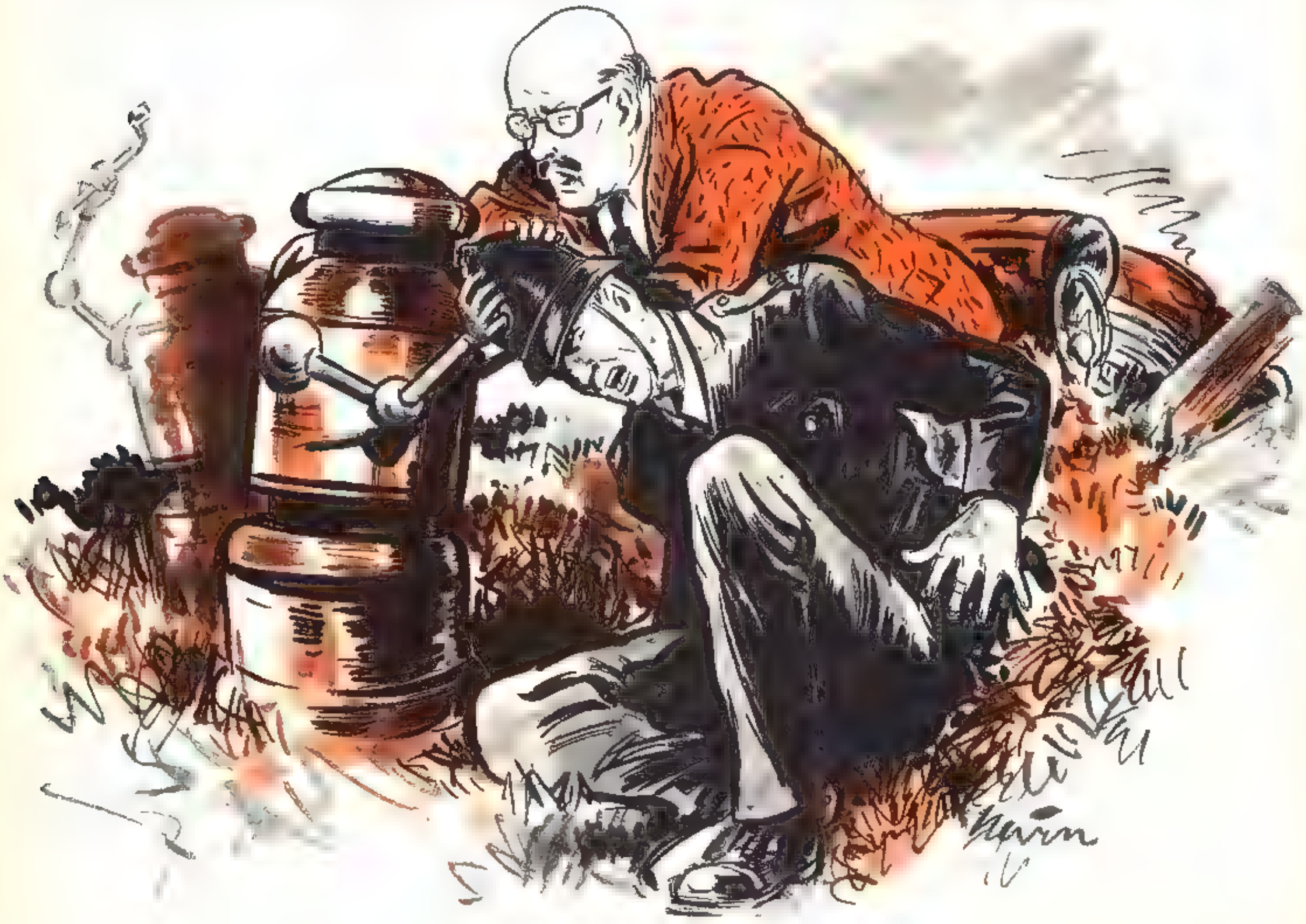
"We're doing the right thing, chum!" said Bodger, who had seen what was happening. "We're after that mob in front!"

Right on their tail came Dr. Nolan with the policeman beside him.

"Lookout, sir!" he gasped suddenly. "What are all these mechanical things doing over us?"

Dr. Nolan gasped. The robots who had hauled themselves on board were getting busy as garage mechanics. That was what they had been programmed for, so it was no wonder that they were doing their job.

One little Robot had lifted the bonnet. He was



getting to work with a spanner inside. Presently, there was a strange silence as Dr. Nolan tried to put on his brakes, and he gave a gasp as he realised that the Robot had uncoupled them.

"Oh, help!" groaned Dr. Nolan.

Another little Robot had got right down inside the engine compartment. Working with a spanner, he threw several nuts away, and Dr. Nolan was nearly frantic as he tried to stop the car.

"Keep going, man!" shouted the police officer.

Matters were soon beyond Dr. Nolan's control. More nuts and bolts went flying out into the road, and presently there was an awful clatter as the engine fell out. Dr. Nolan's robot car mechanics were doing their job.

With no brakes and no engine, Dr. Nolan did his best to steer. The car was rushing downhill, and for a time he managed to keep it on the road. At last, unfortunately, one little Robot succeeded in disconnecting the steering gear, and at this point Dr. Nolan ran straight into a ditch.

The policeman was most annoyed about it. He went through the windscreen and pushed his helmet into the hedge, after which he was still further annoyed when one of the robots tried to unscrew him. It was his helmet the Robot tried to unscrew, and P.C. 94 thought his neck was being broken.

"Yow!" he yelled. "Gettimoffme!"

Dr. Nolan scrambled out in a daze. He seized the Robot and pulled him away from the policeman, but the little fellow hung on grimly to the helmet. As Dr. Nolan hurled him aside, the little fellow was still pluckily trying to unscrew P.C. 94's helmet.

"I - - I'm s - sorry, officer!" Dr. Nolan gulped. "I'm afraid this is all my fault."

"Izzat so!" snarled the police officer, whose neck had been twisted. "Then you're going to come with me, my man. I'm charging you with assault and battery."

By this time Bodger and Boodle were miles ahead.

Although Bodger was not doing anything, the "driverless" car was still following the getaway car of the crooks. And these gentlemen were most annoyed about it.

"That car behind is right on our tail!" snarled one. "It must have a good driver," gulped the driver of the crooks' car.

"Say, they're only kids!" growled the first. "What say I puncture their tyres?"

Before the others could stop him, he had pulled out a gun and was firing at Bodger and Boodle. A bullet smashed through the windscreen right beside Bodger's ear, and Boodle uttered a mournful howl.

"We'll both be killed!" he wailed.

"Speak for yourself, chum!" gulped Bodger.

"I'm getting down on the floor."

It was a tight fit, but Bodger managed to worm himself down beside the steering column. Boodle looked round wildly then scrambled over into the back seat and went flat on the floor.

The driver of the crooks' car was almost in a panic. He did his best to shake off the car following him, but it was quite hopeless. The "driver" behind was no human. The black box followed him so closely that the crook driver lost his head. Spinning the wheel suddenly to turn aside on to an old cart track, he caused the car to go into a spin. He had swung to the right, and the car went over and over to the left. In less than twenty seconds it was upside down in a field, its wheels spinning uselessly as it lay on its back.

Bodger and Boodle found themselves following it automatically. They did not actually go over, because the little black box acted according to speed and turning moment, but they went through the hedge into the field and halted with a squeal of brakes right alongside the car that was upside down. Cautiously Bodger raised his head from the floor and stared out of the window.

"We've stopped!" he said thankfully.

"No thanks to you!" groaned Boodle, as he rose painfully from the rear floor. "What—what do we do now?"

"Grab 'em, chum!" Bodger said. "We gotta help the police."

The crooks were too dazed to put up much resistance. As the two boys dragged them out, Bodger collected the guns they had been using, and stood over them until Dr. Nolan and the police officer arrived.

The policeman was surprised to find that his work had been done for him. Squad cars had been alerted, and very shortly the three crooks had been handcuffed and were being taken off to the police station.

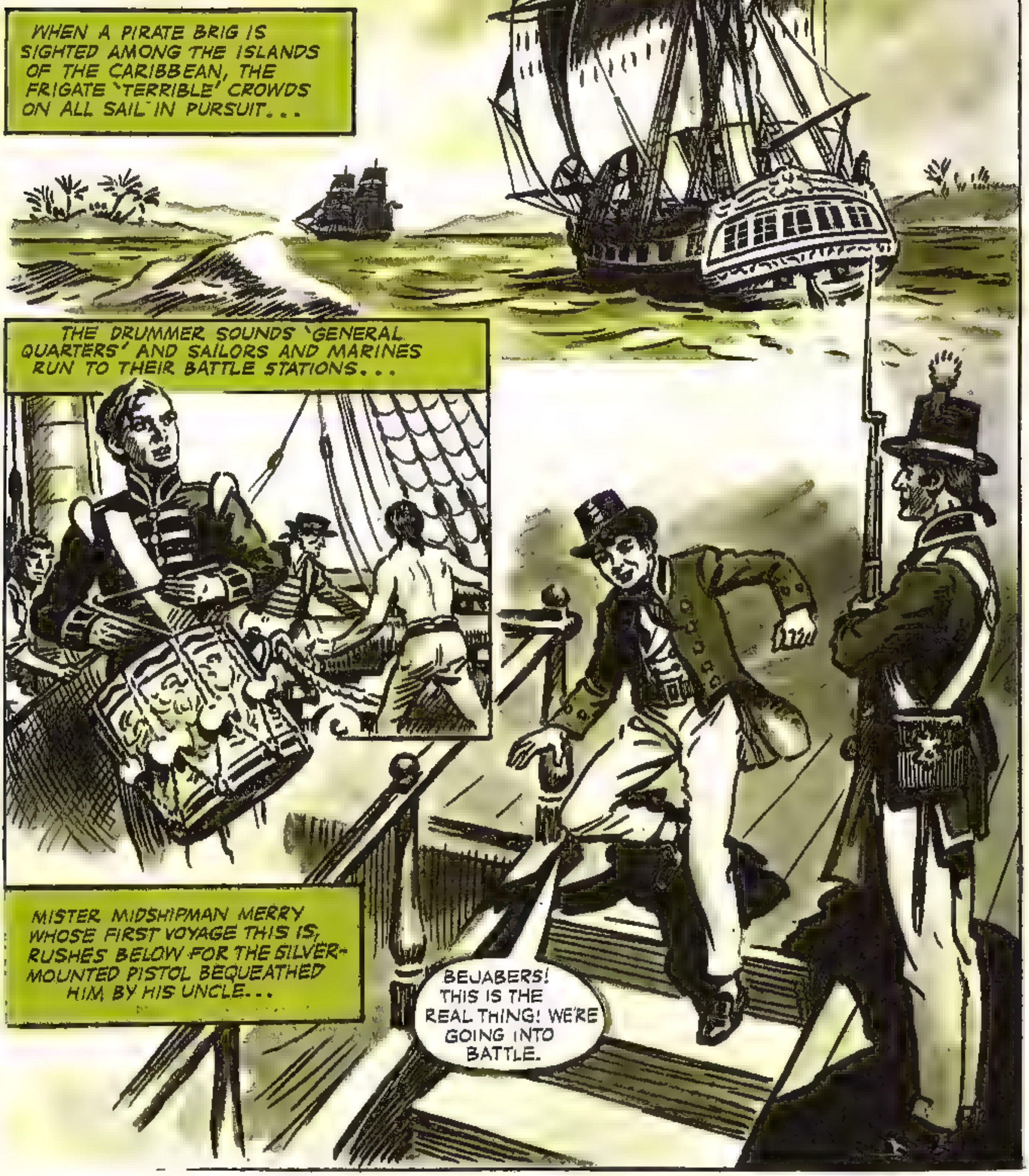
"Who is responsible for all this?" demanded an Inspector.

"These—boys, sir," gulped P.C. 94. "But they don't have a driving licence, sir. They're too young."

"Pardon me, officer," said Dr. Nolan. "But the driving licence is in my name. This car is radio controlled, and it was really driving itself under my orders. I—I am sure the boys are not to blame."

As he spoke these kind words, Dr. Nolan glared fiercely at Bodger. He knew that Bodger had pressed the wrong button, but, as things had turned out satisfactorily, he was prepared to save the boys from the police - - - and deal with Bodger later . . . . . ! ! !

MIDSHIPMAN MERRY


WHEN A PIRATE BRIG IS SIGHTED AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE CARIBBEAN, THE FRIGATE 'TERRIBLE' CROWDS ON ALL SAIL IN PURSUIT...
THE DRUMMER SOUNDS 'GENERAL QUARTERS' AND SAILORS AND MARINES RUN TO THEIR BATTLE STATIONS...
MISTER MIDSHIPMAN MERRY WHOSE FIRST VOYAGE THIS IS, RUSHES BELOW FOR THE SILVER-MOUNTED PISTOL BEQUEATHED HIM BY HIS UNCLE...
BEJABERS! THIS IS THE REAL THING! WE'RE GOING INTO BATTLE.

AT LAST I CAN LOAD THE PISTOL UNCLE LEFT TO ME.

BEFORE JIM CAN LOAD, HOWEVER, HE IS GIVEN AN ORDER BY LIEUTENANT HARKNESS...

MISTER MERRY, BE PLEASED TO GET ALOFT AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE PIRATE SHIP!

AYE, AYE, S.R.

I FEEL LIKE A BIRD UP HERE.

SIR! SHE IS SWINGING ROUND HER STERN!

WHAT JIM SEES THROUGH HIS GLASS...

ON BOARD THE PIRATE BRIG...

BRING DOWN HER MAST, BOYS ...FIRE!

BY SHEER LUCK THE ROUND SHOT STRIKES THE FRIGRATE'S FORE TOPMAST...

WOW! THEY ONLY JUST MISSED ME!

WE CANNOT STOP FOR H M. WE ARE GOING INTO BATTLE.

SO THE FRIGATE SAILS ON...

HOPE THERE AREN'T ANY SHARKS ABOUT.

BUT ONE OF JIM'S FRIENDS HAS THROWN HIM AN EMPTY KEG.

GOOD OLD REGGIE.

HANG ON JIM WE'LL COME BACK FOR YOU.

MEANWHILE THE PIRATES CROSS THE BOWS OF THE FRIGATE SO THAT THEY CAN RAKE HER WITH A BROADSIDE...

AND THE FRIGATE SUFFERS SEVERE DAMAGE...

CLEAR AWAY, MEN, WE'LL HAVE THOSE VILLAINS YET!

THE PIRATES ARE JUBILANT. THEY JEER AS THEY PASS THE FRIGATE ON THE OTHER TACK...

WE'VE DONE THEM, BOYS.

THEY CAN'T FOLLOW US NOW.

JIM CHEERS AS WELL, BECAUSE HE DOES NOT REALISE IT IS THE PIRATE BRIG RETURNING.

SURE, THEY SAID THEY WOULD COME BACK FOR ME.

MY LUCK IS IN.

HE LOOKS LIKE A MIDSHIPMAN, CAPTAIN.

WHAT'S THIS? SOME CUB OF FATHER NEPTUNE?

HIS GUN IS NOT LOADED, CAPTAIN.

MAYBE HE BROUGHT IT TO STIR THE STEW.

AYE, OLD SLUSHY WILL TEACH HIM TO BOARD OUR VESSEL.

INTO THE GALLEY, YE SWAB. WE'LL MAKE YE WORK NOW WE'VE GOT YE.

SLUSHY IS THE ONE-LEGGED COOK...

I MAKE YOU WORK, BOY ...YA!

AND JIM IS FORCED TO ASSIST THE PIRATES...

WAIT TILL THE FRIGATE CATCHES UP WITH YOU!

SHE NEVER WILL, BOY— WE SHOT HER TO PIECES.

BUT MEANWHILE THE NAVAL MEN WORK HARD TO MAKE REPAIRS...

ALL SHOT HOLES PLUGGED, SIR. THE WELL IS DRY.

WELL DONE, CARPENTER, WE ARE NEARLY READY.

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS THE FRIGATE MAKES SAIL...

YOUR COURSE IS FULL AND BYE.

FULL AN' BYE, SIR, AYE, AYE.

...AND DAWN BRINGS THE PIRATES A SHOCK. THE FRIGATE IS OVERHAULING THEM RAPIDLY...

HOW D D THEY DO IT? THEY'RE AFTER US AGAIN!

THOSE REEFS, CAPTAIN. COULD WE LEAD THEM ON TO THE ROCKS?

BLACKBEARD SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY. HE KNOWS THE SANDBANKS OF THE CARIBBEAN...

OUT OF THE WAY, SAM. WE'LL WRECK THAT FRIGATE FOR GOOD.

WHAT CAN I DO?

JIM HAS AN IDEA...

POWDER FIRST— BUT WHAT CAN I USE FOR SHOT?

THIS WILL SETTLE YOU, SLUSHY!

MIDSHIPMAN MERRY RUSHES BELOW DECK...

SOOT—THAT'S WHAT I'LL USE. I'LL BLACKEN OLD BLACKBEARD TILL HE CAN'T SEE TO STEER.

AND BLACKBEARD PREPARES TO LEAD THE FRIGATE ON TO HIDDEN SANDBANKS. HE KNOWS THE DEEP CHANNEL BETWEEN THEM...

HOLD HER STEADY—A FEW YARDS EITHER WAY WILL LEAD TO DISASTER.

CUNNINGLY BLACKBEARD STEERS FOR THE CHANNEL BETWEEN THE REEFS...

BUT THE PIRATE CHIEF HAS RECKONED WITHOUT MIDSHIPMAN MERRY...

HOW'S THAT?

HELP! I CAN'T SEE!

AND BLACKBEARD IS SMOTHERED WITH SOOT...

I'LL KILL YE FOR THIS!

DIVING OVERBOARD SEEMS TO BE MY JOB!

JIM SWIMS AWAY FROM THE BRIG AS IT STRIKES THE REEF...

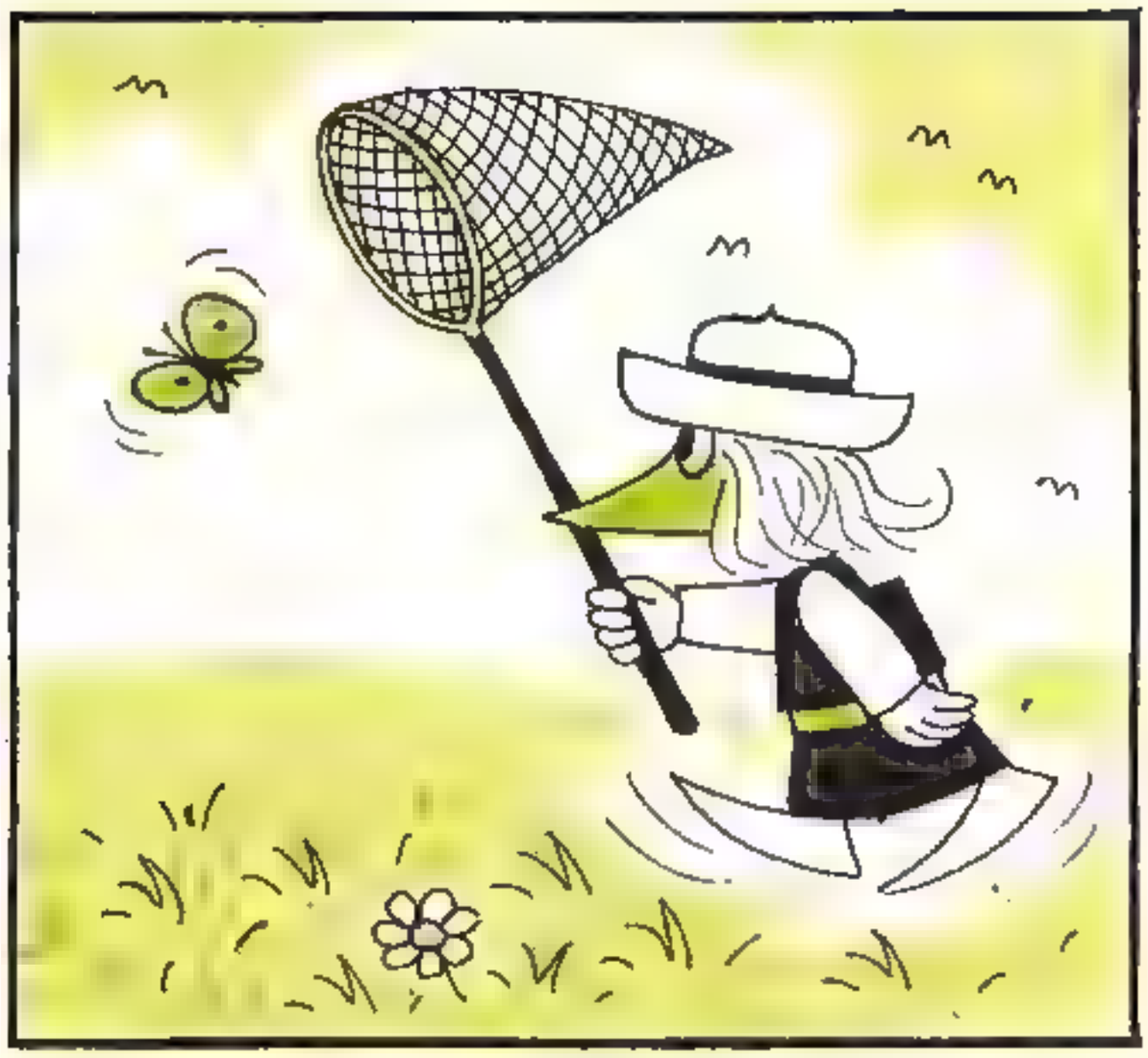
AND THE FRIGATE STEERS CLEAR IN TIME AND SENDS OUT A BOAT TO PICK UP MIDSHIPMAN MERRY...

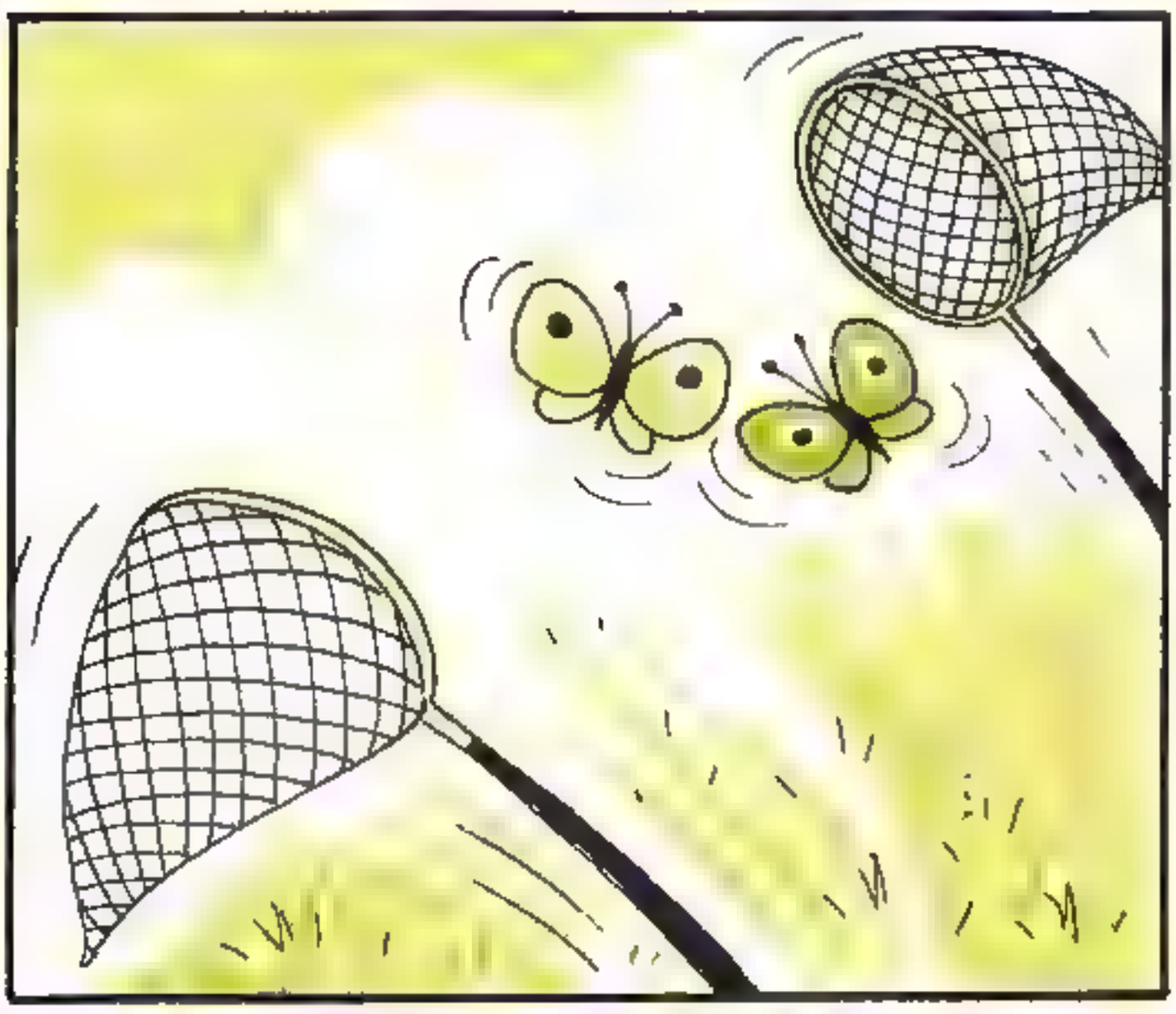
THERE HE IS!

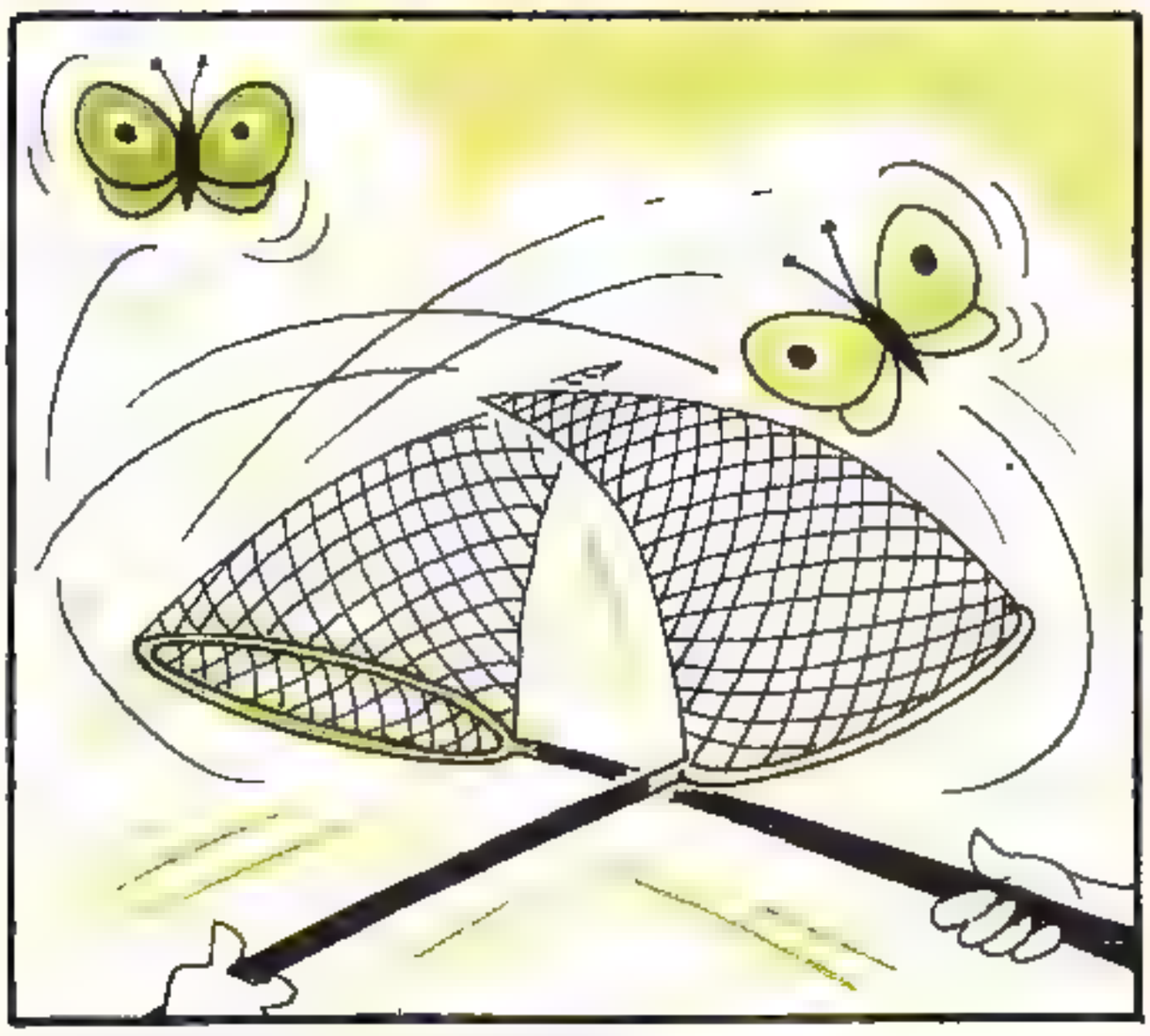
BACK ON BOARD HIS OWN SHIP, MERRY TELLS HIS STORY TO THE CAPTAIN...

WE ALL OWE YOU OUR THANKS, MISTER MERRY, I SALUTE YOU!

AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR.



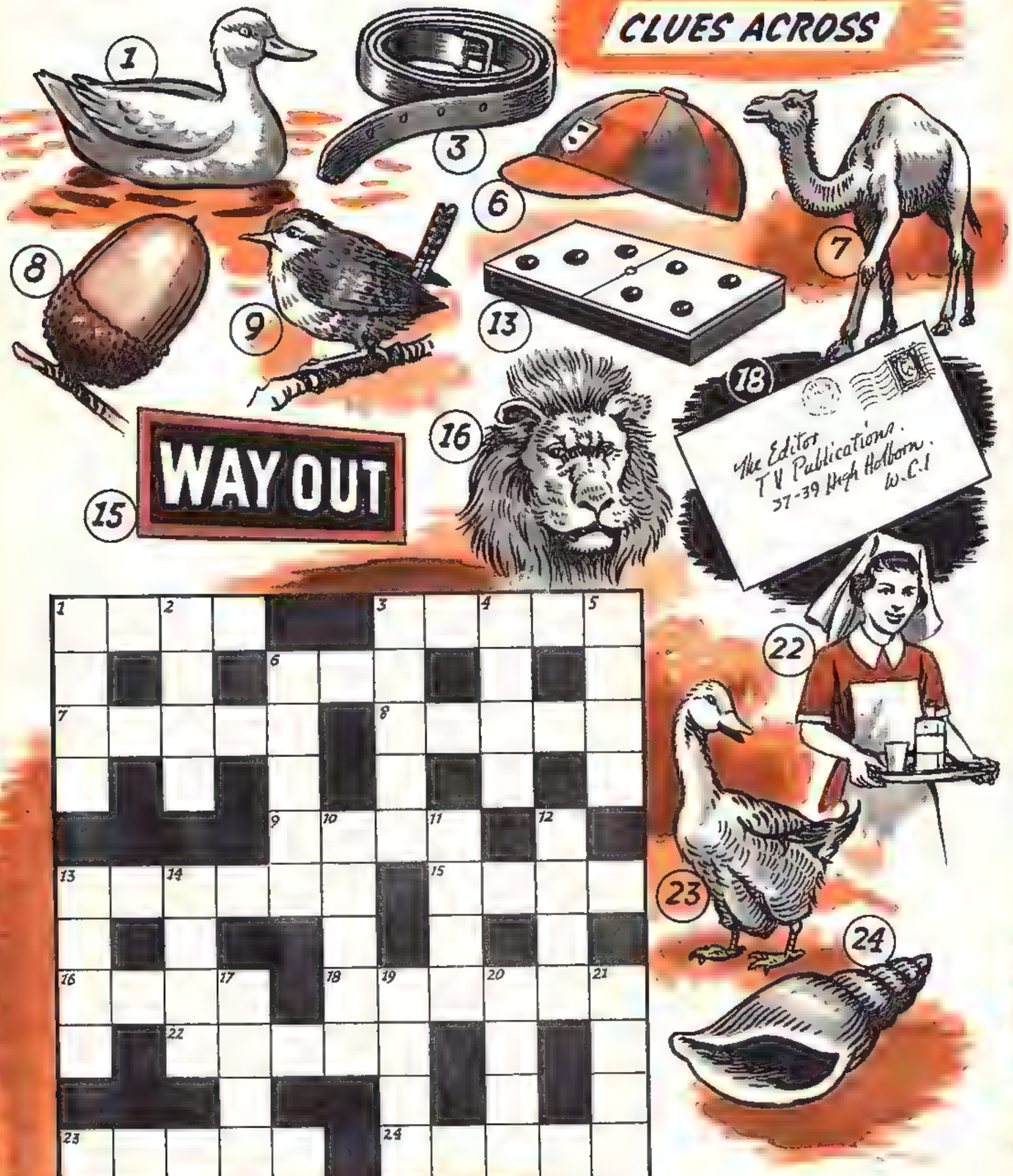




Tivvy created by Atelier Fauni, Finland

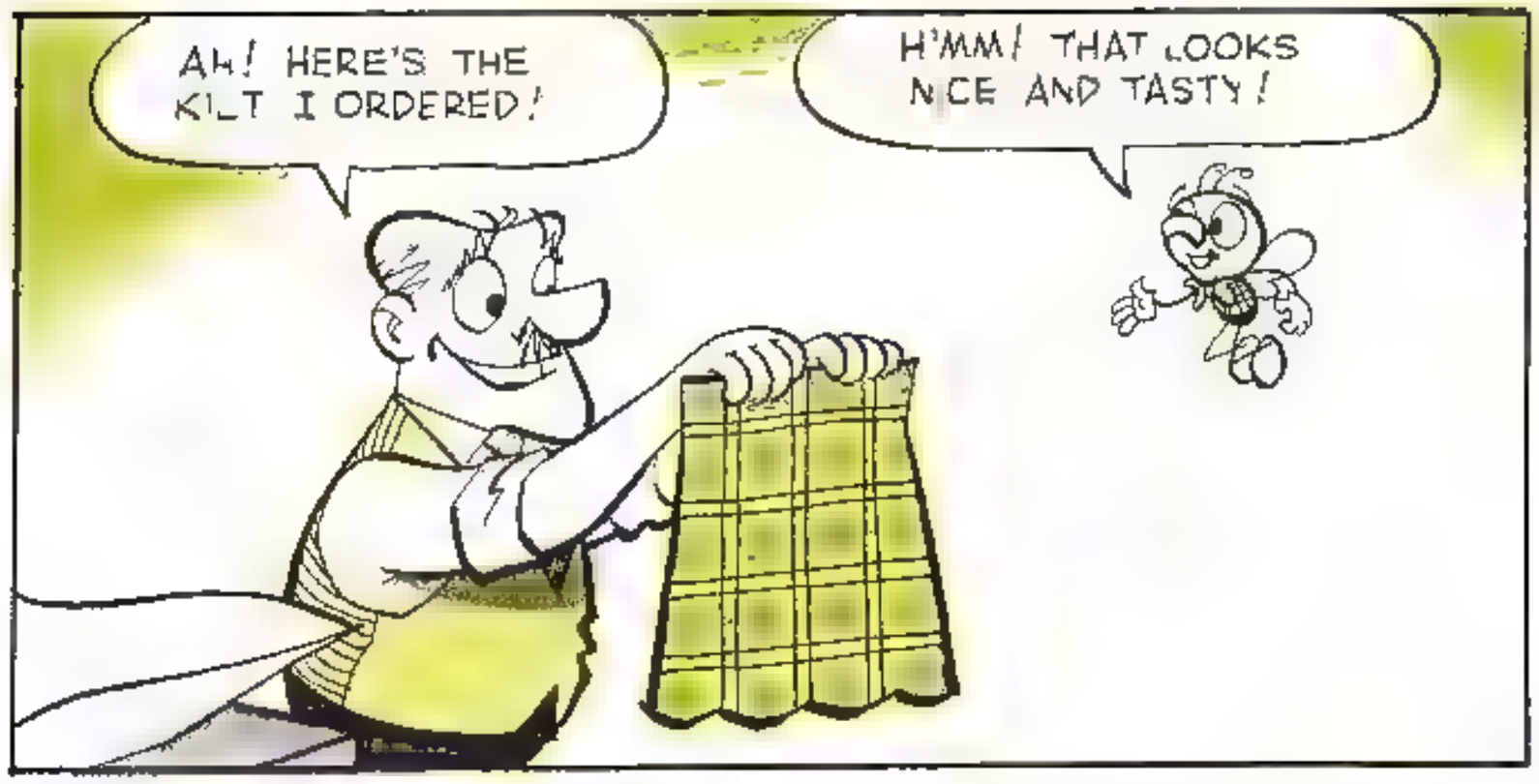
OLLIE and FRED'S - picture-word PUZZLE

CLUES ACROSS



CLUES DOWN

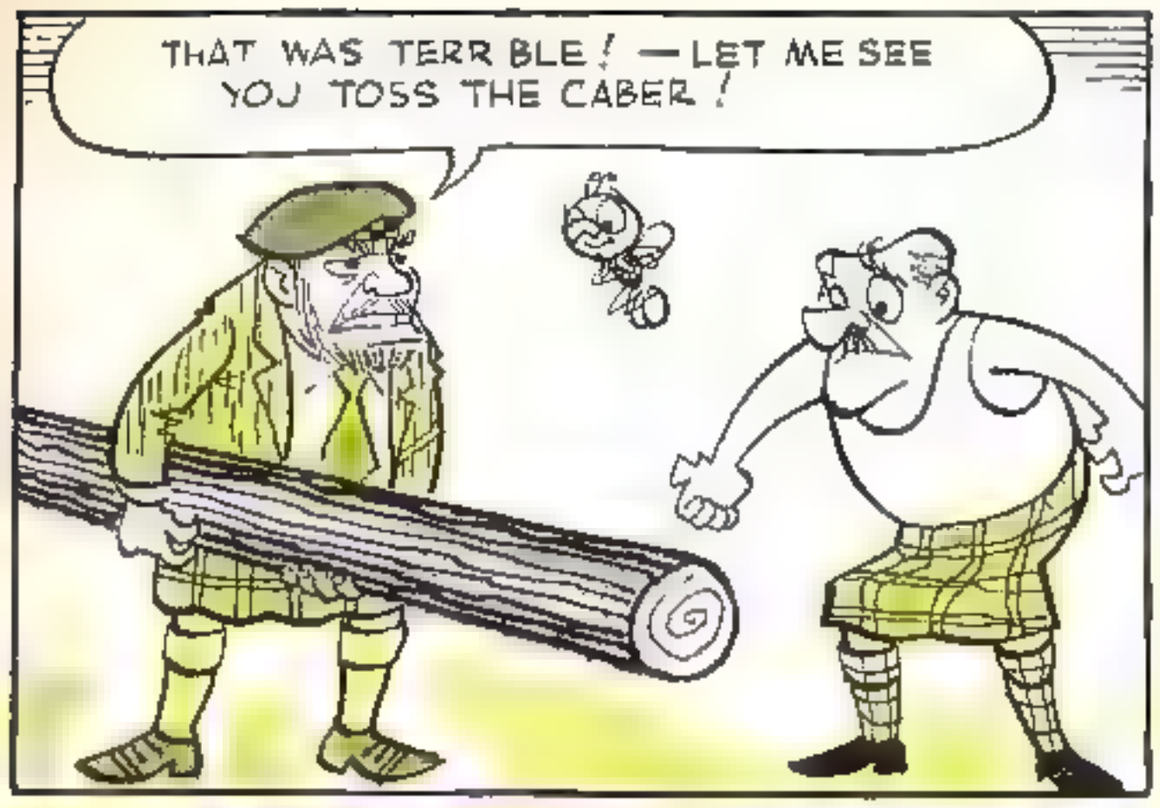
MIGHTY MOTH

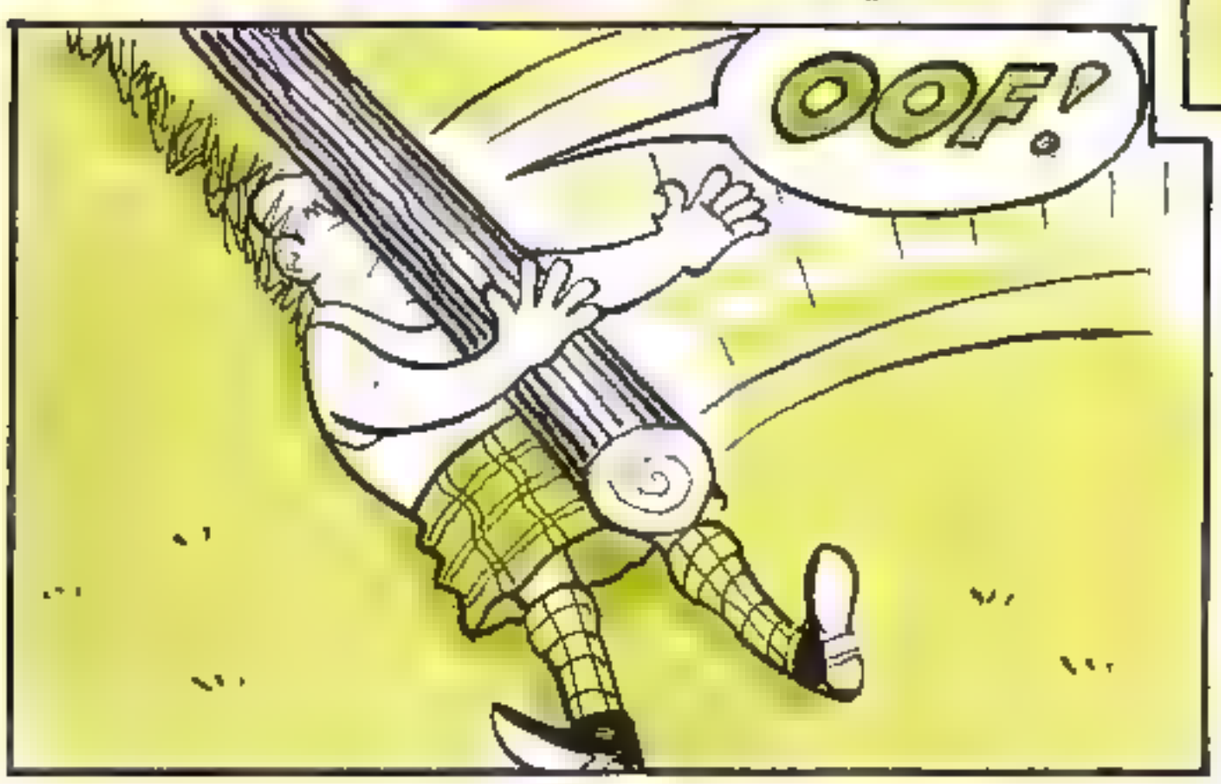

AH! HERE'S THE KILT I ORDERED!
H'MM! THAT LOOKS NICE AND TASTY!

DON'T YOU DARE EAT THAT, YOU SASSENACH!
BONK!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH A KILT ANYWAY? YOU'RE NOT A SCOTSMAN!
LET ME TELL YOU, I'M FROM THE OLD CLAN OF McDAD!

AND WHAT'S MORE, I'M GOING TO ENTER FOR THE SCOTTISH HIGHLAND GAMES!
ON THE DAY OF THE GAMES . . .
HEY! WHO ARE YOU? I DINNA RECOGNISE YER TARTAN!
I'M A DAD OF THE McDADS.

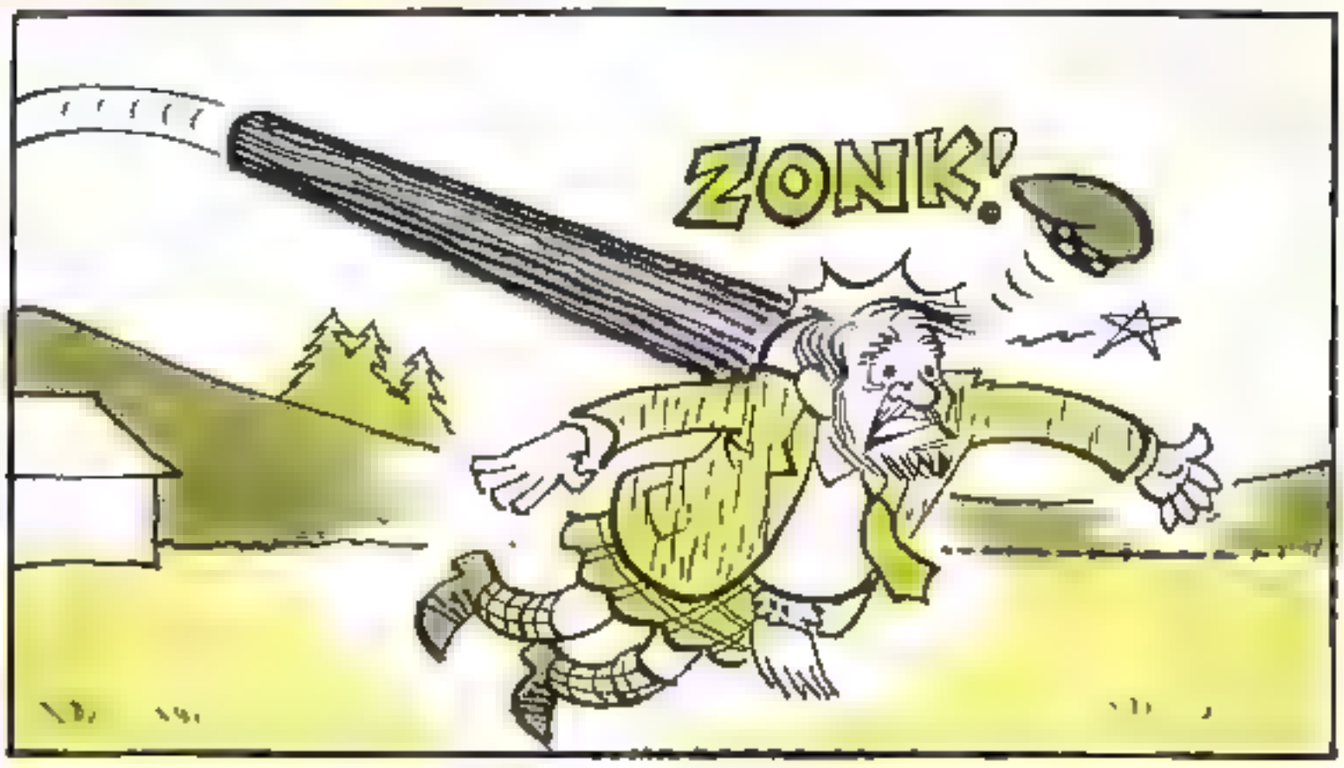
OH, YEAH? LET ME HEAR YOU PLAY THE BAGPIPES!
WHEEEEEEEHOOOOOOO!


THAT WAS TERR BLE! — LET ME SEE YOJ TOSS THE CABER!


OOF!

YOU'RE NO SCOT! GET OFF THE FIELD!

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO TOSS A CABER, DAD!


ZONK!

NOBODY EVER DONE THAT TO MCNICKNACK AND LIVED TO TELL THE TALE!

DAD MUST BE A BIT OF A SCOTSMAN! THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE SWORD DANCE HE'S DOING!

THE AVENGERS

A MASTER SPY IS AT LARGE IN LONDON... HE IS A MASTER OF DISGUISE. DETECTIVES OF THE SPECIAL BRANCH HAVE TRACKED HIM DOWN... BUT JUST AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO POUNCE ...

...THE SPY TURNS A CORNER

THAT'S OUR MAN!

WE'VE GOT HIM THIS TIME!

... BUT THEN ...

HE'S GONE...CLEAN VANISHED!

THE TWO DETECTIVES REPORT TO THE POLICE CHIEF...

WE LOST HIM, SIR! HE JUST VANISHED!

HE IS A MASTER OF DISGUISE. DID YOU SEE ANY-ONE ELSE?

... WELL... ER... WE DID SEE A MAN!

DON'T SAY ANY MORE... I'LL DEAL WITH THIS!

THE CHIEF GETS IN TOUCH WITH JOHN STEED...

WHO IS IT, STEED?

IT'S THE POLICE CHIEF... HE'S TALKING ABOUT AN INVISIBLE MAN!

NO MAN CAN BE INVISIBLE... IS IT A JOKE, STEED?

NO! THIS MAN HAS A TRICK OF VANISHING! BUT, WE HAVE AN ADDRESS TO GO TO AS OUR FIRST CLUE!

Published by arrangement with ABC Television Limited.

HERE WE ARE... IT LOOKS A QUEER PLACE, STEED!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MRS. PEEL! BUT LOOKS DON'T COUNT ALL THE TIME YOU KNOW!

SALAAM, SAHIB... YOU HONOUR ME WITH YOUR PRESENCE!

HMM! I WASN'T EXPECTING THIS!

BE CAREFUL, STEED!

STEED, IT'S A TRAP!

OF COURSE! WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

SO YOU WANT TO PLAY, EH? THANK GOODNESS THIS HAT HAS A STEEL LINING!

OOH! THIS MAN WORKS MAGIC!

NOT MAGIC, OLD CHAP... JUST A TRICK BROLLY!

EMMA ALSO KNOWS A FEW TRICKS...

STEED, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

NEVER BETTER, MRS. PEEL...

... THESE TURBANS COME IN VERY HANDY!

IS THAT THE MAN WE WANT?

NO, MRS. PEEL... IT'S THE OTHER ONE WE WANT!

LOOK OUT...HE'S ESCAPING!

QUICK, STEED... CAN WE CATCH HIM?

WE'LL HAVE A JOLLY GOOD TRY, MRS. PEEL!

STEED AND EMMA ACT QUICKLY.

I HOPE HE DOESN'T SWITCH DISGUISES, OR WE MIGHT LOSE HIM!

TRY TO KEEP ON HIS TAIL, STEED!

HE'S CROSSED THE LIGHTS...WE'RE GOING TO LOSE HIM!

OH, NO! THIS IS WHERE WE GET HIM!

YOU FOOL... YOU CROSSED THE RED LIGHT!

THE SPY QUICKLY PICKS HIMSELF UP AND RUNS...

HE'S GOING INTO THE WAX-WORKS BUILDING, STEED. WE'LL HAVE HIM TRAPPED!

DON'T BE SO SURE... HE'S A VERY TRICKY CUSTOMER!

WITHIN SECONDS STEED AND EMMA ARE INSIDE...

OH, NO! HE'S VANISHED... HE COULD BE HIDING ANYWHERE!

HMM! HE MIGHT HAVE SWITCHED HIS DISGUISE... EMMA, IT'S MY GUESS THAT OUR FRIEND IS NOW POSING AS A DUMMY!

BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO SPOT HIM IN THIS LOT?

THERE'S ONE THING THAT'S GOING TO GIVE HIM AWAY, MRS. PEEL!

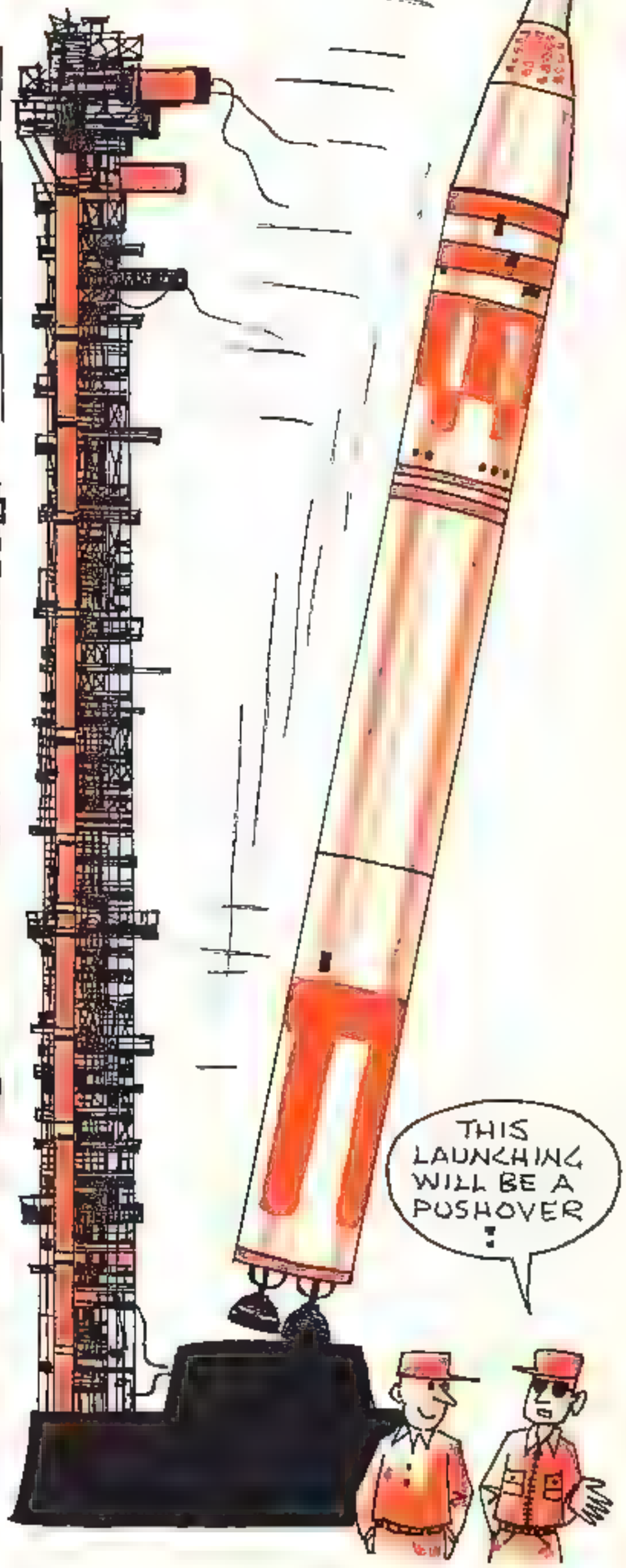
...AND THAT WAS IT!...NOT SO FAST MY FINE FRIEND!

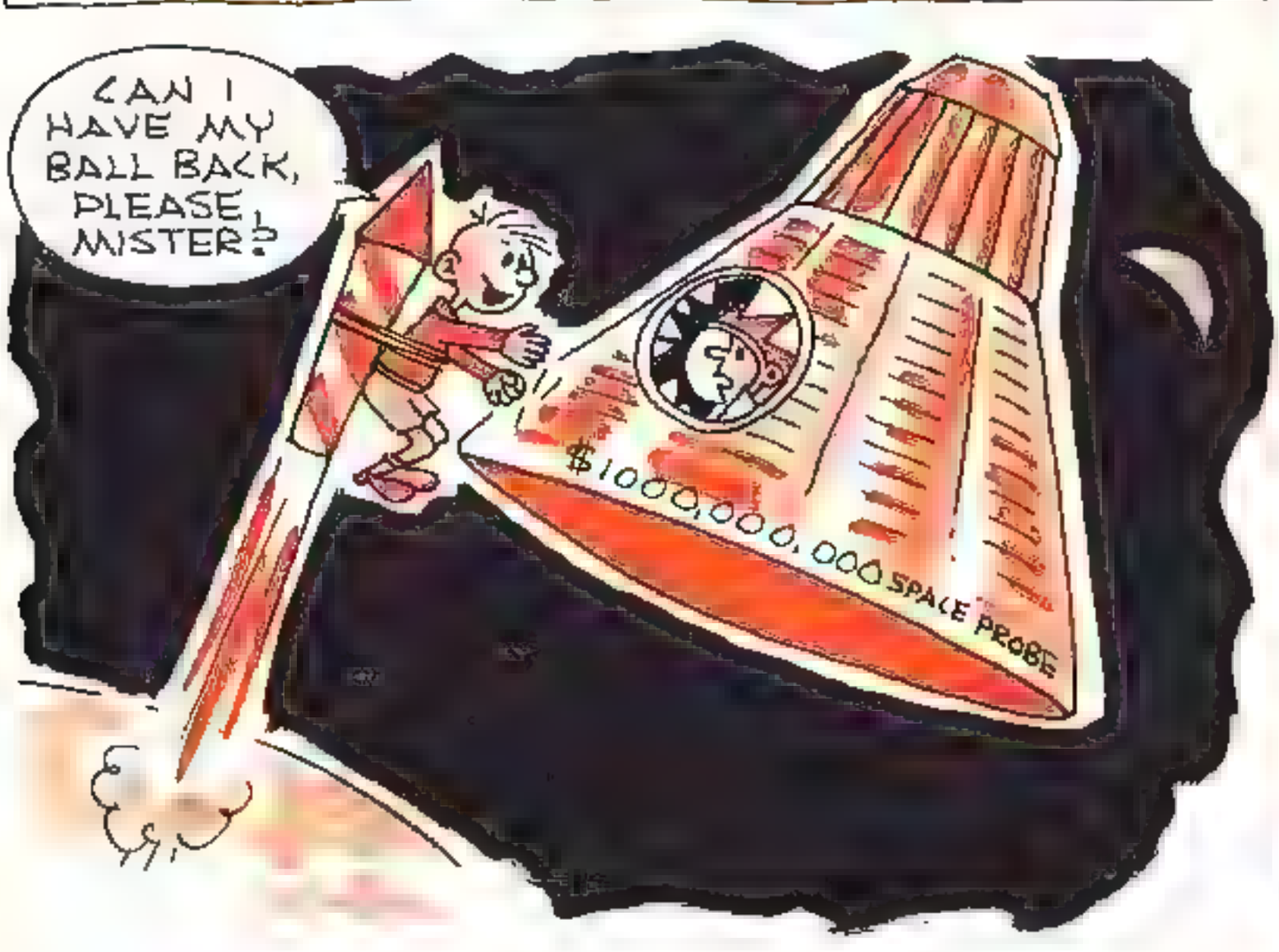
KING HENRY VIII

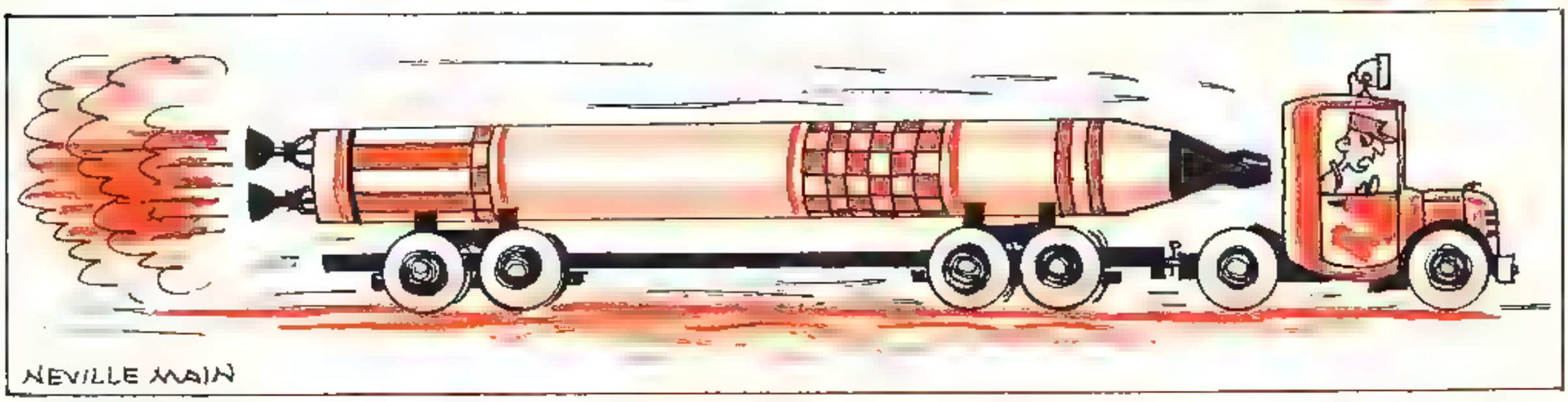
AH, CONSTABLE, YOU'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME! OUR FRIEND ON THE FLOOR CHANGED CLOTHES WITH THIS DUMMY... NO-ONE IS HURT!

IT WAS SIMPLE, MRS. PEEL... YOU SEE IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO REMAIN LONG WITHOUT BLINKING THEIR EYES... EVEN FOR A MASTER OF DISGUISE... ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TO WATCH!

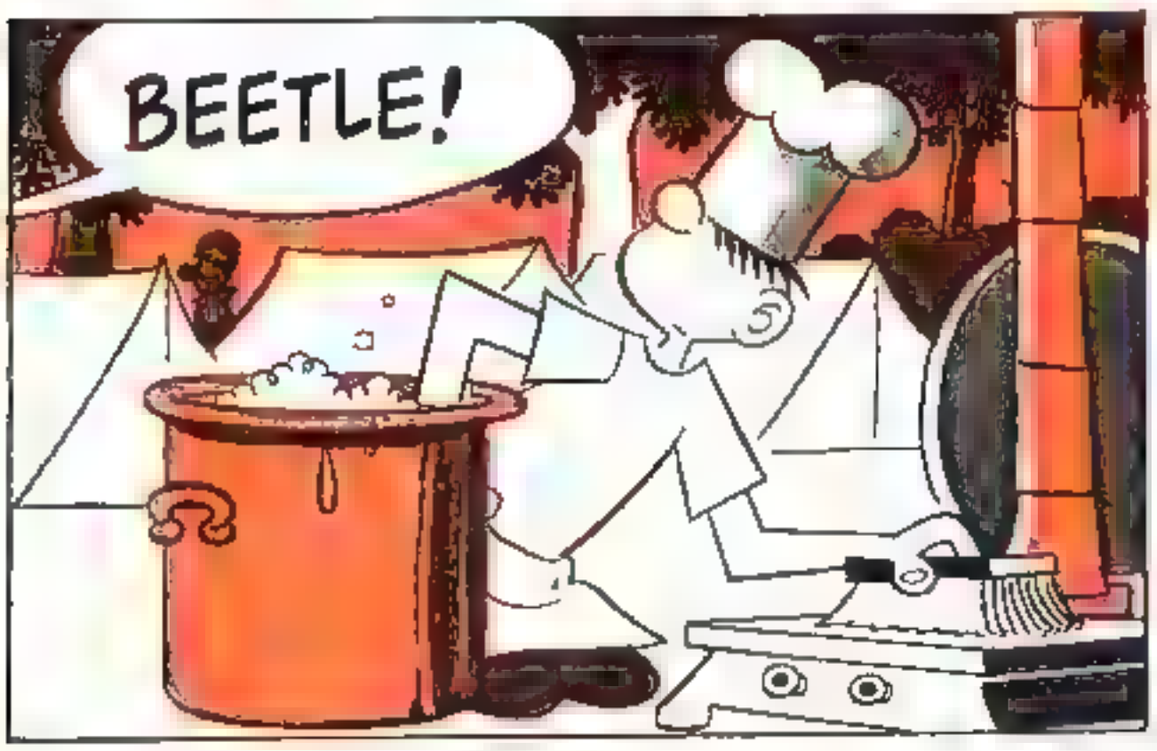
Pick of the Jokes

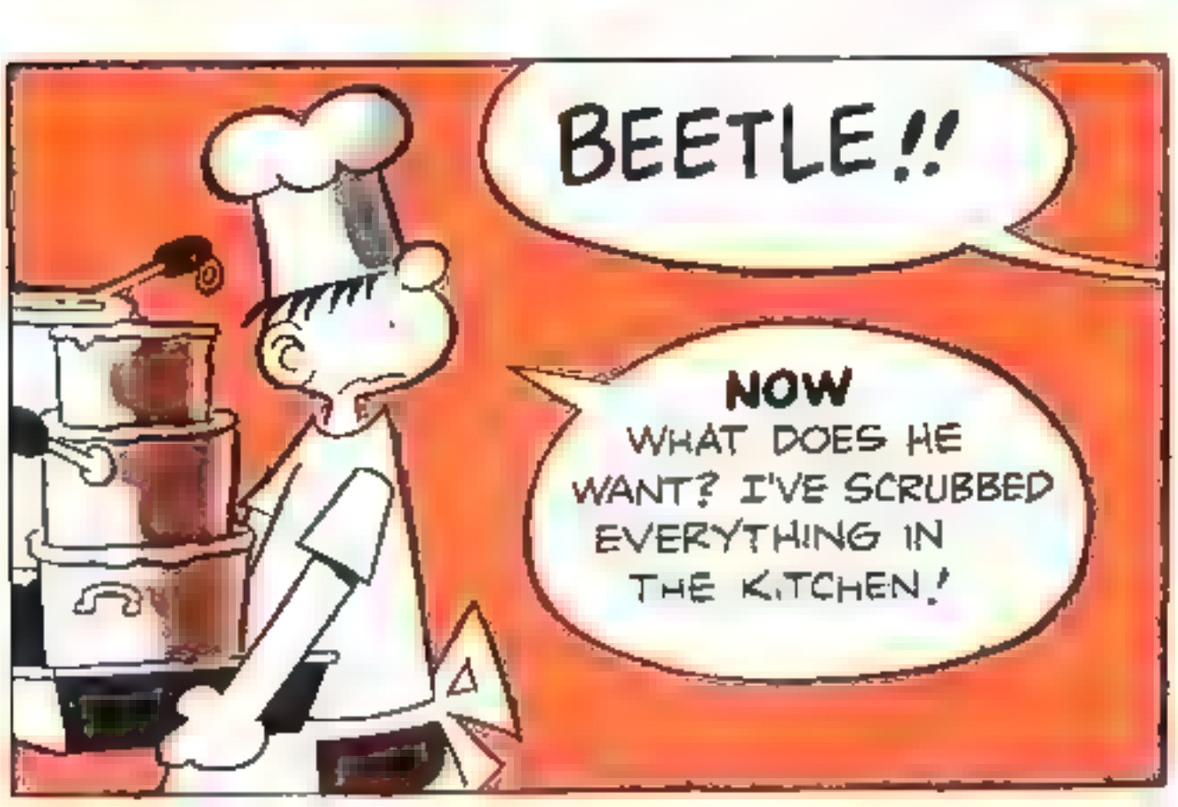






beetle bailey





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Ollie and Fred's FUN SPOT

CLUES ACROSS

1.

6.

11.

NOT IN 13.

14.

15.

7.

9.

CLUES DOWN

1.

2.

3.

4.

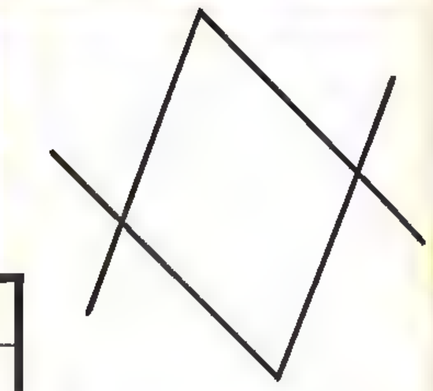
5.

8.

10.

11.

12.



1. BY ADDING 2 STRAIGHT LINES TO THIS PATTERN MAKE A SHAPE CONTAINING 8 TRIANGLES AND A 6 SIDED SHAPE.

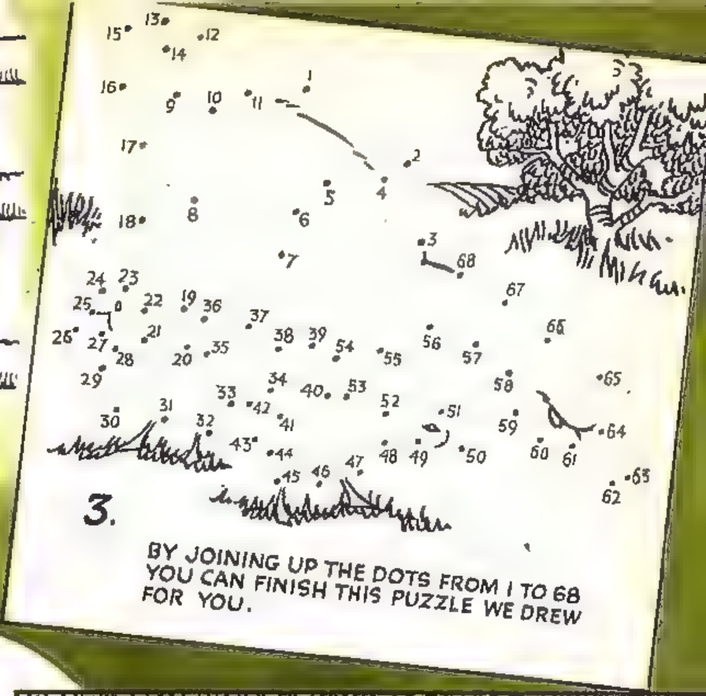
2. PLACE THE TIPS OF YOUR FOREFINGERS TOGETHER ABOUT 12 INCHES IN FRONT OF YOUR FACE AND LOOK HARD AT THE POINT WHERE THEY MEET.

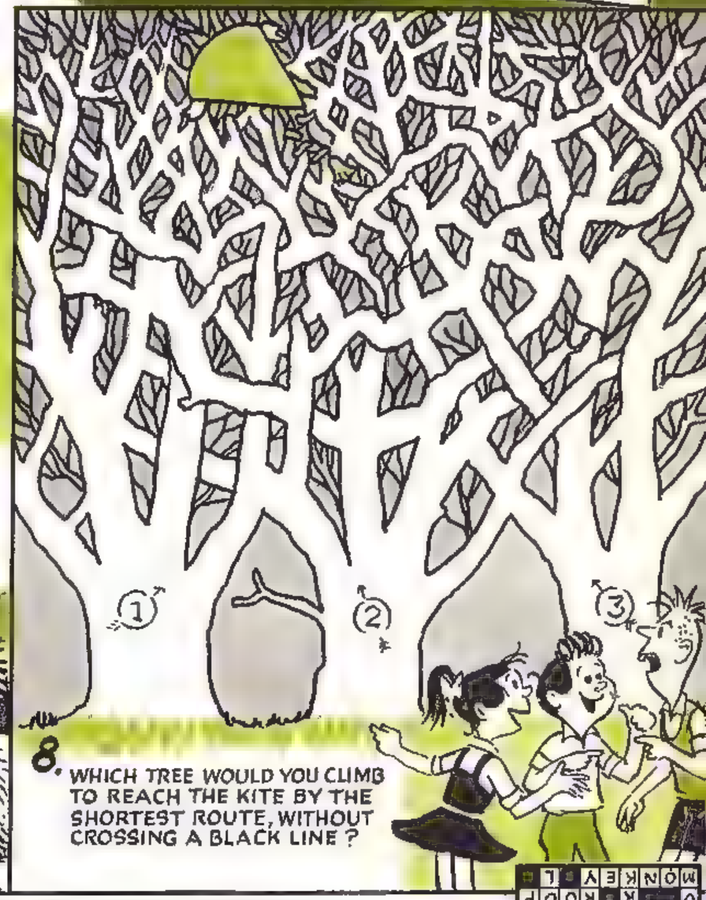
NOW BRING THEM NEARER TO YOUR FACE AND A SMALL SAUSAGE WILL APPEAR BETWEEN YOUR FINGER ENDS.

THEN DRAW THE FINGER TIPS APART, IT WILL APPEAR TO FLOAT IN MID AIR.

3. BY JOINING UP THE DOTS FROM 1 TO 68 YOU CAN FINISH THIS PUZZLE WE DREW FOR YOU.

1 AARD-VARK	5 POLYPODY
2 MUREX	6 MALACHITE
3 MACAQUE	7 CAPYBARA
4 CASSOWARY	8 CUSCUS



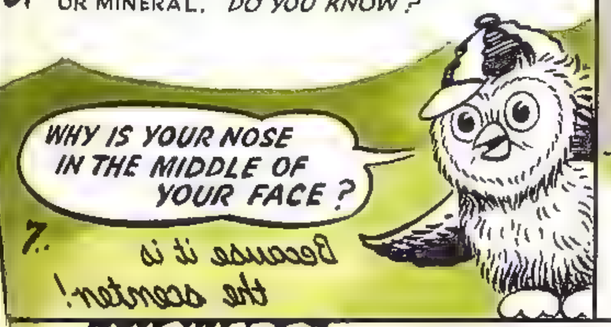


8. WHICH TREE WOULD YOU CLIMB TO REACH THE KITE BY THE SHORTEST ROUTE, WITHOUT CROSSING A BLACK LINE ?

4. LOOK VERY CAREFULLY AT THESE PICTURES OF FRED, THEY ARE NOT ALL ALIKE. *HOW MANY OF THEM ARE THE SAME ?*

5. HOW MANY OBJECTS BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER 'F' CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE ?

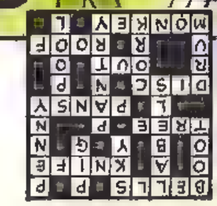
6. **WHICH IS WHICH ?**
IT IS HARD TO TELL FROM THEIR NAMES WHICH OF THESE ARE ANIMAL, VEGETABLE OR MINERAL. *DO YOU KNOW ?*



7.

ANSWERS

1.
2. 3, IS A GOOSE AND TWO GOSLINGS.
3. 4, 2, 6 AND 7 ARE ALIKE.
4. 5, THERE ARE AT LEAST 18, THEY INCLUDE :– FOLIAGE, FERNS, FOX, FUR, FUNGUS, FIRE, FARM, FORESAIL, FROCK, FLOWERS, FINGERS, FACE, FORK, FISH, FISHERMAN, FLOAT, FLASK, FIR CONE.
5. 6 A-7, B-6, C-5, D-8, E-4, F-1, G-2, H-3
6. 7, HOLD THE ANSWER UP TO A MIRROR.
7. 8 TREE NUMBER 3, THE ROUTE FROM NUMBER 1 IS LONGER.



TV Terrors

WHO'S HANDLING THE SECURITY FOR OUR NEW TV SHOW, MR. DIRECTOR?

SCRIPT THE MEN FROM A.U.N.T.I.E.

OUR MAN, HOPPIT! HE'S A GREAT GUY, AS GOOD AS THEY COME!

THIS IS MY TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENT YET! HANDLING THE SECURITY FOR THE A.U N.T.I.E. TV SHOW IS GOING TO BE RUGGED!

TV STUDIO

NOW BEING FILMED THE MEN FROM U.N.T.I.E.

MEANWHILE, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF S.P.A.R R.O.W.

THE TASK OF GETTING NELSON DUO'S AUTOGRAPH DEMANDS SUPER METHODS, KIDS! LET'S GET TO WORK!

YES!

LET'S GO TO THE CONTROL ROOM!

PUT ON THE ROCKET THRUST PACKS, KIDS!

PREPARE FOR TAKE OFF!

BLAST OFF!

ZOOM!

SWISH!

THERE'S HOPPIT DOWN BELOW, KIDS! WE'RE QUITE SAFE UP HERE THOUGH!

THERE GO THE TERRORS! I'VE GOT TO GO INTO ACTION!

TV STU

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, NELSON! CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

YOU DESERVE IT FOR GETTING PAST OUR SECURITY!

MEANWHILE...

I'LL SOON GET AFTER THOSE TERRORS!

UTILITY BAG

HUP!

TV

THAT'S SECURE...NOW FOR A QUICK CLIMB!

TUG! TUG!

GRR! WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU!

THERE'S HOPPIT AGAIN...LET'S BURN HIS ROPE!

THIS SHOULD FIX HOPPIT FOR SOME TIME TO COME!

OH NO!

NEAARGH!

LET'S SEE HOW LONG HOPPIT CAN STAY IN THE AIR, HE! HE!

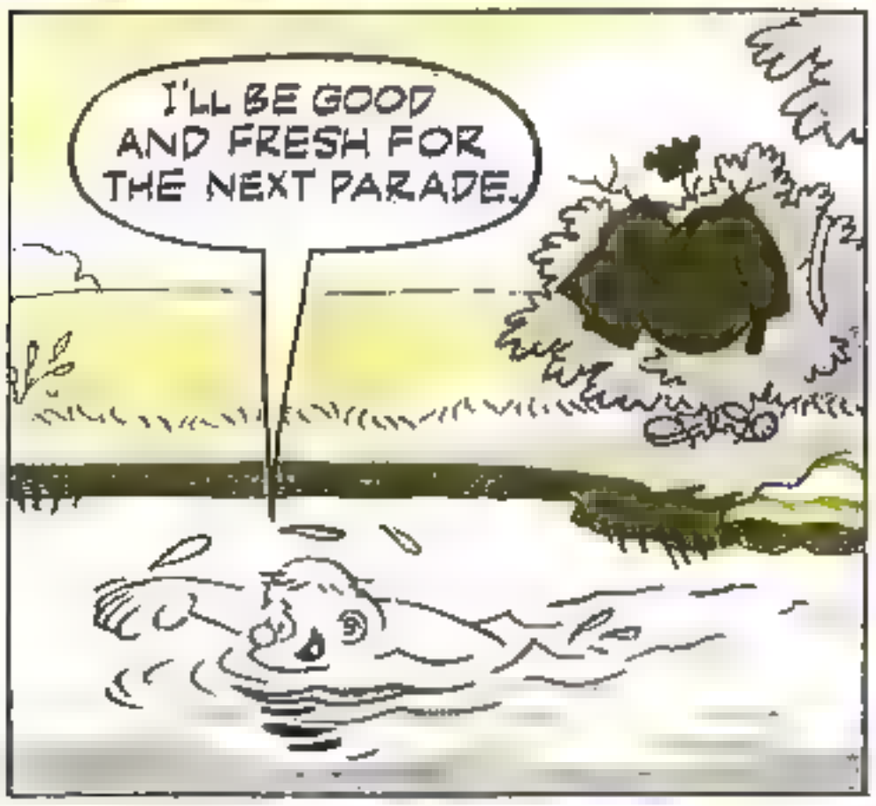
HE! HE!

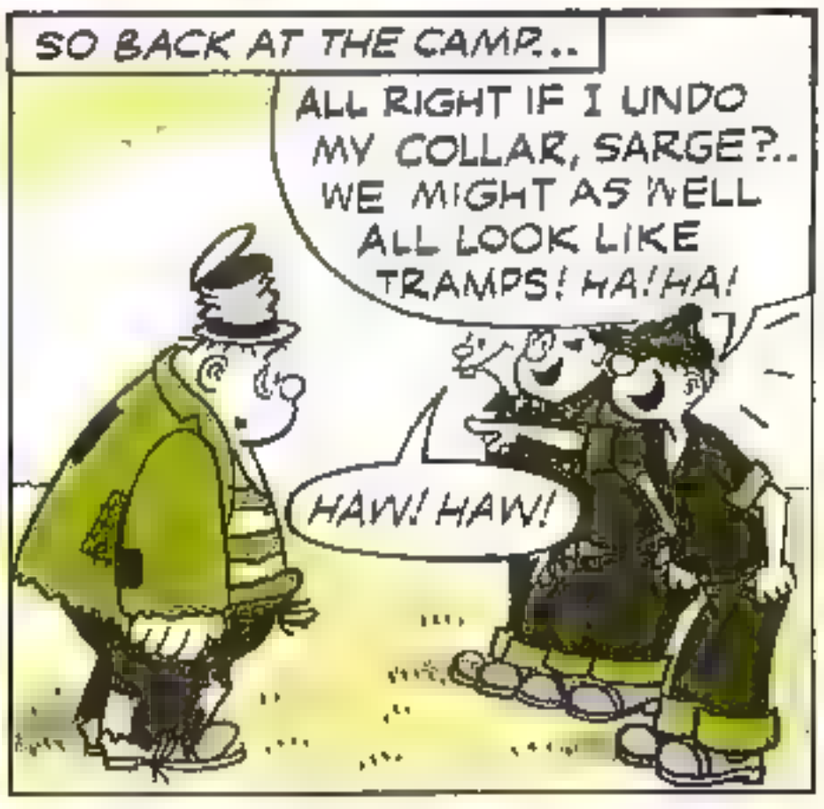
SOB!

YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL, HOPPIT, OR YOU'LL END UP IN EMERGENCY WARD 13 FOR A LONG TIME!

TV S

BEETLE BAILEY





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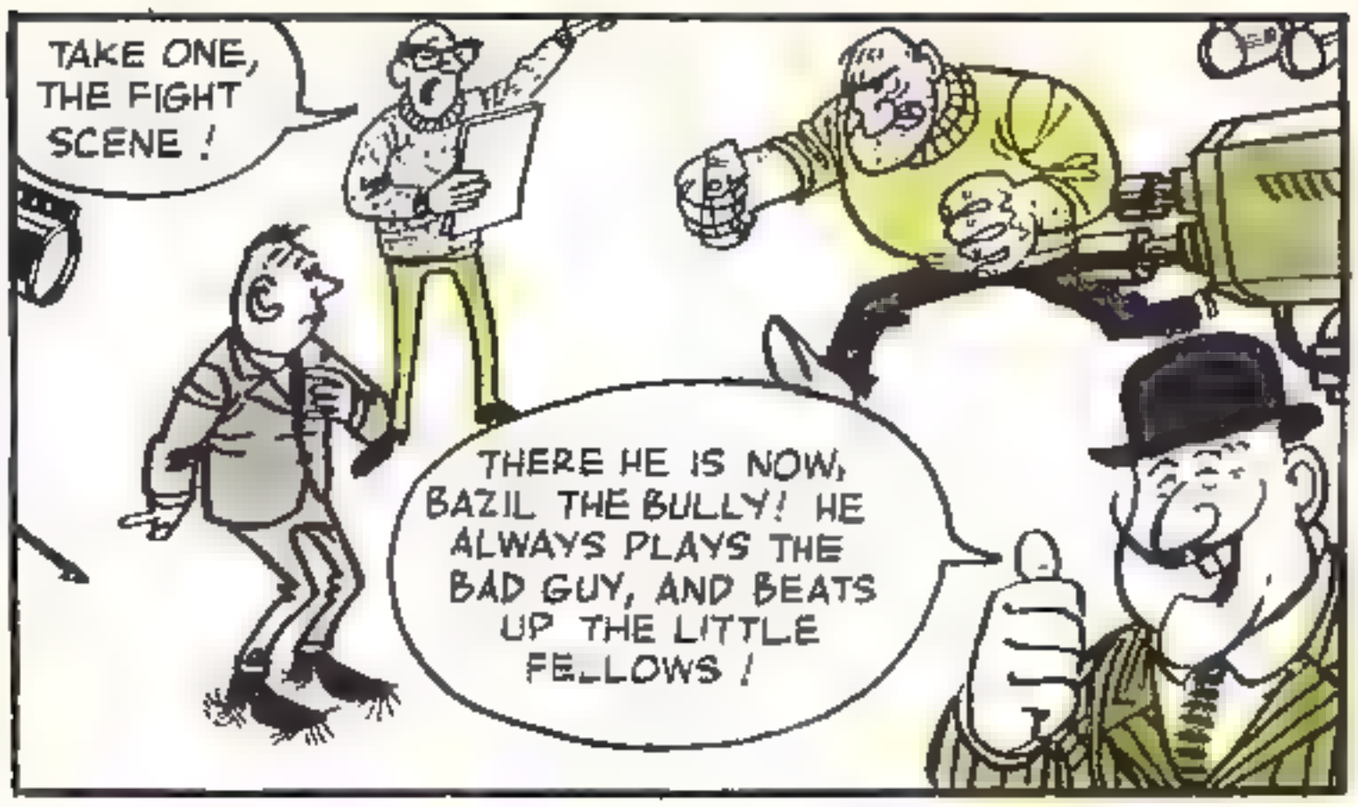
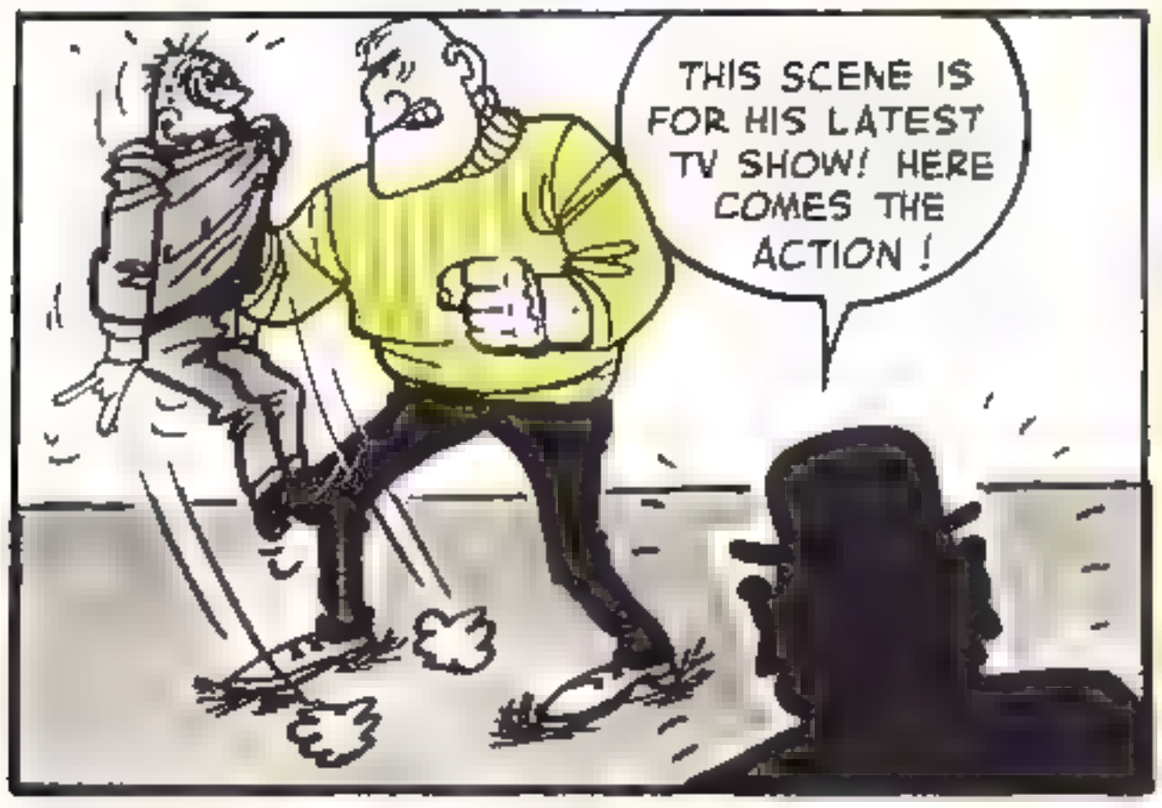
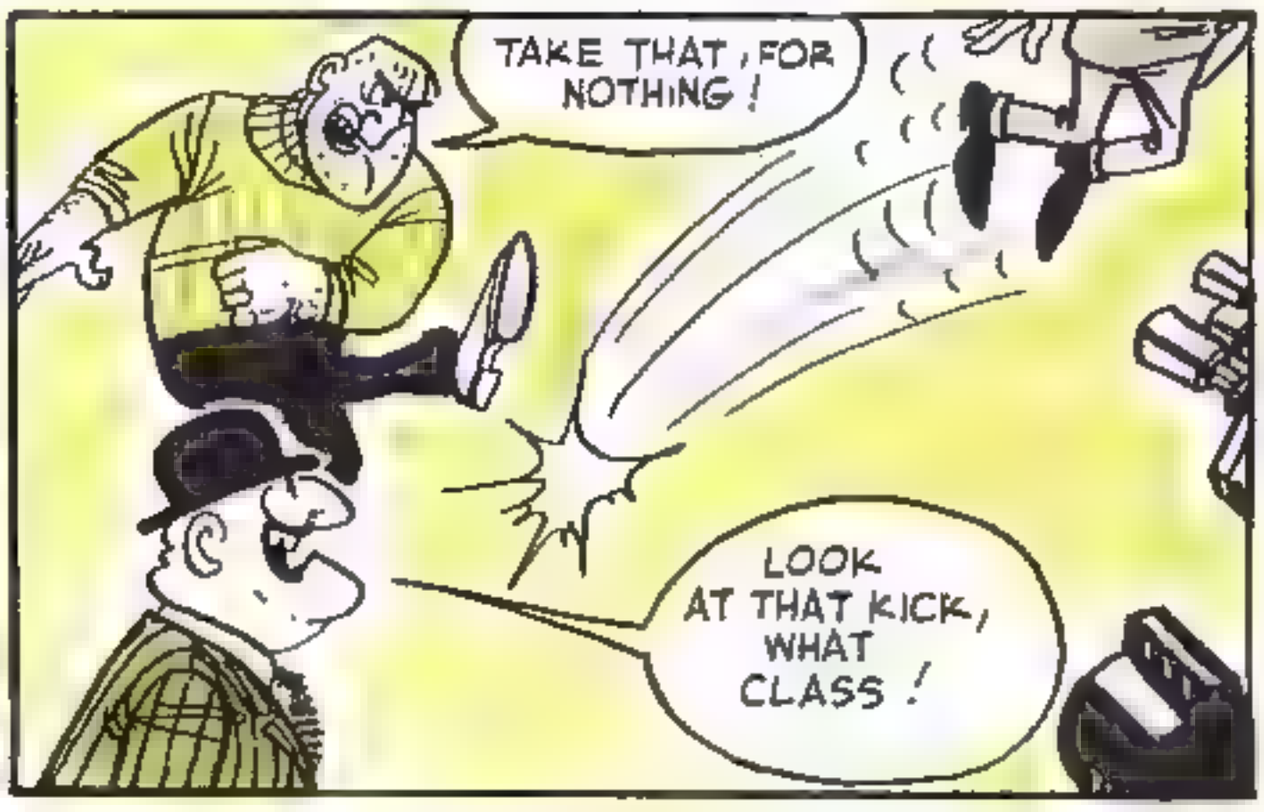
TV TERRORS

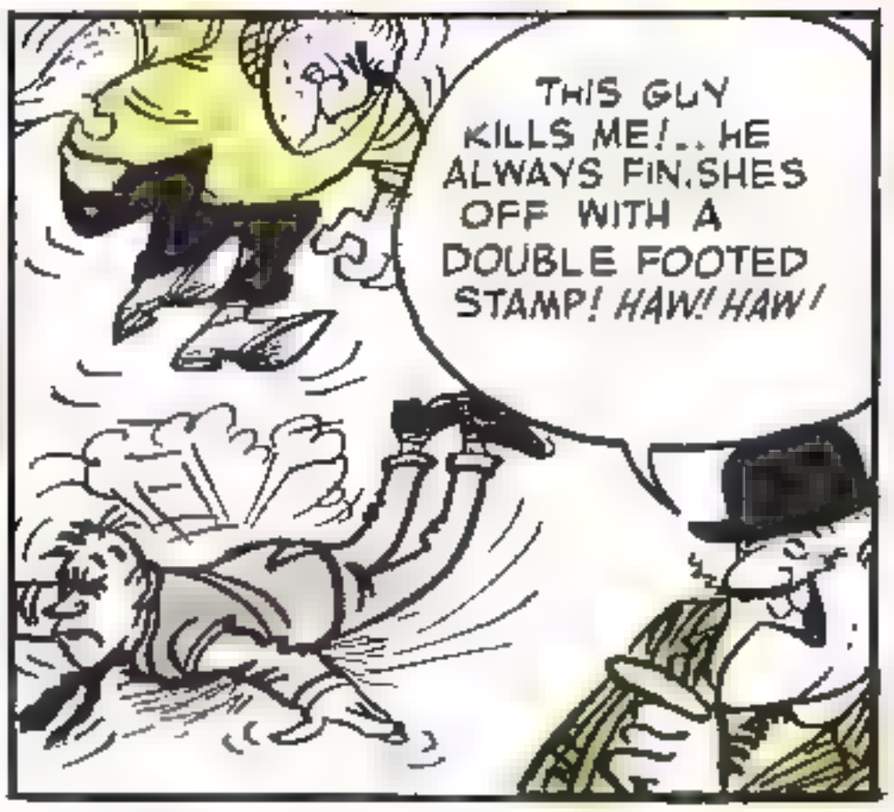
I'VE TAKEN THE DAY OFF TO GET MY FAVOJRITE STAR'S AUTOGRAPH !
TV STU


TAKE ONE, THE FIGHT SCENE !
THERE HE IS NOW, BAZIL THE BULLY! HE ALWAYS PLAYS THE BAD GUY, AND BEATS UP THE LITTLE FELLOWS !


THIS SCENE IS FOR HIS LATEST TV SHOW! HERE COMES THE ACTION !

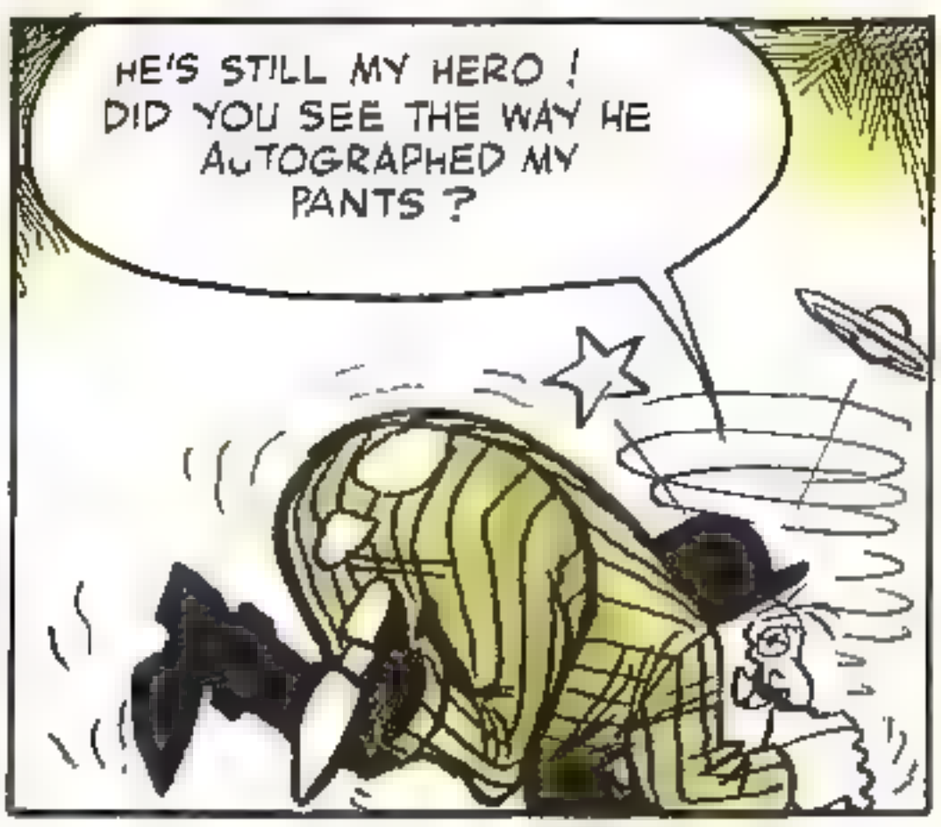

TAKE THAT, FOR NOTHING !
LOOK AT THAT KICK, WHAT CLASS !

OOOPH !
...AND THERE GOES HIS CRUEL, PUNISHING LEFT JAB !

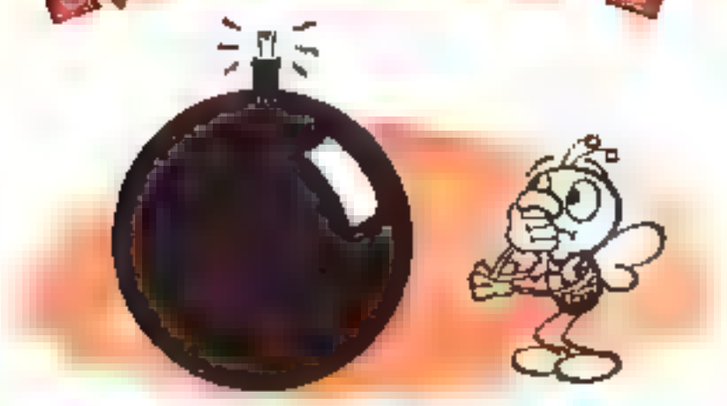

THIS GUY KILLS ME!.. HE ALWAYS FIN.SHES OFF WITH A DOUBLE FOOTED STAMP! HAW! HAW!

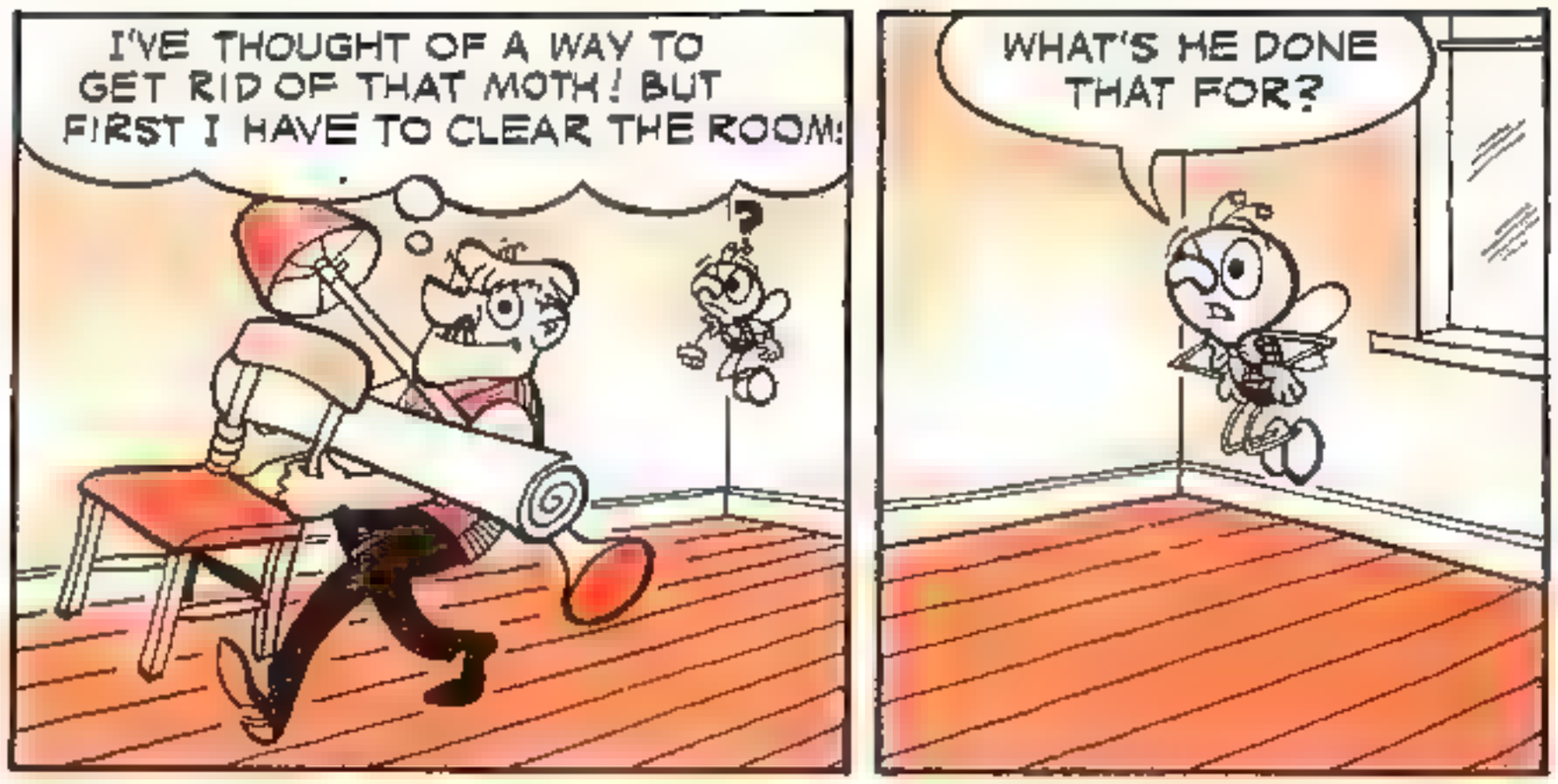
CAN I HAVE YOJR AUTOGRAPH PLEASE, BASIL ?

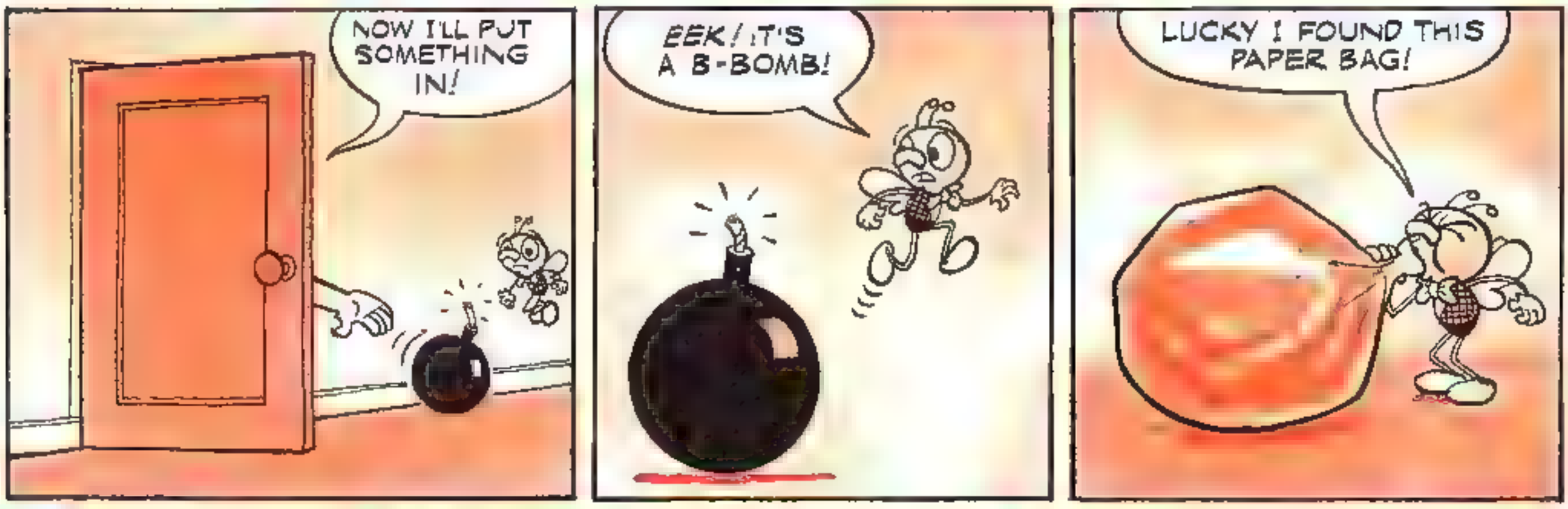
NAW! GET LOST, IT'S BAD FOR MY IMAGE !
YIKE!
GREAT!

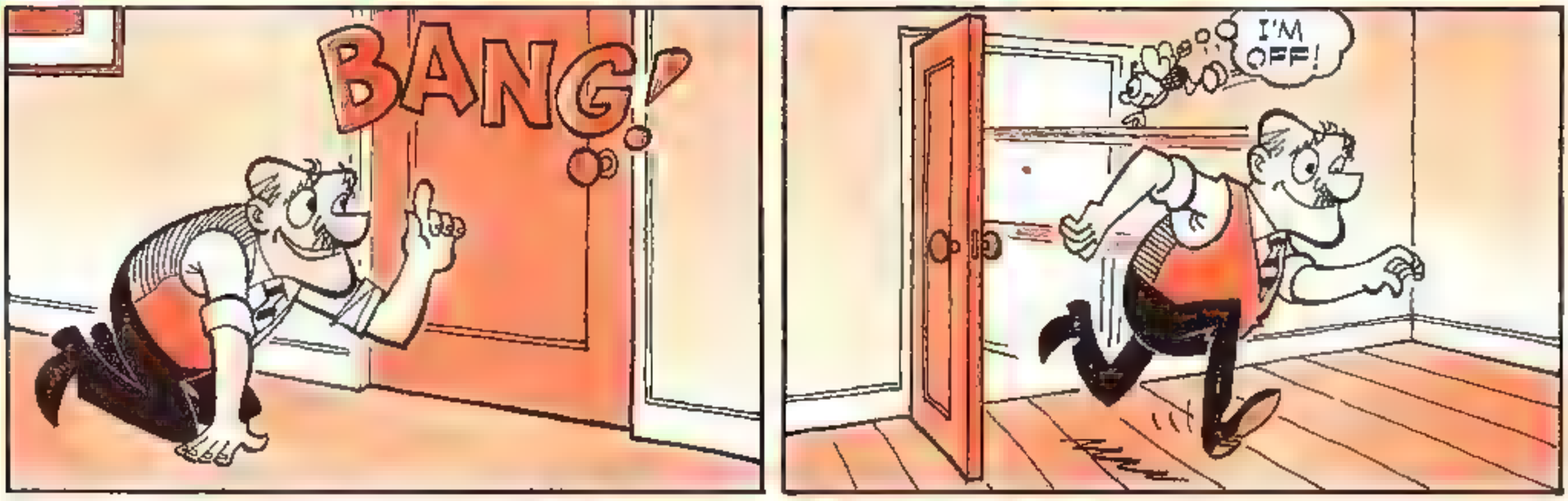

HE'S STILL MY HERO ! DID YOU SEE THE WAY HE AUTOGRAPHED MY PANTS ?

MIGHTY MOTH




I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO GET RID OF THAT MOTH! BUT FIRST I HAVE TO CLEAR THE ROOM!
WHAT'S HE DONE THAT FOR?


NOW I'LL PUT SOMETHING IN!
EEK! IT'S A B-BOMB!
LUCKY I FOUND THIS PAPER BAG!


BANG!
I'M OFF!

OH, N-NO! IT WASN'T THE BOMB THAT WENT B-BANG!
BANG!
HO! HO! HO! I BAGGED HIM THAT TIME!

POPEYE
ZZZZZ
HELP! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
PHEW! I THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT I HAD SLEPT THROUGH LUNCH!
EATING TIME IS FRIENDSHIP T.ME! I'LL DROP IN ON MY OLD PAL POPEYE.
GREETINGS, FRIEND!
WHAT ARE YOU AFTER, YOU SCROUNGER?
MY! MY! DO I HEAR ACTIV.TY IN THE KITCHEN?
YEP, IT'S OLIVE...
AH, THE QUEEN OF THE RANGE IS BUSY AT HER ART!
HM! DELICIOUS! DELIGHTFUL!
SLURP!
IT COULD DO WITH A BIT MORE SALT...
OUT OF MY WAY! I WANT TO TAKE IT OFF THE STOVE...
IT'S READY! I LL GO AND GET MYSELF A BOWL!
GULP! WALLPAPER PASTE!
ARF! ARF! ARF! HELP YOURSELF, WIMPY!

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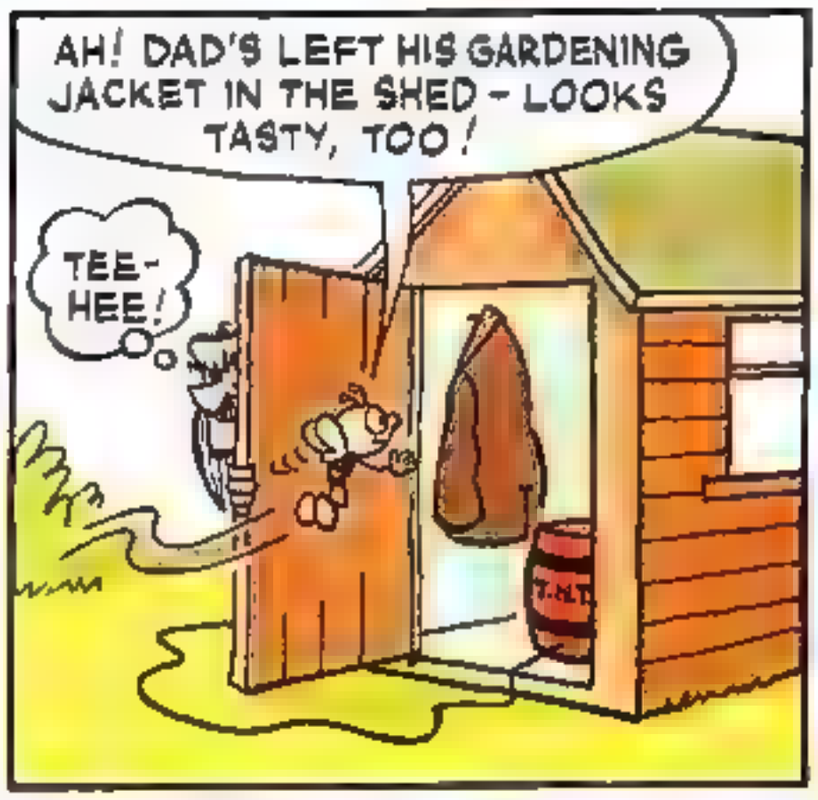
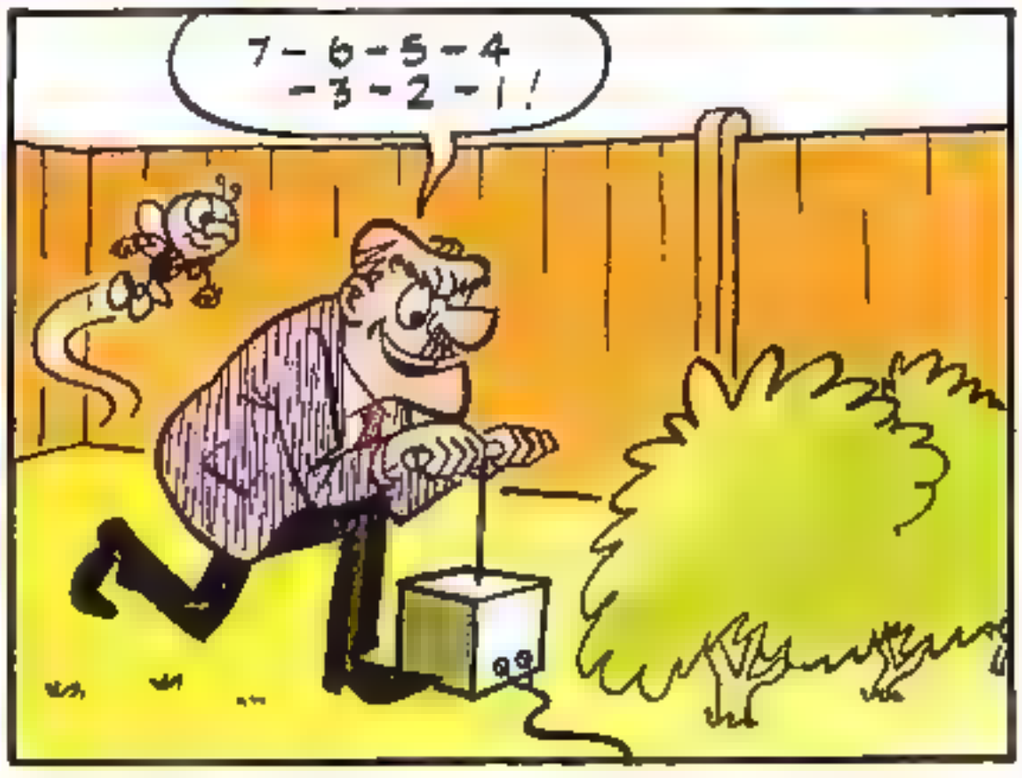
MIGHTY MOTH

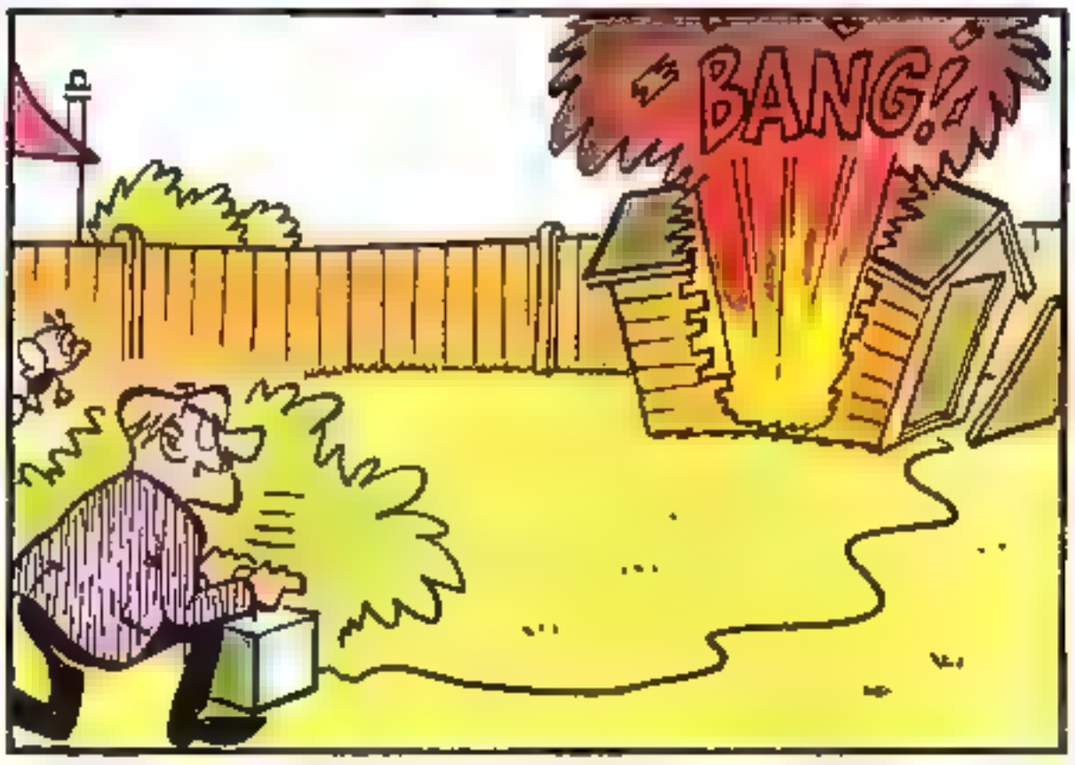

AH! DAD'S LEFT HIS GARDENING JACKET IN THE SHED - LOOKS TASTY, TOO!
TEE-HEE!

WHAT A LAUGH! THE LITTLE NIT HAS FALLEN FOR MY TRAP. I'VE LOCKED HIM IN THE SHED AND IT'S FULL OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE!

BUT...
I THINK I'LL PUT THESE OLD SHOES IN THE SHED!

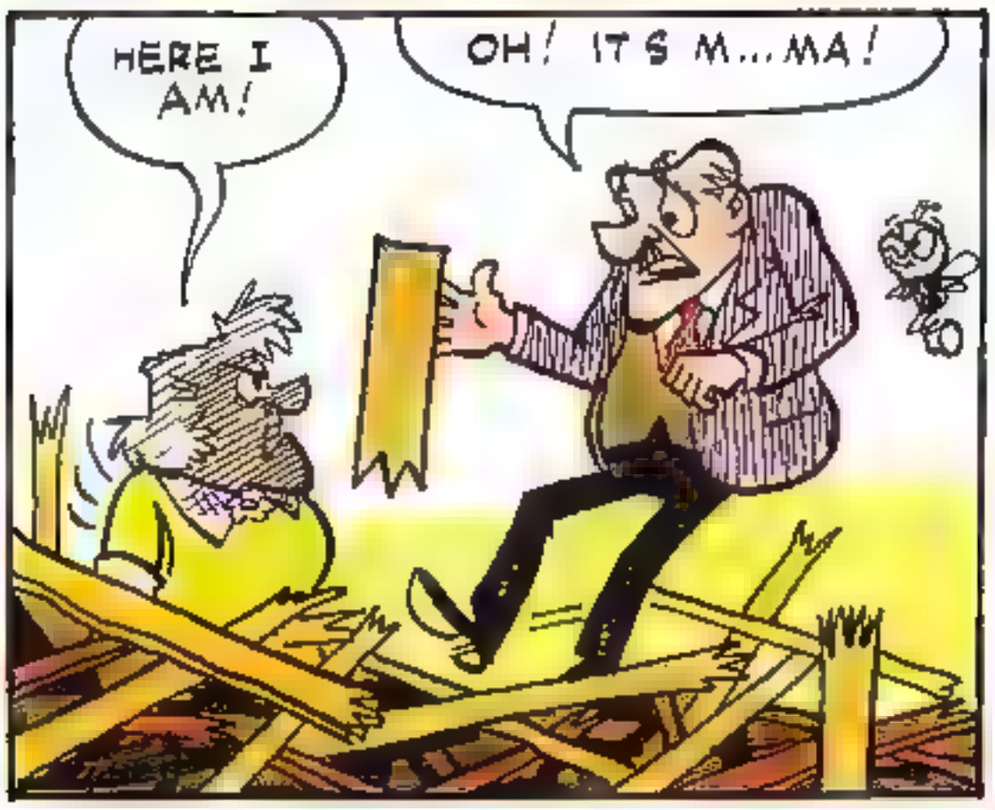
FREE AT LAST! BETTER SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND ME!

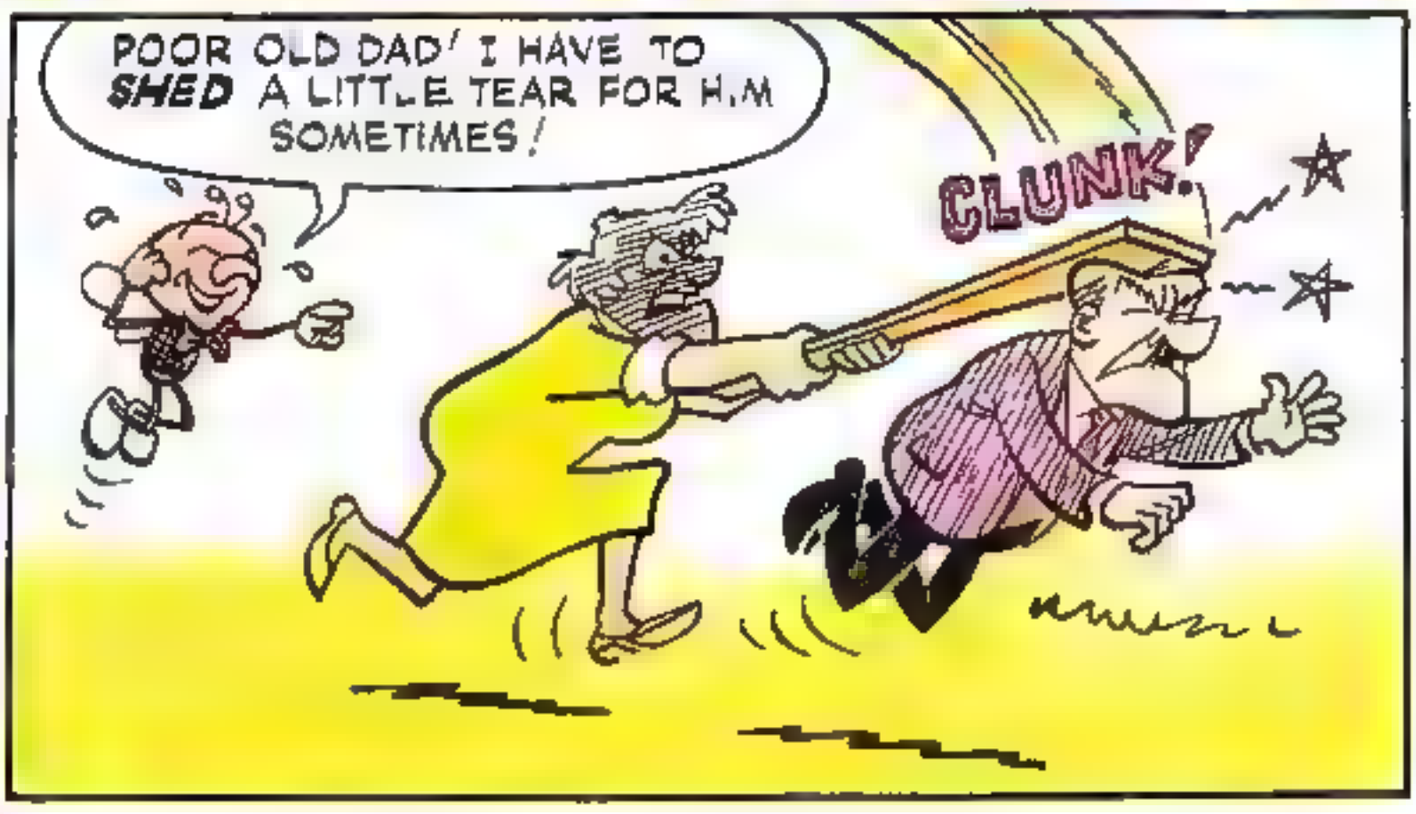

7-6-5-4-3-2-1!


BANG!

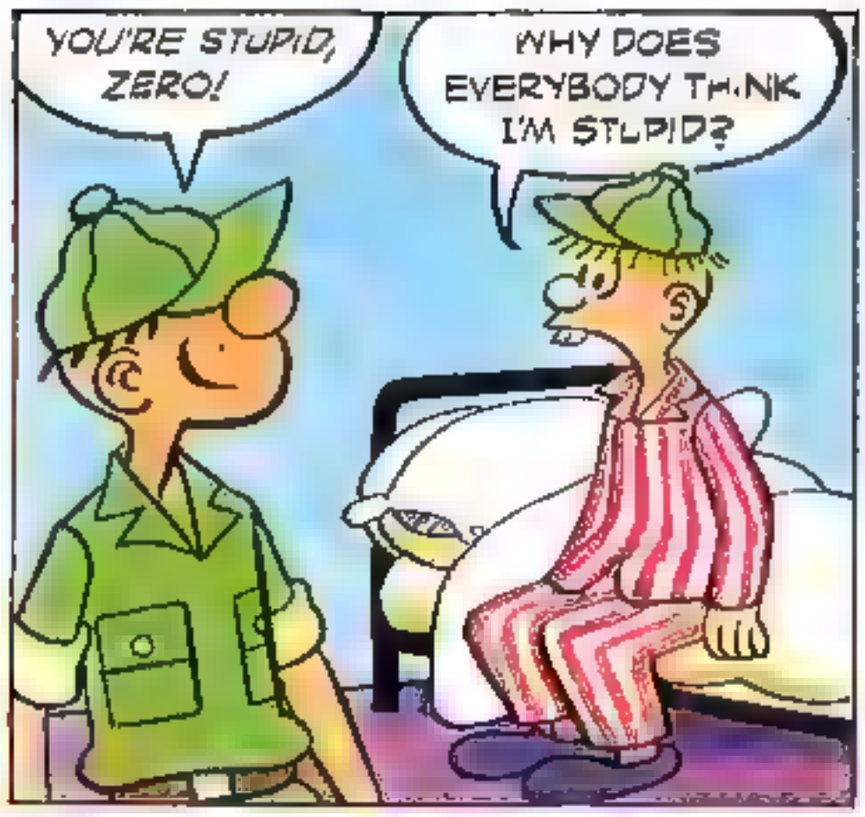
YIPEEE! IT WORKED!

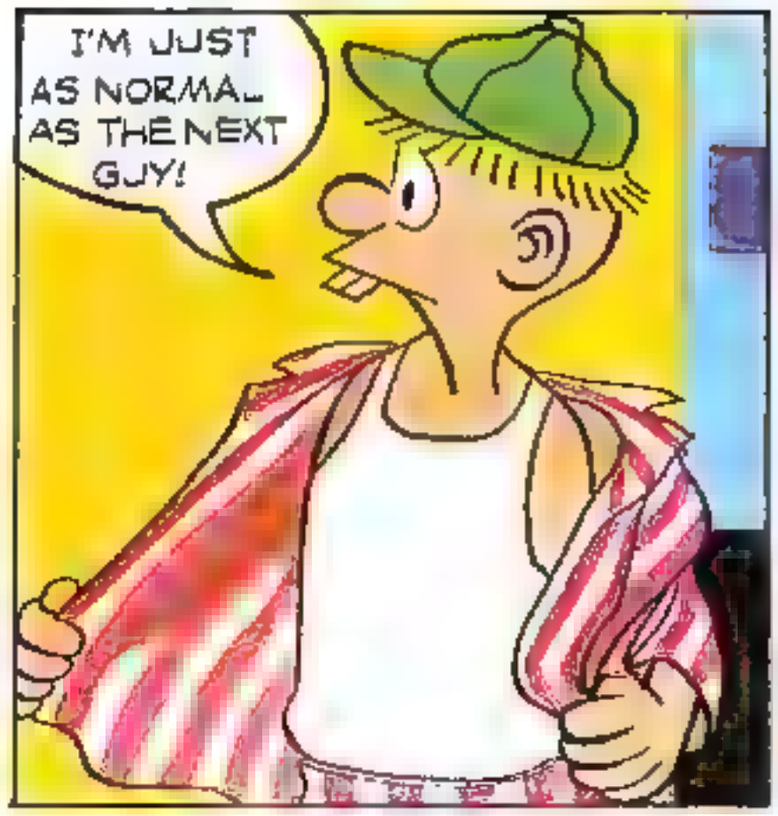
NOW THEN, WHERE ARE YOU MY LITTLE BEAUTY?

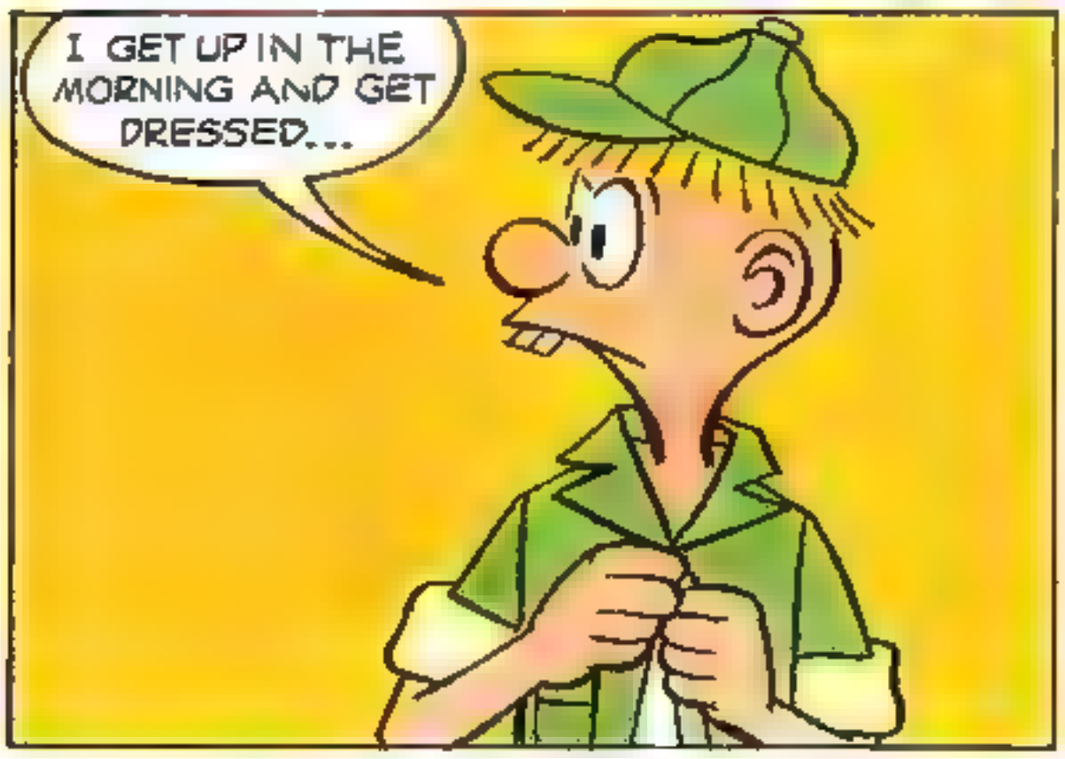

HERE I AM!
OH! IT'S M...MA!

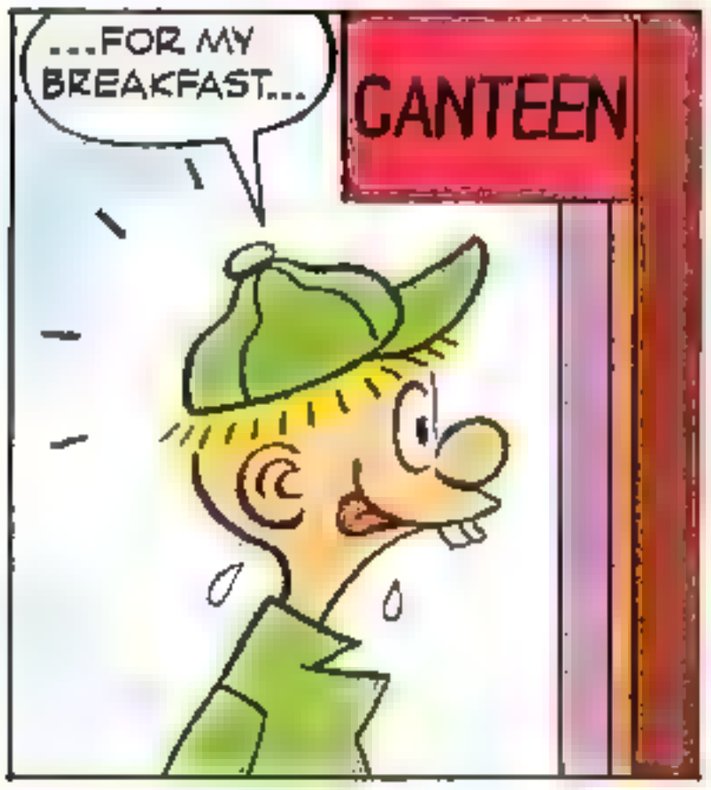

POOR OLD DAD! I HAVE TO SHED A LITTLE TEAR FOR HIM SOMETIMES!
CLUNK!

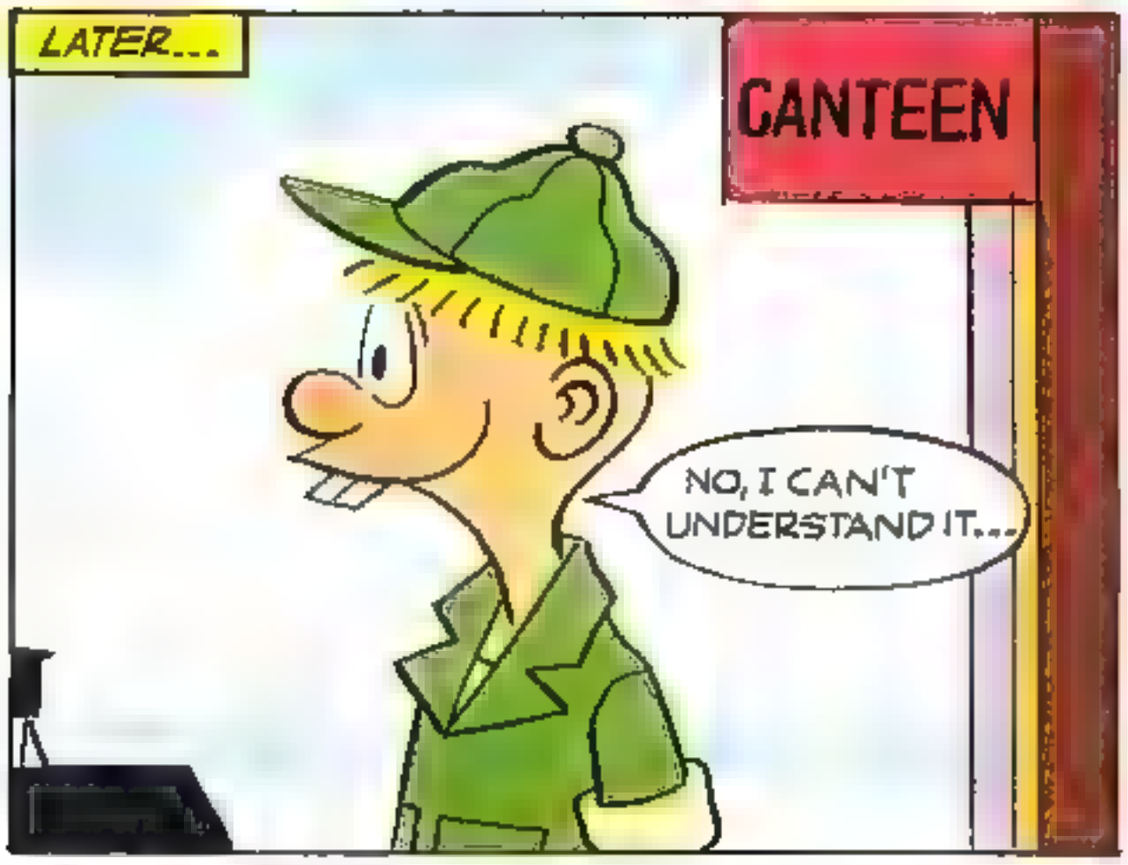
BEETLE BAILEY

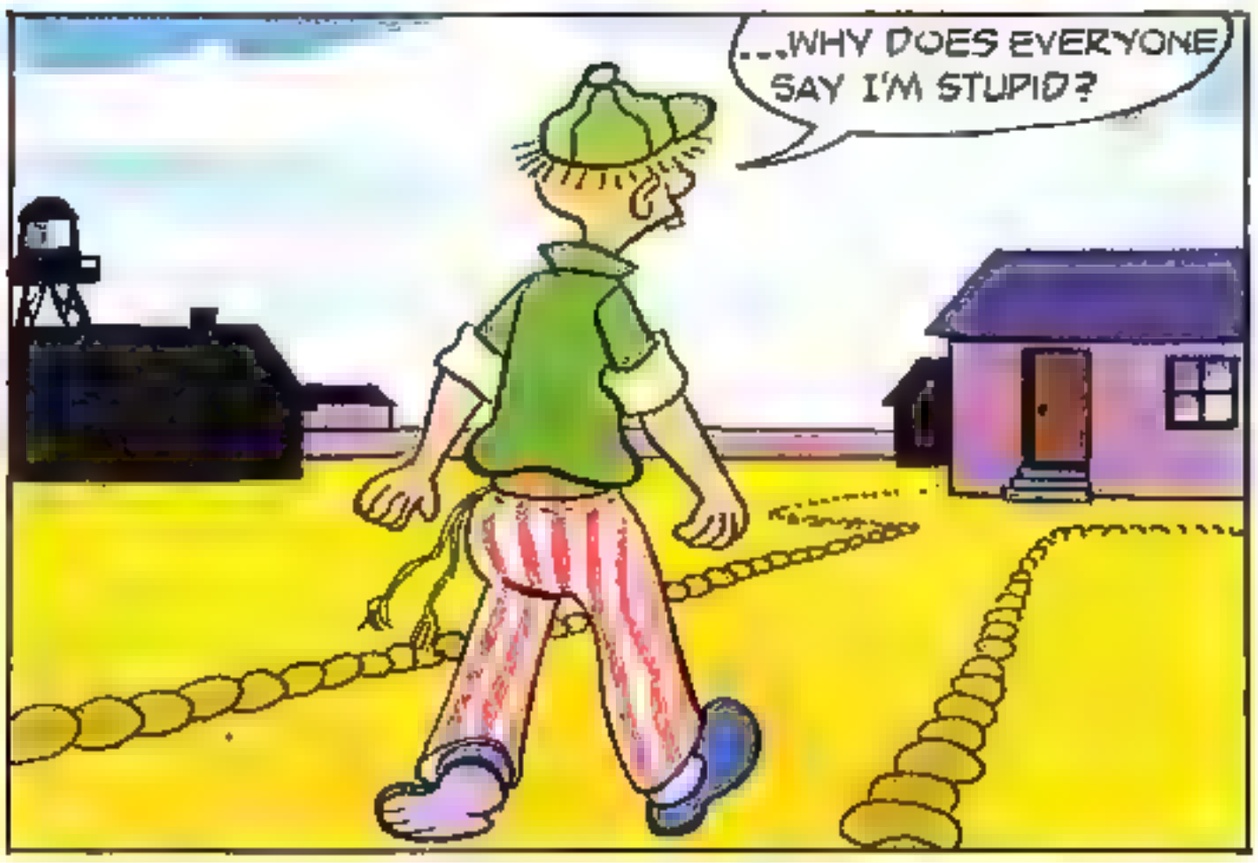












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Tivvy

I SHALL NOW DO MY HILARIOUS ROUTINE FOR YOU, LADEEES AND GENTLEMEN!

TIVVY THE FUNNY CLOWN

NEVILLE MAIN

AWK!

SILENCE!

Tivvy created by Atelier Fauni, Finland.

BANG!

SILENCE!

?

LOOK OUT BELOW!

I'M FED UP WITH THIS LOT NOT LAUGHING AT MY ACT!

CRUMP!

HA! HA!

HAW! HAW!

HA! HA!

HE! HE!

HAW! HAW!

HO! HO!

HE! HE!

HO! HO!

!?!

WANT TO BUY A HOUSE?

THE TELEGOONS

GUARANTEE THIS ONE WILL STAY UP FOR AT LEAST 3 MONTHS -ER- MAKE IT 2½ MONTHS!

YOU HIRED ME AS A BRICK-LAYER, SO HERE I AM LAYING ON BRICKS.'

HURRY UP WITH YOUR CHRISTMAS PUDDING, MADAM. I'VE GOT SOME CEMENT TO MIX.'

DA.' MAYBE I'M SUPPOSED TO PUT DE WALLPAPER UP **AFTER** DE WALLS ARE BUILT.'

FISH PASTE

BATH ROOM

WINDOW PANE

OUCH!

I'LL BORROW THIS LADDER WHILE GRITPYPE'S NOT USING IT.'

N-NEDDIE SHOULDN'T HAVE T-T-TAKEN ME OFF THE PNEUMATIC D-DRILL AND P-PUT M-ME ON T-TO T-T-TEA.'

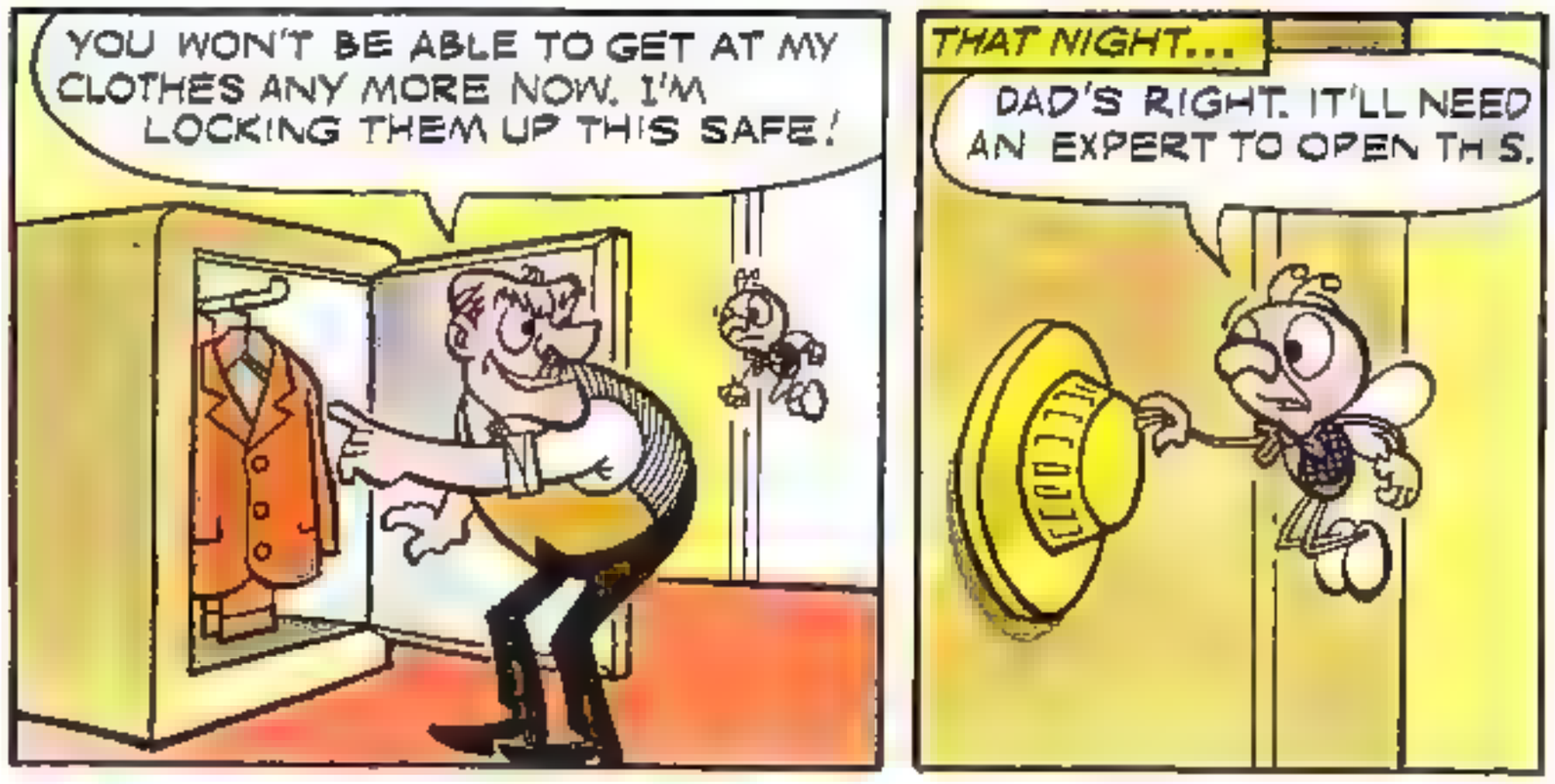
WHERE'S THE SINK GONE?

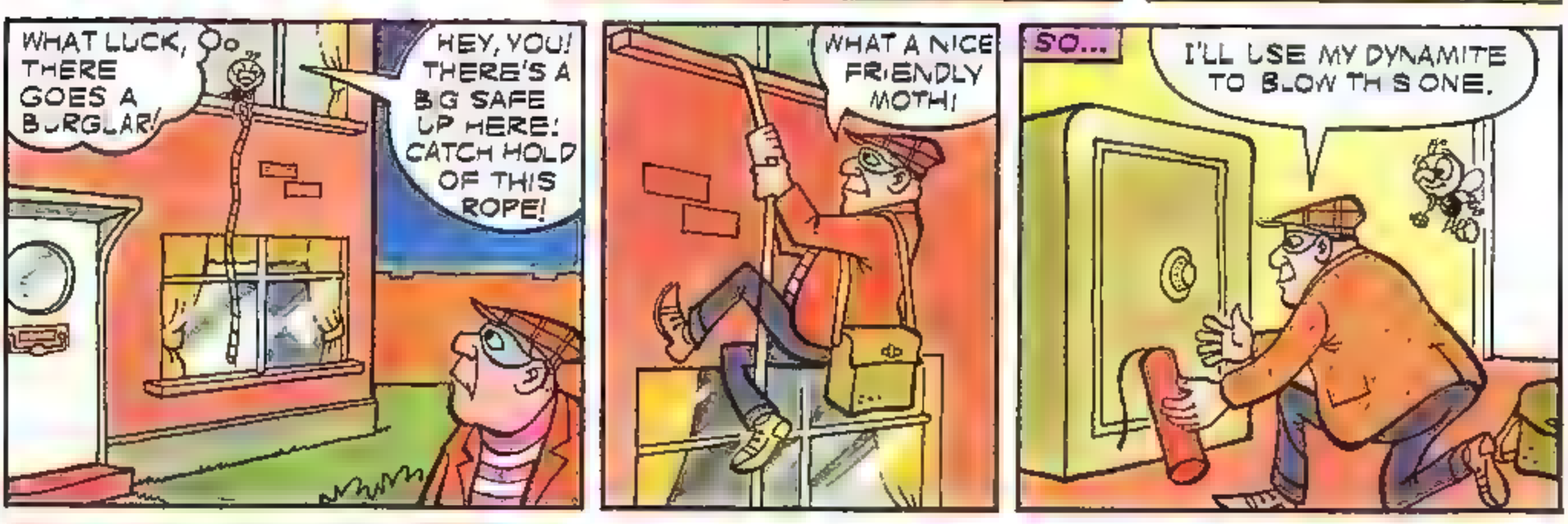
IT'S SUNK.'

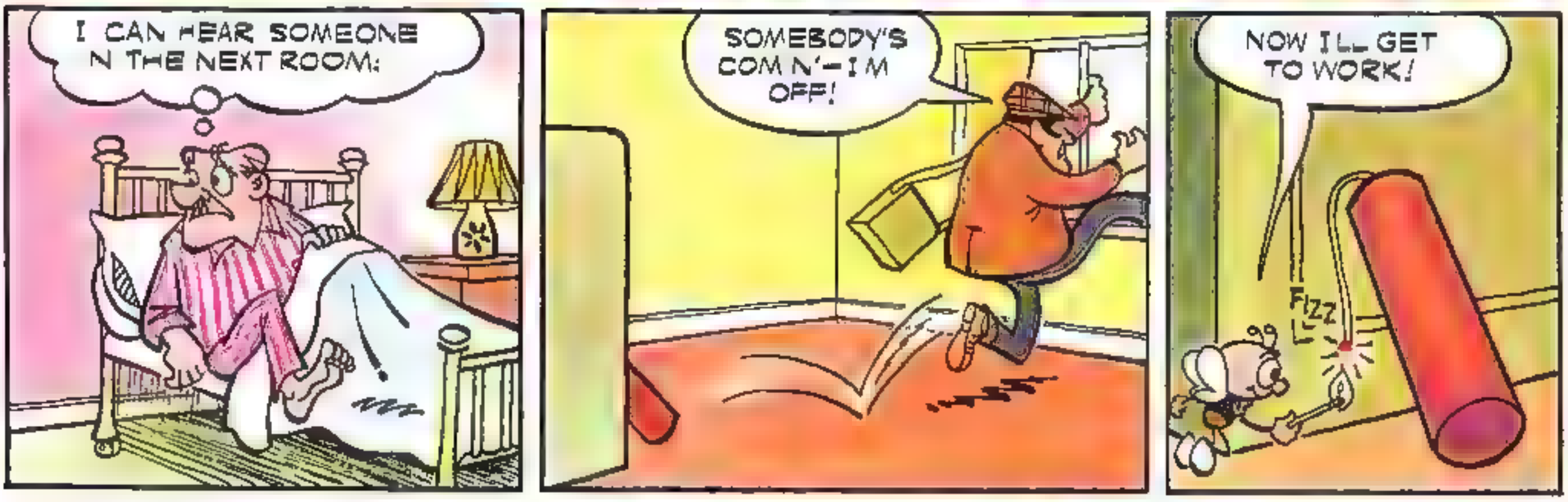
BRICKS

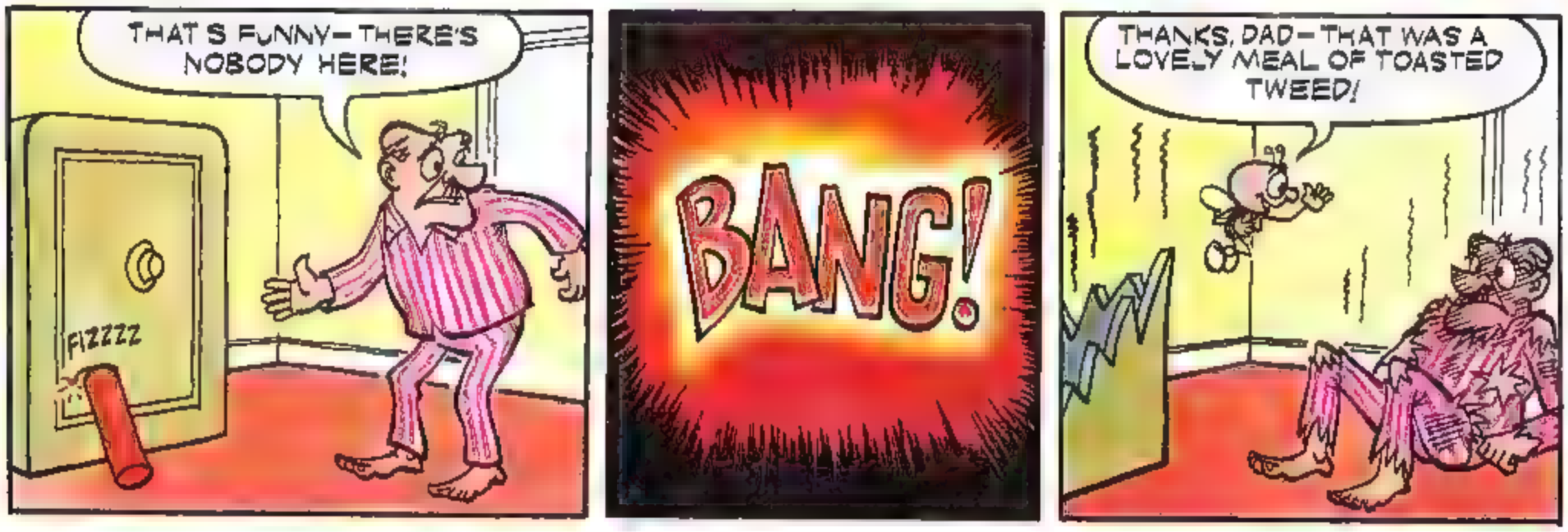
Titcombe.

MIGHTY MOTH


YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET AT MY CLOTHES ANY MORE NOW. I'M LOCKING THEM UP THIS SAFE!
THAT NIGHT...
DAD'S RIGHT. IT'LL NEED AN EXPERT TO OPEN TH S.


WHAT LUCK, OO THERE GOES A BURGLAR!
HEY, YOU! THERE'S A BIG SAFE UP HERE! CATCH HOLD OF THIS ROPE!
WHAT A NICE FRIENDLY MOTH!
SO...
I'LL USE MY DYNAMITE TO BLOW TH S ONE.


I CAN HEAR SOMEONE N THE NEXT ROOM:
SOMEBODY'S COM N'— I M OFF!
NOW I'LL GET TO WORK!
FIZZ


THAT S FUNNY— THERE'S NOBODY HERE!
FIZZZZ
BANG!
THANKS, DAD— THAT WAS A LOVELY MEAL OF TOASTED TWEED!

DOCTOR WHO

THE Tardis has been travelling in time and space for so long that its passengers, the ingenious Doctor Who and his two grandchildren, John and Gillian, are weary. At last, they land upon a pleasantly warm and green planet . . . the name of which they cannot even guess!

H'M, I SEE NO REASON WHY WE SHOULD NOT PAUSE HERE IN OUR JOURNEYINGS FOR SOME TIME!

PUBLIC

OH, GOOD! I LIKE IT HERE!

SUDDENLY, GILLIAN GIVES A SQUEAK OF FRIGHT!

OOOH! WHAT A NASTY CREATURE!

THERE! THAT'S CHASED IT OFF!

BUT A MOMENT LATER . . .

LOOK OUT!

ANOTHER FALLING ROCK, QUICK, BACK TO THE TARDIS!

"BASED ON THE BBC TELEVISION SERIES, DR. WHO."

THE DOOR IS BROKEN...WE WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO CLOSE IT!

AND TARDIS WILL NOT MOVE UNLESS THE DOOR IS PROPERLY SEALED!

THEN A STRANGE CREATURE LOOMS ABOVE THE CLEARING...

LOOK WHAT'S COMING FOR US! RUN, GILLIAN, RUN!

THE CHILDREN FLEE FOR THE SHADOWS ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE BRIGHT CLEARING...

IT'S CHASING US!

WHERE'S GRANDFATHER?

HE'S LEFT BEHIND... WE FORGOT THAT HE IS NOT SO NIMBLE AS WE ARE!

BUT BEFORE THE CHILDREN COULD MOVE A STEP TO FIND DOCTOR WHO...

OOOOH!

THEY ARE CAUGHT...

A MOMENT LATER THEY ARE DROPPED INTO A WOODEN CAGE WITH SEVERAL OTHER CREATURES.

AND THE GIANT BIRD CARRIES THE CAGE AWAY OVER THE FOREST...

WE'VE BEEN CAUGHT LIKE THE REST OF THESE LITTLE ANIMALS!

THAT'S PROBABLY WHAT THE BIRD THINKS WE ARE... AN UNUSUAL SORT OF APE ANIMAL!

IT IS IN THE BRANCHES OF A TRULY GIANT TREE THAT THIS BIRD AND MANY OTHERS HAVE THEIR NESTS, AND IT IS HERE THAT THE TWO CHILDREN ARE DISPLAYED TO A GATHERING OF THE CURIOUS CREATURES...

AND THE MONSTER BIRDS PROD AND WATCH AND PEER AND POKE AT THEM UNTIL NIGHTFALL...

THEN THEY ARE SHUT UP FOR THE NIGHT...

WHAT A TERRIBLE PLACE!

WE'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO IT... BECAUSE THERE SEEMS TO BE NO WAY OUT!

HOWEVER DO THEY EXPECT US TO SLEEP HERE?

THE SAME WAY AS THOSE APES DO, I SUPPOSE! BUT THEY SEEM TO LIKE SITTING ON BRANCHES!

THE CHILDREN ALSO TRY SOME OF THE FOOD AND DRINK PROVIDED, BUT THE FOOD IS TOO HARD AND THE DRINK TOO BITTER TASTING...

OOOF! WE CAN'T EAT THIS!

AND THE DRINK TASTES **AWFUL**!

IF THOSE BIRDS ARE GOING TO KEEP US HERE AS PETS... I HOPE THEY JOLLY SOON FIND OUT HOW TO LOOK AFTER US!

NOW I KNOW HOW UNPLEASANT LIFE MUST BE FOR SOME OF THE PETS ON EARTH WHEN THE CHILDREN WHO OWN THEM DON'T BOTHER TO CARE FOR THEM PROPERLY!

AFTER AN HOUR OR TWO OF MISERABLE CAPTIVITY...

LISTEN! SOMETHING IS GNAWING AT THE BACK OF OUR CAGE!

THE GNAWING CONTINUES FOR QUITE SOME TIME, UNTIL A SMALL HOLE APPEARS, WHICH GRADUALLY GROWS LARGER AND LARGER UNTIL...

LOOK, GILLIAN! IT'S ONE OF THOSE UGLY ANIMALS I CHASED AWAY!

AND THERE'S GRANDFATHER!

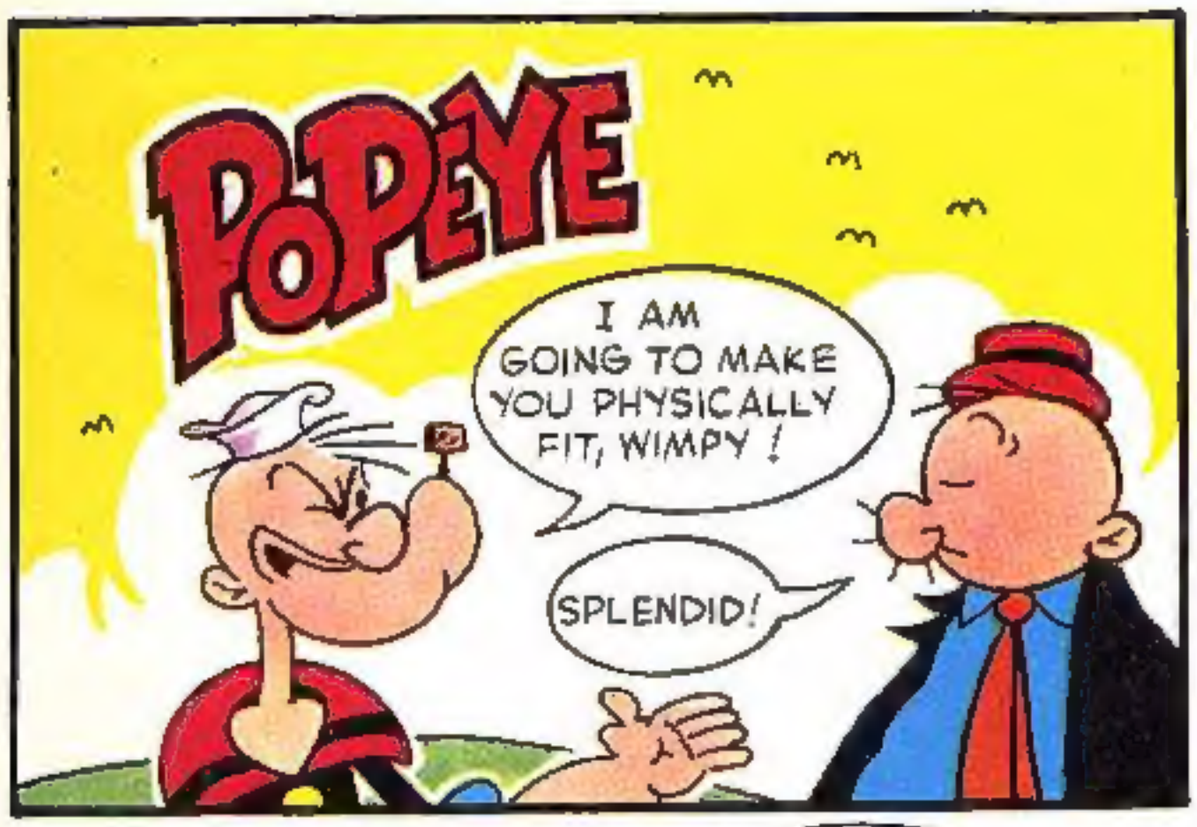
HURRY ALONG, CHILDREN, THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!

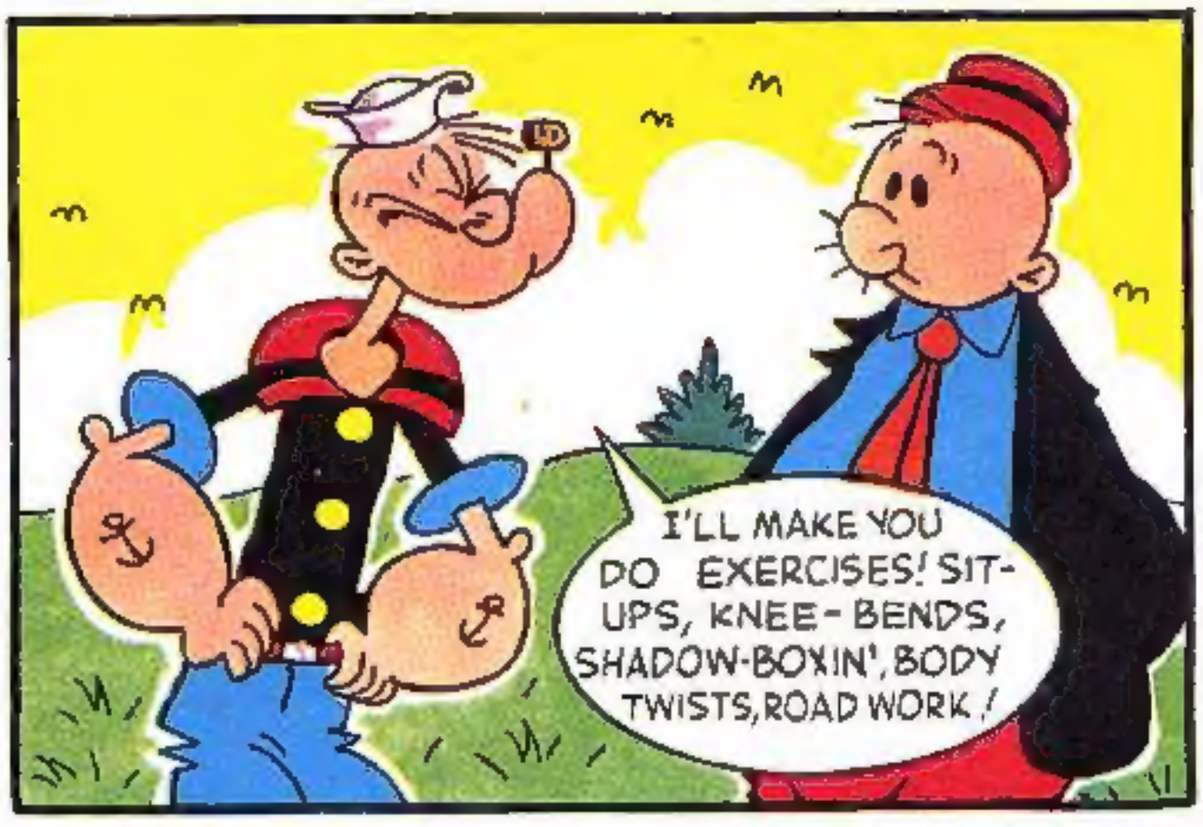
THE DOCTOR QUICKLY EXPLAINS HOW HE HAD MANAGED TO HIDE WHEN THE BIRD HAD CAPTURED JOHN AND GILLIAN, AND HOW HE HAD THEN MADE FRIENDS WITH THE UGLY ANIMAL, WHICH WAS REALLY QUITE CLEVER AND HELPFUL...

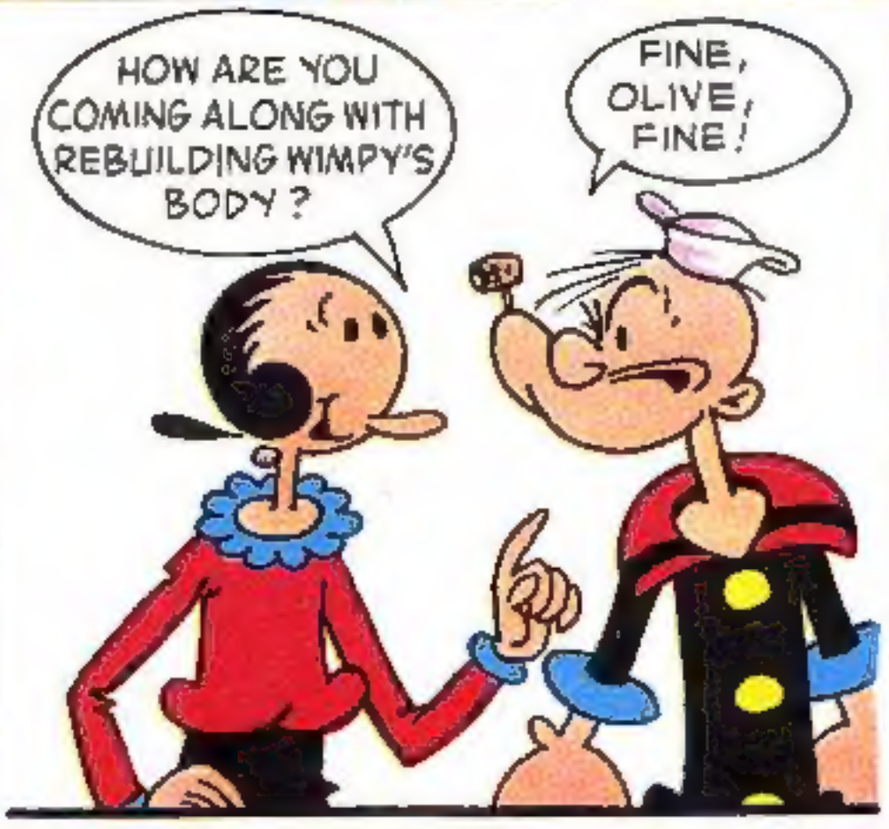
THEY REACHED THE TARDIS JUST AS DAWN WAS BREAKING...

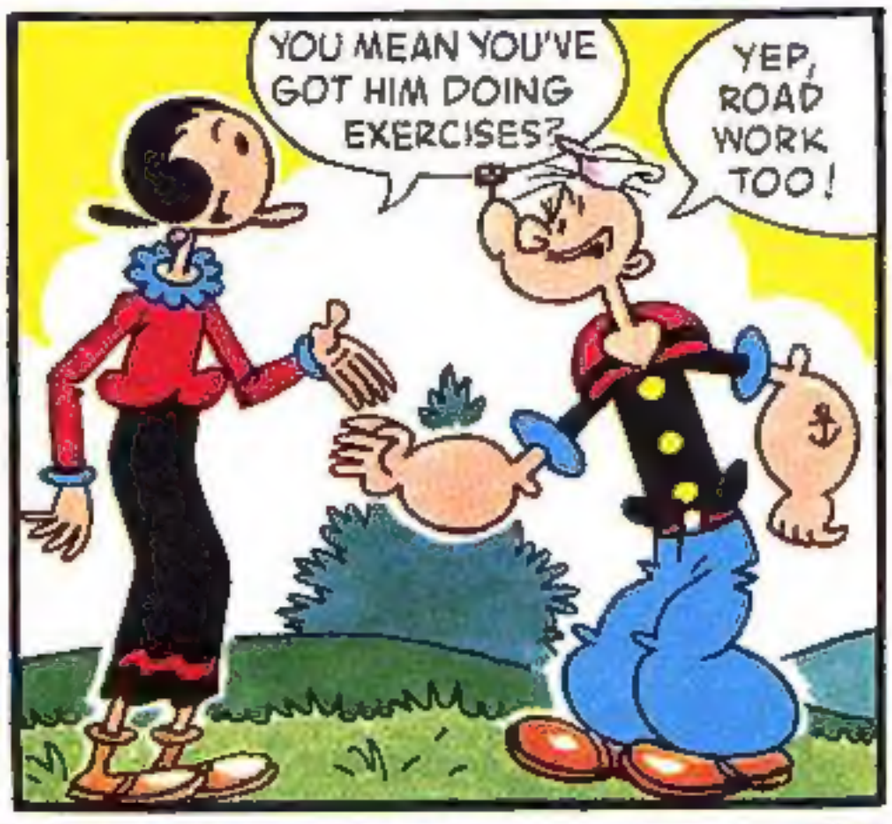
THE TARDIS IS ALL REPAIRED FOR ANOTHER JOURNEY... LET'S HURRY BEFORE THOSE BIRDS COME BACK!

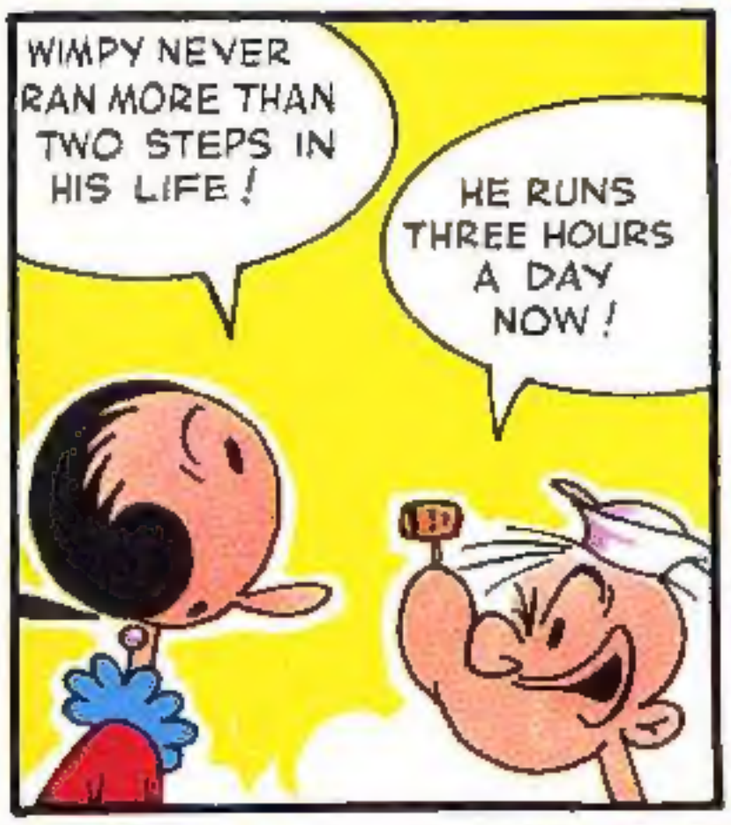
I'M JUST SAYING GOODBYE TO OUR FRIEND HERE, GRANDFATHER... AND MAKING THE PROMISE NEVER TO BE UNKIND TO ANY ANIMAL AGAIN!

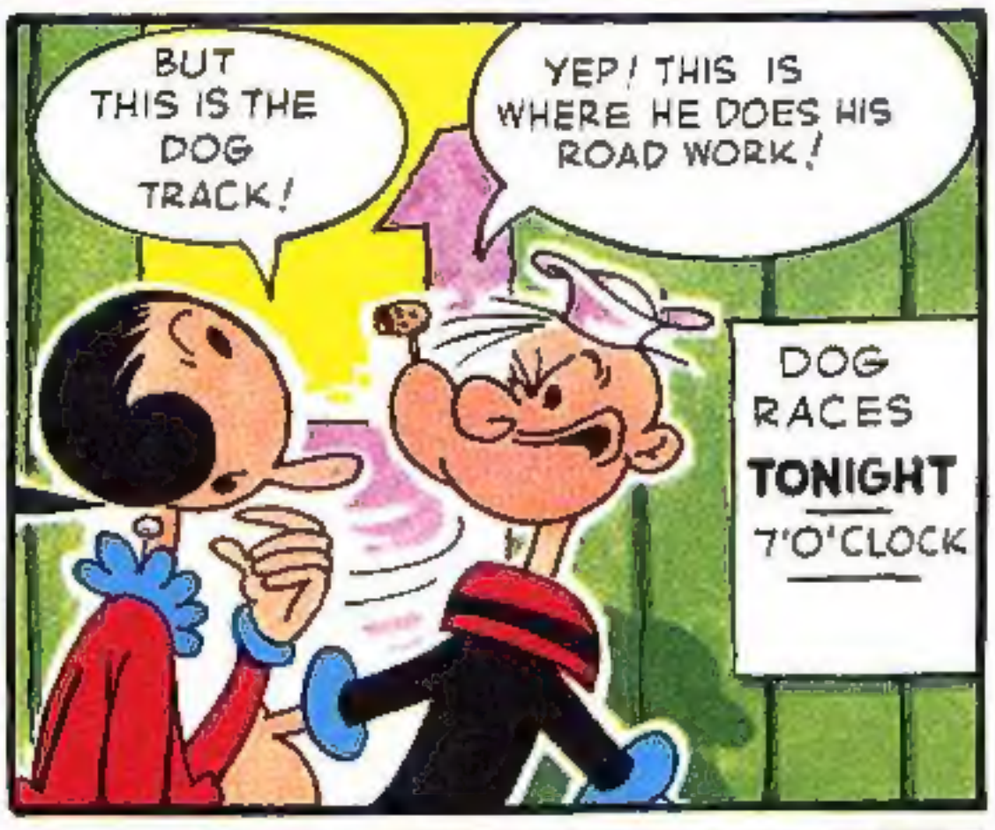


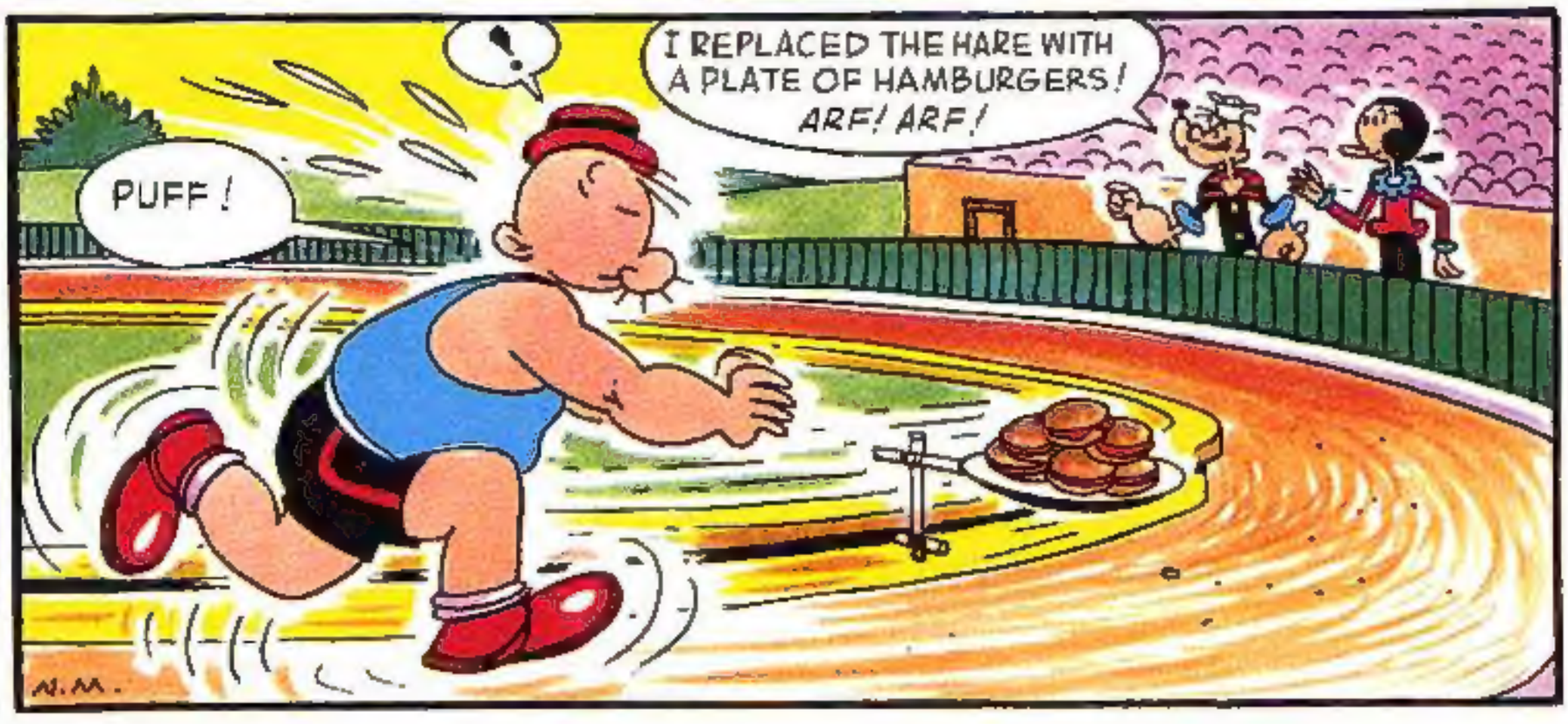












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Dick Millington

Old crocks race

This game can be played by two or more players. All you need is a dice for scoring and small coloured counters. The first player to throw six can begin the journey. You must throw the exact number to finish.